School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1403993

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

O.K.

Elon G. Donald

954 W. 33rd

Los Angeles

Cal.

B.C.
6-24-98.
3-3-1918

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/christianspenntm0001unkh

BX
7101
C4
V.1

THE CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

Friend of the People:

ISSUED BY

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

To break through this—to shed the light around,
Till every man shall feel himself a man,
And share the common joy,
As one sun shines for all!

This be our task!—As thousands toil for one,
So one must toil for thousands!

THIS PUBLICATION IS DESIGNED TO BE THE FORERUNNER OF THE
"CHRISTIAN WITNESS."
PROFITS DEVOTED TO AGED MINISTERS.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
JOHN SNOW, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1846.

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

TYLER & REED,
PRINTERS,
BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

TO

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales, at its Autumnal Session, held last year, in Manchester, resolved on the establishment of the Christian's Penny Magazine, and Friend of the People; and you have justified the deed by demanding, within the short space of twelve months, about one million two hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred copies, which gives an average monthly circulation of about one hundred and one thousand five hundred.

These are facts to which, in the history of Religious Periodical Literature, there is no parallel,—facts, whose intellectual and moral value reflecting men will not fail to appreciate. This result is here recorded with profound gratitude to Him—whose glory it was sought to promote by the measure—for the favour he has been pleased to give it in the sight of his people, while fervent acknowledgments are also tendered to all, of every rank and class, who have, in any way, contributed to the success of the enterprise.

This Volume, then, the first of a series, which may probably extend through many generations, we dedicate to you! For you it was created—your welfare is the star by which its march has hitherto been guided—your countenance shed the light by which that march has hitherto been cheered—your approving breath has raised it to its present position, and the continuance of your favour is indispensable to the maintenance of its commanding elevation. As a pledge it is given—as a pledge receive it,—a pledge of fidelity to those great principles of which it is the organ and the advocate. Of those principles, the foundation of all hope, present and future, for the human race, be ye the conservators! Those principles are

at present everywhere in a state of conflict and consequent danger, requiring the utmost vigilance and vigour for their defence and propagation, while many generations of labour, sacrifice, and suffering, may be necessary to subdue opposition, and command for them the cordial homage of the human race. Be it so :—the emancipation of a world is reward enough for the toil of innumerable ages. The virtuous of each of the long chain of generations, will see enough in the grand result to satisfy for their respective shares in the mighty struggle.

Satisfied!—Yes; they and only they will be the subjects of this felicity. The benefactors of their species alone will look back to earth and time with satisfaction. Let it not be vainly imagined "that in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandisement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame—theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection, that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious though costly, and though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below!"*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN! At what time soever the battle of truth goes adversely, let us think on these things, and be comforted! Truth is of God, and, therefore, immortal; and because immortal, omnipotent! Whatever the might, or the multitude of her foes, they must ultimately perish! How prolonged soever her struggles, they can have but one issue—victory!

JOHN CAMPBELL.

December, 1846.

* Lord Brougham.

CONTENTS.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

	Page
The Jewels of God	1
The Believer's Consolation	3
The Saint's Hope	4
Parental Authority	6
Parental Duties	8
The Church of Christ	10
The Church of England	12
The Miracle of the Loaves	29
A broken Heart	30
Inquiring Saints	32
Christ behind the Door	33
Affecting Story of Poor Jack	34
Persons of whom a Church consists	35
The Discipline of a Church	36
The last Dance	57
"Time enough yet"	59
Betty's Sermon	60
Donald's Counsel	61
Design of Church Fellowship	62
The Soldier's Bible	64
"The Glory of Lebanon"	65
A Mother's Influence	66
Where are you going?	85
Noah's Ark and Christ compared	86
True Philosophy	88
A Mother taught	89
Sketch of David Barr	90
Popery: its Origin and Progress 93, 123, 148, 180, 203, 231, 261, 317	
"Do you call that Prayer?"	95
Do you pray for your Minister?	113
Satan a Sifter	115
"I am but a Drop"	116
"Always abounding in the Work of the Lord"	118
Washington turned Physician	119
How to pray without a Book	122
Faith, Hope, and Charity	141
The End of Christ's Incarnation	142
Saving Faith	144
Two Words, or the Resurrection	145
The silent Power of Truth	146
"This Man's Religion is vain"	146
Interesting Conversion	147
Reformation among Boatmen in Germany	147
"Have you found Christ?"	169
Poor Dinah and her Visitor	173
The Friar and the Night Whisper	174
Mr. John Vinicombe, of Knowle	176
Marriages of Dissenters	178
"I have no Time to attend to these Things"	197
Whither goest Thou?	199
Happiness—who may enjoy it	200
The Ways of Providence	201
The two Sorrows	225
Christian Earnestness	227
A serious Malady	228
The first British Martyr	229
Polycarp's Decision	230
Reality of the Religion of the Cross	253
Ruth the Moabitess	256
Strong Consolation	258
The exemplary Step-mother	260
Dr. Cheever on the Union of Church and State	267
The Lord's Day	281
Covenanting with God	282
Kindness to Servants	285
Remarkable History of Mrs. Tooley	286
Jacob preserved by Angels	289
Death of John Huss, A.D. 1415	309
History of R. M'B—	311
The Habit of Prayer	316
Legal Reasonings removed	317

The Letter Box.

On joining Churches	14
Directions for Fellowship	15
A New Year's Pastoral Address	39
The Nursemaid: her Claims and Duties	42
Dissent and the Voluntary Principle	67
Hints to young Housekeepers	72
Letter to a Friend who had been solicited to conform to the Established Church	96

	Page
A Pastoral Letter	97
The Backslider	125
On Propriety at the Lord's Table	126
"The Penny" and the Puseyites	127
Hints for Heads of Families	128
Advice to Apprentices	129
Distinctive Principles of Church Polity	151
"How does 'The Penny' go on?"	156
The Physician, or Faith illustrated	184
The young Teacher	185
Claims of Dissenters on Churchmen	207
Appeal to a pious Member of the Established Church	208
The Character of Archbishop Leighton	235
The Teaching of the Church of England	237
Speedy Answer to Prayer	239
Female Servants	239
A Pastor's Appeal to an affectionate Parent regarding her little Children	268
A Plea in behalf of Ragged Schools	271
Flattery in Prayer	272
A Plea for Gloves	273
New Champion of the English Church	294
Circulation in Liverpool	296
Thoughts on Strife and Peace	297
Union the Result of Controversy	298
The Dangers of Dissent	322
Hints to Housewives	325

The Fragment Basket.

Rules	17
The blind and deaf Girl	17
The Dust and the Flies	17
Rowland Hill on Temper	18
Tit for Tat	18
Heaven	18
Certainties	18
Dr. Owen	18
Risdon Darracott	18
Death	18
Past and Present	18
The Mass at a Discount	47
A good Wife	47
The mighty Helper, the Cross	48
Happy Homes	48
The Camel and the Needle's Eye	48
The Chastenings of the Lord	48
Man's Devices	48
The Bible	48
Washed, but not changed	48
Effects of Faith	74
Company	74
Spiritual Growth	74
Gifts and Bequests	74
Example	75
Despair	75
The Rule of Giving	75
"He never speaks kind to me"	75
A Meddler	75
Christ and the Scriptures	75
The Sabbath	76
Earthly Things	76
Bodily Infirmities	76
Hast thou a Brother?	76
Preaching the Gospel	76
Mystery	76
Doing the Will of God	76
The Presence of God	76
Thought, our Dignity	76
Contrast	76
A hard Case	76
Industry	76
Wisdom	76
Death the Believer's Gain	105
A Philosopher at School	105
A full Cup steadily borne	106
How to give	131
Christ crucified	131
The dying Farmer	132
Gate of Glory	132
Joy in Sorrow	132
Heavenly Henry's Rules	132
Questions	132
Wishing for Death	132
Forbearance	133
The punctual Hearer	133
The pious Labourer	133
Safety of the Saints	133
The Voice of true Friendship	159
A new Creature	159
The right Use of the Eyes	160
Truth	160
Growth in Knowledge	161
The Red Indian	161
Hoist your Colours at once	161
Living on Christ	161

	Page
Nearness to God	161
An important Question	188
Causes and Consequences	189
The white Stone and new Name	189
A happy Man	190
Glories of Evening	190
Hints for promoting Brotherly Love	190
State of the Heathen	190
Cure of Sin	215
The Tinder-Box	215
Harvest Home	215
Worst Employment	215
The whole Truth	215
Rainbow	216
Heaven or Hell	216
God seen in Man	216
The rich Man and the poor Man at Death	216
The Irish People	216
Instability	217
Principle	217
Backward Motion	217
Adoption	217
Sublimity	217
Spiritual Purity	217
Slander	217
The Measure	217
Comfort	217
Actions speak louder than Words	217
The Dreamers	240
Admire me!	241
The Warriors	241
Spring of Peace	241
Prayer for Pastors	241
Religious Experience	242
The Sleeper's Danger	242
What is Prayer?	242
The good Choice	242
The Rich and Poor	242
Anecdotes of Howe	274
Progress	274
Spiritual Safety	275
True Love	275
On Party Spirit	275
A Sketch of Susannah Arnold	275
A good Advice	275
Luther's Firmness	300
Early Rising	301
Dr. Adam Clarke on Slavery	301
Responsibility of Converts	301
Christian Philosophy	301
The Influence of the Press and the People in causing the Reformation	301
Danger from within	326
God's peculiar Name	326

Poetry.

The Mother's Grief	19
The Spirit's Home	19
What is our Life?	19
The Martyrdom of Cranmer	49
Uncertainty of Life	49
Respect for Age	49
The setting Sun	77
Immortality	77
Home	77
Better Moments	107
Evening-Time	107
Thougnts of Heaven	134
"Not now"	162
Thought and Deed	191
The "Still Small Voice"	191
Light	218
The Independents asserting Liberty of Conscience in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, 1644	243
Not afraid to Die!	276
The Triumph over Self	276
Strange Things	302

The Children's Gallery.

Death of Susan [illegible]	20
Death of Deeno	22
The Sailor's Treasure	22
A Lion in the Way	23
A Leap in the Dark	24
A wonderful Letter	25
The praying Boy	25
The Difference	26
Filial Gratitude	26
The wrecked Scholar	26
An honest Boy	27
A heroic Sailor	27
Awful Visitation	27
Where shall I spend Eternity?	28

	Page
Anna Fell	28
The Purse of Gold	28
The Dying Child's Request	28
Nature and Importance of Religion	50
The Wolves of Caffreland	51
The Bunch of Grapes	52
The whole Truth	53
Game won and Peace lost	54
The sunshiny Walk	55
Warning to rash Boys	55
A good Conscience	55
"What is that, Mother?"	56
"I only want the Rose"	56
The Surrender	56
A few Things for many People	78
Story of a Waterman	80
Arthur, the Money Lender	81
Conceal nothing	83
Noble Revenge	83
Swear away	83
John gone to Bed	83
Progress of Sin	83
Nine Advantages of going to Sunday-school	84
Seed-time of the Soul	84
Filial Obedience	84
To the Memory of my Child	84
The Importance of the Period of Youth	108
An Example for young Men	109
Boys! have your Eyes about you	109
Lessons of the Stars	110
A Word to Children	111
Marriage and Death	111
Rachel Morris	135
The Boy and the Horse	137
Lessons of the Watch	138
Encouragement to Teachers	139
Juvenile Zeal	139
Long Life	140
The dying Child	140
The Use of Flowers	140
Joseph Sams	163
Insects	163
Evening in Autumn	165
Good Living	165
The Rainbow	166
There is a God who made all Things	167
Take care of your Choice	167
Lines written on hearing Mr. Todd's first Lecture, "Is there any God?"	168
Recollections of an only Son	192
Encouragement to Sabbath-school Teachers	193
Death has many Doors	194
A praying Sunday-school Girl	195
Story of Grace and Eliza	195
God is Love	196
Hints to junior Teachers	219
Encouragement to Self-Improvers	219
Sam the Fiddler	221
Early Ripeness—the Boy-Believer	222
Farmer Jones and the Boys	224
The Child and the Snow-Drop	224
A Summer Song	224
The Child's Prayer	224
The Child's Confession	224
A Whisper to the Gallery	244
Talk with elder Scholars	245
Popery in Portugal	247
An Encouragement to Sabbath-school Teachers and an Example to Scholars	250
"What is Life?"	252
Memoir of William Greenfield	277
The dying Scholar's Farewell	279
The three Sons	280
The Fountain	303
Memoir of Anne Young	304
The Butterfly and the Bee	307
The Spider's Song	308
Dangers of Youth	326
Children's Prayer	328
The Blessed	328

THE

CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

THE JEWELS OF GOD.

Jewels are highly prized. They are very rare; they are not found everywhere, but only in particular localities, and are procured with great trouble. They are very costly. They are very beautiful. How they dazzle the sight, and enkindle the imagination! They are preserved with great care; the casket is placed in the securest spot, and guarded with the most faithful vigilance. Such are earthly jewels—the jewels which mortals hold so dear, and with which they adorn themselves. But we are to speak of the jewels of the Lord of hosts. Men's jewels are diamonds, and all manner of pleasant stones; but the Lord's jewels are more precious and beautiful than these. These will do to grace the brow of an earthly sovereign, but the King of kings and the Lord of lords must put on richer ornaments. The streets of the city where his immediate presence manifests itself are gold, and the gates of the city are pearl—the wall is of jasper, and the foundations of it are of the choicest gems. What then must *jewels* be amid golden pavements, and jasper walls, and gates of pearl! If *common* things in that world are so bright and beautiful, what must be the brilliancy and beauty of Jehovah's dearest possessions!

Well, among the Lord's people are his jewels. Yes, he takes the lowliest of mortals, and makes of that mortal a jewel for his crown. He takes a sinner, all covered with the rubbish of sin, and defiled by its stains, and by a process of infinite wisdom and grace, aye, and at infinite expense too, he washes him, and puts a new life within him, and assimilates him to his own nature, and transfers him to the glories of the heavenly world, and makes of him there a jewel of the Lord of hosts! Surely this is a glorious privilege and honour of the saints of the Most High! They need care little for the distinctions and possessions of this life, who have before them prospects so glorious. But are these the prospects of all that wear

the name of Christ? No. For now, as of old, all are not Israel that are of Israel. Many a one has found a place in the church of Christ who will have no part or lot in the New Jerusalem which shall come down from God out of heaven. Nor are these the prospects of all who by grace shall be saved. All, indeed, whose blessed portion it shall be to enter into the everlasting kingdom of God's dear Son, will pass to high honours and happiness; sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and God will dry all their tears; they shall no more go out; they shall sit under the tree of life, and drink of the river of life, and worship for ever before God and the Lamb. But it is only a particular class who in that day shall be JEWELS of the Most High. Oh, how brightly these shall shine amid the countless numbers of the shining ones!

But who are they? Let us go back to the days of the last of the prophets. Malachi lived in a most degenerate period. The heart grows sick at the recital which he gives of the prevailing sins. Impiety was bold and reckless—men wronged each other with unblushing faces; they were covered and defiled with vices and abominations. Even the priests had gone out of the way—the messengers of the Lord of hosts had caused many to stumble. Hypocrisy and vice entered into the most solemn acts of the national worship. The nation had robbed God, and were cursed with a curse. But though this was the general picture, there were a few fairer lines. God had reserved some to himself who had not yielded to the current and given themselves up to sin. Though the proud were called happy, and they that wrought wickedness were set up, and they that tempted God were even delivered, these few chose rather the despised paths of piety, and remained stedfast in their faith. "Then," for so runs the beautiful narration, "then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name; and THEY shall be MINE, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up MY JEWELS; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." We have found, then, who they are that are to be jewels of the Lord of hosts. They are the few that cleave to Christ when the many go astray. The few they are who, amid prevailing indifference, and worldliness, and scoffing, live continually by faith—the few who at such times come together to deplore the fall of Zion, and to seek the blessing of God upon his Israel, ever faithful among the faithless;—when they speak to one another the Lord hearkens and hears, and their names are written before him, and *these* shall be his *jewels* when the ransomed are gathered home to himself. Oh, what pastor is there who cannot look over his flock, and single out here and there one on whom he has leaned in times of prevailing declension—whose sympathies in periods of exhausting labour have cheered him—whose prayers have held him up—and, as his eye rests upon them, does

not feel that these are to be God's jewels! The power of their faith has been proved They have loved Jesus more than the world. They have used five talents well, and shall have ten. Happy, happy they, who determine, by God's blessing, to be among this faithful few! Reader! is that prospect thine?

THE BELIEVER'S CONSOLATION.

A MAN shall be as "rivers of water in a dry place, as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land." While the "rock," in climates and countries such as the prophets alluded to, shadows forth the strength and protection which the Lord Jesus Christ offers to his people, "rivers of water," beneath a burning sun, and on a burning soil, equally shadow forth comfort and consolation. In passing through the world, however, the people of the world, surrounded by its joys, courted by its friends, backed by its good opinions, may be enabled to delight in it; but to the children of God it is oftentimes "a dry and barren place." There are so many causes, externally and internally to make it so. There are times when trials, and afflictions, and anxieties, press closely upon us; when those we love are laid upon beds of sickness, or followed to an early grave; when our prospects are darkened by disappointment, or marred by adversity; when the world, at all times destitute of the real consolations of the Christian, becomes more barren and more desolate than the wide and waste howling wilderness itself. At times like these, whither can the child of God betake himself? You look not to earthly succour; it is vain to look, for all those whom you love are perhaps plunged in the same calamity, borne down by the same trials as yourself. How blessed, then, to feel that there is One who visited this world of ours, and lived as you are now living; who carried about with him a body of infirmity and death; who grieved for the same losses, and wept over the same affliction from which you are weeping; and is presented to you, in the word of God, as man, that you may feel assured of his sympathy; while he is also presented to you as God, that you may feel certain of his power. Does your soul, then, in these dry places, thirst for consolation and succour? That man is proclaimed in the text to be as "rivers of water in a dry place;" that man, in the days of his flesh, "stood and cried, if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," and "the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Here, then, is your consolation: as your safety is to be found in Christ, so, also, is your comfort. He shall be to you not only a covert from God's wrath, but a river: nay, more, *rivers*—to show the abundance of his consolations—"rivers of water," when you are fainting under the trials or anxieties or distresses of the world. Now, reader, do you know anything of the blessedness of this

source of consolation? It is not enough that the river is running at your feet, but you must know that it is there; you must drink of its waters, or they will not assuage your thirst. Recollect a beautiful illustration of this in the history of Hagar, when driven from the tent of Abraham. You will remember that when she was cast out into the wilderness with her child, and had looked in vain for a supply of water; when all that was in the bottle was spent; when the streamlets were dry, and the clouds promised no rain, she sat down in utter hopelessness and helplessness, having cast the child under one of the shrubs, that she might not see it die. And we are told, that as she lifted up her voice and wept, the angel of the Lord called to her out of heaven, and said, "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not:" and God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water, sufficient, amply sufficient, for the need both of the mother and the child during their whole sojourn in the wilderness. How beautiful an instance of the mercy and the power of God! How apt a type of the Christian's situation here below! You may at this moment be sitting by "the river of water" of which we are speaking, and yet be as ignorant, as practically ignorant of its existence, as Hagar was; as little benefited and as little blessed as if its healing waters were still a sealed fountain which had never been opened, or a river locked in everlasting ice, and whose streams never poured fourth rich abundance at your feet. What aileth thee, that thou seest it not? Repent and believe the gospel, and lift up your soul to Him who alone can open your eyes. Pray to God, for his dear Son's sake, to show you the well which stands beside you for ever flowing, and of which, if any man drink, he shall never thirst. Beseech him to reveal to you the Son of his love as a full and sufficient Saviour—one who will not only bear all your sins, but all your sorrows; and not only be your strength and your salvation, but your joy, your peace, your strong consolation.

THE SAINT'S HOPE.

The psalmist, seeing the vanity of all other expectations and pursuits of men, at length runs to this:—"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee." He finds nothing but moving sand everywhere else; but he finds this eternal rock to be a strong foundation. It is true he union of the heart with God is made up by faith and love; but yet both these in our present condition of absence and distance from God, act much by the third grace, which is joined with them, and that is hope. For faith is conversant about things that are not seen, and in a great part that are not yet, but are to come; and the spirit of faith, choosing things that are to come, is called hope. It is true they are deferred; but they possess the pledge and earnest, a small thing in respect of that eternal inheritance they look for. What they have here is of the

same kind with what they expect, although it is but a little portion of it—the smiles and glances of their Father's face, a foretaste of heaven, which their souls are refreshed with; but these are rare, and but for a short time. Hope is the great stock of believers; it is that which upholds them under all the faintings and sorrows of their mind in this life, and in their going "through the valley and shadow of death." It is "the helmet of their salvation," which, while they are looking over to eternity, beyond this present time, covers and keeps their head safe amidst all the darts that fly around them. In the present discomfort and darkness of mind, and the saddest hours they meet with in this life, hope is that which keeps up the soul, and is that which David cheered up his soul with. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." And even in this point "the children of the world" have no great advantage of the "children of God" as to the things of this life; for much of their satisfaction, such as it is, hangs for the most part on their hope: the happiest and richest of them do still piece it out with some further expectation, something they look for beyond what they have, and the expectation of that pleases them more than all their present possessions. But this great disadvantage they have—all their hopes are but heaps of delusions and lies; and either they die and obtain them not, or, if they obtain them, yet they are none the happier, they are so far short of what they fancied and imagined of them beforehand. But the hope of the children of God, as it is without fail sure, so it is inconceivably full and satisfying, far beyond what the largest apprehension of any man is able to reach. "Hope in God," what is wanting there? This hope lodges only in the pure heart: it is a precious liquor that can only be kept in a clean vessel, and that which is not so cannot receive it, but what it seems to receive it corrupts and destroys. It is a confidence arising from peace, agreement, and friendship, which cannot be betwixt the God of purity and those who allow unholiness in themselves. It is a strange impudence for men to talk of their "trust and hope in God," who are in perfect hostility against him! Bold, bad men go through dangers here, but it will not be so hereafter. "They turn to me the back, and not the face; yet in their trouble they say, Arise and save us." They do it as confidently as if they never had despised God; but they mistake the matter; it is not so. "Go and cry," says he, "to the gods whom ye have chosen." When men come to die, then they catch hold of the mercy of God; but from that their filthy hands are beat off: there is no help for them there; and so they fall down to the pit. A holy fear of God, and a happy hope in him, are commonly linked together. Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him; upon them that hope in his mercy. Gracious Lord, fire our hearts with that hope!

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

Parents and masters, you are required to maintain authority in your families. Be well assured that, when this is gone, there is an end to your government. A ruler must never be despised, nor is it desirable that he should be hated; while he is feared, let him also be loved. We should, however, understand the nature of our authority, as also its extent, and the end for which it is conferred. A domestic tyrant is a disgusting object. The rights of parents and of masters result from their duties. Seeing it is the duty of a parent to instruct his children, to instil principles, to form character, and provide means for future subsistence, he has a right to all the authority necessary to the accomplishment of these ends. According to the law of nature, the parent's duty towards his children is the foundation of his right over them. These rights, always following the duty, belong likewise to grand-parents, other relations and guardians; the same principle applies to masters. It is their duty to permit no iniquity to reign among their domestics, that they can possibly suppress by proper discipline and direct interference. Servants living under the roof, and those merely performing contracts of labour, are not in the same position. The authority of the master is greater, or less, according to the nearness of the relation which obtains between him and his servant. If he belongs to the household, then the *authority* of the master assumes, in a high degree, a parental aspect; for this just reason, the *duties* of the master now assume in the same degree a parental aspect. The authority of masters and parents, then, is founded in their duties towards servants and children; this is the law of nature, or, to speak correctly, it is the will of God. The government of the Christian household, therefore, is most strictly a government according to law. It is not a despotism; your families are to understand that your authority is of God, and that, after all, obedience to you is only obedience to him; that in this there is nothing harsh or severe; for you are clothed with this power simply for their good. Maintain, then, the authority which God has given you, and suffer nothing to impair it. It is a trust committed to you, and you cannot resign it without sin; and from that moment you render yourselves incapable of discharging your highest duties. You also rob and ruin your household; for what is duty on your part, is privilege on theirs; and the privilege results from the discharge of the duty.

We entreat you, then, to commit your authority to your character. If this be such as it ought to be, it will amply preserve your authority; if it is otherwise, no vigilance, no violence, no exertion of prerogative can support it. The more of Christ that appears in you, in your knowledge, holiness, and general consistency, the greater will be your authority. It will even seem to grow out of your character, and to be a rightful debt due to your excellence. True

piety, displayed in a very high degree, exercises a power over the hearts of men not to be resisted. How strikingly is this exemplified even in Herod. "Herod *feared John, knowing that he was a just man, and a holy, and observed him.*" Sin will render you contemptible and vile; but the fear of God will make you honourable. Beware, also, of showing weakness by passion or by imprudent words. A strong government will not cause its power to be questioned by acts of violence or expressions of passion. The more calm the administration of justice and the execution of law, the more impressive and terrible. Respect, then, yourselves, your station, and your religion; be studious of Christian propriety and dignity, even in small things. Avoid too much familiarity with servants; let them never be tempted to forget that you are a master; and even with your children use discretion, and suffer not the parent to sink into the playmate. Domestic government is subservient to the government of the church and of the world, as all government is subservient to the universal government of God, to promote the obedience of his commands; therefore, should you, as heads of houses, well understand his written word, that you may act according to it. Then your domestics will discover that in serving you they serve God. Let love also pervade all your rule, and they will perceive that obedience is their interest.

Let your government be throughout, holy; which will follow as a matter of course, if you be holy; for our dispositions determine the character of our actions; as is our being, so will be our doing. Only a friend to holiness will set up a holy order in his home, and manage his affairs in a holy manner. Be devoted to the Son of God, and set him ever before you. Always proceed as travellers to eternity, whose sole business on earth is to provide for heaven. Never trifle with sin, nor suffer others to trifle with it.

The evil consequences of sin are nowhere more terribly manifested than in cases of parental unfaithfulness. In these cases, unlike many others, the calamity is twofold, ruinously affecting both the parent and child. Well has Baxter said, "We lie all as overwhelmed with the calamitous fruit of this neglect." There is surely an inadequate conception of this great subject amongst many heads of families. Multitudes have not sufficient confidence in the truth of God, to trust his promise of blessing holy efforts. Very many pray for the salvation of their offspring, who yet do not labour for it. They look only at the obstinate disease of sin, not sufficiently taking into account the power of grace, and the efficacy of prayer; and then they sink into a state of hopeless dejection. Others too much look upon it as simply an affair of sovereign grace, to the exclusion of means, and very devoutly surrender their children up to the dominion of sin. Correct views, while they dissipate error, will supply motives to exertion.

Authority, then, is an instrument, and the training up of children in the way that they should go, is an end. God has given you just

as much of the former as is necessary to the latter, and no more. Many exercise the authority, while they withhold the instruction. This is a government, not of truth, but of terror; and children so situated, when they outgrow the passion of fear, having no principles dwelling in them, are left to the dominion of their own hearts. The exercise, the violent, the cruel exercise of *mere authority* on the young, can produce no lasting good. While we rule we must teach, that when with rising years our authority expires, the truth of God in the heart may govern. Experience proves that families reared in the way that is here condemned, are in after years generally more wicked than families wherein there is less cruelty, although no more instruction. Authority is principally valuable, therefore, as it ministers to instruction.

PARENTAL DUTIES.

The duties which result from this large authority are next to be considered. The authority must always sustain the duty. When this is the case, and both combine with example, a portion of success will ever follow the effort. Of this we have an encouraging illustration in Gen. xviii. 19, where God, speaking of Abraham, says, "I know him that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." You are a species of pastors, and your families are your flocks. Every parent and every master possessing the religion of Jesus Christ, is under the most solemn obligation to imitate the example of our father Abraham, and is as seriously charged with the souls of children and servants as any Christian minister with the souls of his flock; and if, through your negligence, they live and die in their sins, their blood will as assuredly be required at your hands! It is not enough that you provide them well in food and clothing; "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," 1 Tim. v. 8. What we state is, that it deeply concerns you who are parents and masters of families, to exercise special care over your children and households, and by a diligent and systematic discharge of religious duties to train them up in the fear of God. Boundless good will follow this; when God speaks, as above, of Abraham, he adds, as the result and the reward, "That the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." A holy household is always a happy one; whereas "the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked," Prov. iii. 33. The blessing of God always rests upon those families who serve him. As the Lord blessed Obed-Edom, and all his household, for the ark's sake, so certainly doth the Lord withhold no good thing from those who live in his fear all the day. "Godliness is really profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come:" for the truth of this we may most safely appeal to experience. What honours have been forfeited, what businesses ruined, what fortunes lost, what woe has been brought upon families by sin! May we not convert the apostle's terms,

and say, "Sin is unprofitable unto all things, having the disgrace, the shame, the misery, of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come?" All the distress of this afflicted world is attributable to sin. Oh, would men be candid, and take an extended survey of the families of the land, and enumerate the broken-hearted parents, the ruined characters, and blasted prospects of youth, with all besides which chiefly constitutes domestic calamity, it will be found that all arises from sin, and none of it from the fear and service of God. The entire course of providence is inscribed with this motto: "The house of the wicked shall be overturned, but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish," Prov. xiv. 11.

Dear friends, take this as your encouragement, and your guide, "Blessed is he that feareth the Lord, and walketh in his ways, for thou shalt eat the labour of thine hand; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee," Ps. cxxviii. 4. Servants hold the happiness of families very much in their hands. From their number and their functions, they have much in their power, whether for evil or for good. No small share of domestic inquietude arises from this cause alone. Whatever makes for the increase of a generation of true, honest, upright, gentle, and obedient servants, ought to be viewed as a great public benefit, as an instrument for the advancement of human welfare and happiness. The gospel of Christ is a universal remedy for all disorders of this class. Now, there is no way whereby this gospel is brought home with such efficacy as by domestic instruction Here there is no escaping; they are hemmed in; they are shut up. In this duty, as much as in any, the sower is the reaper; and when you do most for your servants, you will be found in the end to do most for yourselves.

Then as to children, the sorest griefs as well as the choicest satisfactions are from them: "A wise son maketh a glad father." Now this wisdom consists solely of the fear and love of God. Here again, therefore, the sower is the reaper, who rejoices in a rich harvest of filial obedience and affection. Living and dying, this must be to all parents, who walk in the ways of the Lord, a source of the purest satisfaction. A son, a servant of the living God, can be left without fear, even in this wicked world, and parted with in the cheerful hope of meeting him again! A daughter who has tasted that the Lord is good, is in no alarming danger of allurement from the charms of a world's fashions, and a world's follies. In a word, masters and parents, whether it respects the charge God has laid upon you, whereof you must give an account unto him at the day of judgment, or the felicity and substantial benefit you yourselves will reap thereby, you will see ground, both just and good ground, to be diligent and constant in the discharge of holy duties amongst your families.

This, however, is only one side of the picture; at least, the other is only slightly exhibited. It is, therefore, necessary that we glance at the manifold mischiefs and calamities which usually, and, to some extent, invariably follow the neglect of family duties and domestic instructions. Hence domestic broils and contentions. Where there is no union with Christ, there can be no real and spiritual union with each other. All such families, more or less, resemble a body that is subject to convulsions;

the calamity may come on at any moment, and none can hinder it. The fear of God is an adequate substitute in a nation, a city, or a family, for all artificial provisions for preserving peace. Oh! it is a dreadful sight to witness parents at variance with children, husbands with wives, masters with servants! Yet the world is full of such sights as these; just because it is full of iniquity. Where God is served with purity of heart, there is peace; and "the voice of joy and thanksgiving is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous." When we examine into the history of the profane and dissolute multitude, we find that almost without exception, they have been reared in homes of ungodliness, polite or vulgar; and many of them as if in a "seminary of little devils, a household of fiends." Here it is that human beings are trained for the colonies, the hulks, and the gibbet! When families leave God, God leaves them. Where the service and altar of God have no place, there sin and the servants of sin occupy the dwelling. Then the neglect of duty is followed by the punishment of permission to commit sin. In our times the complaints are great and just against the disobedience of children, the selfishness and dishonesty of servants; the deficiency of these two classes are matters that are seen and felt—they are productive of immediate suffering. But were children and servants as much alive to the things of eternity, as parents and masters are to the things of time, we should have complaints far more loud, bitter, and full of desperation. The wrongs they suffer are infinitely more grievous than the wrongs they commit; the latter are confined to time, the former extend to eternity!

In one of the Addresses prefixed to the Westminster Confession of Faith, we find it written: "Wherever thou goest, thou wilt hear men crying out of bad children and bad servants; whereas indeed the *source of the mischief must be sought a little higher: it is bad parents and bad masters that make bad children and bad servants; and we cannot blame so much their untowardness as our own negligence in their education.*"

Dear brethren, these are stirring words! Let us dread the application of them to us. If in any case they have applied, O let them apply no more. It may contribute at once to rebuke, instruct, and encourage us, to survey the practice of the church in past ages with respect to this great matter.

L.

A CHURCH OF CHRIST, WHAT IT IS.

THE term Church, as applied to religious assemblies, has two, and only two, distinct significations. In the first sense, it denotes the whole of God's elect, the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, as in the following Scriptures: Heb. ii. 12., xii. 23; 1 Cor. xii. 28; Col. i. 18. In the second acceptation, it signifies a society or congregation of believers, meeting statedly for religious purposes. The term is thus applied in Acts ix. 31, xiv. 23, xvi. 5; 1 Cor. xiv. 23, xvi. 19; Rom. xvi. 23. The Church of Rome found it convenient to alter the language of Scripture, when she subverted the authority of Christ, and destroyed the church of God. The term was then employed to denote a *building* set apart for worship; thus substituting unconscious matter for the living stones of the spiritual temple! This change

served several ends to the Papacy. Words are the safeguards of things; having disposed of the former, the latter became more manageable. This perversion aided to establish both the thraldom of the people, and the power of the priests; but above all, it facilitated the abolition of a most momentous distinction,—the distinction of mankind into two classes, the *godly* and the *ungodly*, as expressed by the Scripture terms, the *church* and the world,—a step, which, up to this hour, has been attended with the most ruinous effects to the souls of men. Having destroyed this everlasting distinction between the friends and enemies of God, all the ordinances of the gospel were perverted to harmonize with the new arrangement. The church became the world, and the world the church. Every creature of every nation, who acknowledged the Papal sway, was pronounced a Christian, without any regard to knowledge or to character. The scriptural import of the term *church* was utterly abolished. Christianity ceased to be an affair of the soul, and of repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ, and was wholly an affair of country. Churches every where became national; and to belong to the nation was to belong to the church. She affected to regenerate and make all Christians whom she baptized; and with admirable consistency, in life and death she took their spiritual destinies into her own hands. The Romish clergy "violated the law of the Lord, and profaned his holy things; they put no difference between the holy and profane; neither did they show difference between the unclean and the clean," Ezek. xxii. 26, 27. The awful consequences of this procedure are still manifest, more or less, in every section even of the Reformed Protestant churches. They are not confined to any one party, although parties greatly differ in the degree of their culpability. The Church of Rome also applied the term *church*, to designate the pope and his clergy, as the ministers of the gospel, so called, came to be denominated. The object and the dire results of this, may be seen in the pages of ecclesiastical history. After the Reformation, the term *church* received a modification, but its primitive use was not restored; ceasing to be the Church of Rome, it became the church of nations. Each nation of the Reformed had its own church as a nation, and each parish, its own church as a parish, the national church being the sum total of the parochial churches. Many of the Reformers well understood the nature of a *gospel* church; and, notwithstanding the connexion which obtained between the church and the state in those nations, considerable provision was made in some, if not in most countries, for the pure administration of ordinances. The corruptions, therefore, which have prevailed in established churches have arisen as much from worldly patronage in the matter of pastorship, and the consequent carnality and sloth of the bulk of their ministers from age to age, as from defects in their articles, creeds, confessions, and rituals. The term has also been applied to a number of congregations unconnected with the state, maintaining the same faith and order, and subject to the same ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as the Moravian Church, &c. All this, however, is the language of division; for such modes of expression were unheard of in earlier times. Paul knew nothing of the church of a country, but only as churches of Christ resi-

dent and meeting in some particular locality. He wrote to the "churches of Galatia," not to the *Galatian church*, or the church of Galatia. John wrote to the "seven churches in Asia," not to the *Asian church*, or the church of Asia. It is therefore time to return to the wholesome dialect of purer periods.

P.

WHY I DARE NOT CONFORM TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I. BECAUSE it is not a proper scriptural church, but a political system instituted by worldly men for worldly ends, and is altogether a worldly body.

I prove this, first, from the Articles of the Church itself, which say, "The visible church is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance." Now the Church of England is a society formed by Act of Parliament, and made up of all sorts of people. The ministers, or *priests*, as they are profanely called, are very few of them faithful men. Puseyism, or Popery, in place of the pure word of God, is preached in many of the buildings ignorantly called churches; while a rite similar to the Lord's supper, which papists and churchmen call the sacrament, and try to persuade men (oh awful delusion!) will, if properly given and taken, save the soul, is offered to people the most wicked, therefore it cannot be a true church, our accusers themselves being judges. How can I, then, dare to belong to it? But not only I say, Out of thine own mouth do I judge thee.

But that it is no church I prove, secondly, from the Bible. Christ says, "My kingdom is not of this world;" but the Church of England plainly is. The state ruler, even if living in the grossest vice, is its honoured head; its order and rule, its faith and ordinances, are all laid down by common law; its officers, high and low, are all appointed, and paid, and governed by the state, like the police; while who are its members the law determines, and not the Bible. Can I dare to belong to it? The parsons trade for "*livings*" as dealers in a market, and keep, or exchange, or sell the souls of a parish like worldly goods. The Queen's prime minister adds to his power and party in parliament, whether Whig or Tory, by making the bishops, and giving them everything worldly; while luxurious lords and fox-hunting 'squires, as ignorant of real religion as the heathen, ofttimes put, for companionship in sin, men of like minds and habits with themselves, into a parish pulpit, to blind by their teaching, and deprave by their example, the poor slaves of their spiritual power: so it is clear, that if, for my soul's sake, I wish to find a true church, I dare not join this unchristian system, but look to the Dissenters.

II. Because it claims to rule my conscience, which my Bible tells me is wrong; it bids me reverence and obey, as a Christian teacher, without doubting his authority or questioning his teaching, a man, it may be, of bad character, ignorant of, and, perhaps, hating, the gospel, who has sought the office merely for bread, and been put into it by the man to whom the state has given the power of putting a parson over a parish, without giving me a voice in the matter, and forbids my hearing the pure gospel fully preached by men plainly called by the Holy Ghost, but not in bondage by government hire: so

this nominal church makes *what* a man preaches to be of less matter than who appoints him; puts its own authority higher than Christ's, who warns us not to hear false teachers; and perils precious souls by hiring the blind to lead the blind, so as for both to fall into the ditch. How can I dare to uphold such claims?

III. Because I take my Bible as my rule of faith. The Church of England pretends to have power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in matters of faith; therefore Queen Elizabeth dared her clergy to believe or preach but as she ordered; and even now, every one of them is bound to sign and swear to what half of them doubt and none obey. Were kings inspired and infallible, or were the Bible sent only to them, there might be some excuse; but our Lord tells us to "search the Scriptures" for ourselves; and Paul, that "they are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith." Men have their own ends to answer who tell us to listen, before the Bible, to those they have bribed and schooled themselves; and the sooner I free myself from the ungodly imposition the better.

IV. Because of its trifling ceremonies, such as bowing towards the east, praying in a white gown and preaching in a black; going from the desk to what is impiously called the altar to read the communion service; signing the form of the cross in baptism; kneeling to take the Lord's Supper; and often changing the posture in divine service, which appear childish and trifling, a religious mummery, or an irreligious formalism, and not a worship of Him who "is a Spirit, and must be worshipped (with the heart) in spirit and in truth."

V. Because it teaches the awful untruth that its ministers can save souls by baptism! This is solemnly avowed before God when a babe is *christened*, as people paganly term it, and is taught the poor child ever after: an impious and deadly heresy, as those will feel with horror when the souls they are blinding shall accuse them as their eternal destroyers before their just and common Judge! Besides, it makes sponsors "promise three things," which are so strictly divine, that were they not in heathenish darkness they would shudder to say. For a church to ask such lying promises, is a deadly crime against the parties, against the truth, and against God.

VI. Again; in order to gain power for its priests, it exceeds the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, whom God destroyed in anger, *only* because they assumed to be priests; but this church makes its ministers assume to be God, for in the rite of confirmation and ordination its lord bishop (poor, sinning, mitred mortal!) pretends to give the Holy Ghost. O what a fearful mockery! what an awful sin!

VII. Again; by the absolution service a poor dying criminal is led to think that the minister's reading a form of pardon gives him a passport to a happy eternity; and the minister, perhaps, is himself befooled to think that he can pardon sin—an error which we who know the truth can only look upon with agony, when we think that many, trusting to it rather than to Christ, may find their awful mistake when they open their eyes in hell!

VIII. Lastly; I might condemn its teaching us transubstantiation, its excommunicating good men of other churches, and its forbidding me to hear

the gospel; but these are nothing to the evil of the Burial Service, which has often been read over the corpse of an atheist, an infidel, a thief, a drunkard, a prostitute, as though it were that of an eminent Christian; and the holy God is defied to his face by a man, daring to call himself a minister of Christ, thanking him for taking a reprobate to glory! What an outrage on religion! What a lie to souls! What a shame to Christ! "O Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Now, can I, as a Christian, belong to such a church?

Appledore T. S.

The Letter Box.

DUTY OF BELIEVERS TO JOIN CHURCHES.

Letter to two Friends.

Church fellowship is no less a duty than the observance of the first-day sabbath, as the same reasons may be advanced for one as for the other. If a believer remain without visible connection with some Christian society, he is guilty of direct disobedience against his rightful Lord.—J. A. JAMES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—For some time past your case has not a little exercised my thoughts, and love to your souls compels me now to address you, as your minister and friend. It is demonstrable from the New Testament, that the conversion of sinners to God was always accompanied by separation from the world. This separation was commanded and enforced by the most affecting considerations, 2 Cor. vi. 17. It was not, however, a *mere* act of obedience; although a commanded, it was a voluntary deed, a compliance with the resistless impulses of a new nature. Desirous of displaying their love to Christ, they hastened to escape from the camp of his enemies, and took up their station in his visible kingdom. Nor was this all; they were powerfully attracted by love to each other. They could not live apart; mutual love led to mutual fellowship. Such love was the infallible test both of divine life and of discipleship, 1 John iii. 14; John xiii. 35. As fellowship is the appointed, so it is the only way of making a public profession of the faith and hope of the gospel. It is by this step, that, as a believer in Christ, you openly declare such faith and hope. This measure speaks a language which both the church and the world distinctly understand. Attendance on divine worship is *not a profession of religion*, because it is not what the word implies, viz., a *confession*, a public avowal of faith before men. The irreligious themselves do not deem it a profession. It is the practice of men of every shade of decent character; nay, of multitudes who avow themselves unbelievers. Such an attendance is not a profession; it is the opposite of a profession; it is a tacit, but public and persevering refusal to comply with the laws of Christ,—an act at variance with the Christian character. You are either ignorant of your duty, or you neglect it. Your conduct is unaccountable, unless on principles which directly impeach either your information or your piety. You cannot escape from this dilemma! There *may* be piety in your heart, but your conduct renders its existence even doubtful; it is assuredly in a very feeble and sickly condition! In apostolic times you would certainly have been looked upon with a mixture of pity and wonder. Oh! how faint must be your conceptions of the Saviour's claims, love, and glory! How lightly you treat his authority on a subject of vital importance to the very existence of his kingdom!

Hear the parable of the prince. A prince whose throne had been usurped, and his dominions ruled by a foreign

despot, commenced a war for his rightful throne. He sent forth a body of faithful adherents to promote his interests throughout the kingdom. By their means, small bodies of brave men in many parts of the country were won over; and, as they became patriotic and loyal subjects, they declared for the legitimate sovereign. They took the required oath of allegiance; they signed a declaration of adherence; they separated from the vassals of the despot; they organized themselves according to a body of laws transmitted to them by their prince; and they assumed an appropriate uniform, proclaiming whose they were, and whom they served. A great multitude mixed with those bodies; attended their less and larger gatherings; and professed the utmost esteem for the sovereign, and ardent desires for his success; but, though urged and persuaded, they always declined, and refused to take the oath, and the steps that followed it, on which success so entirely depended. Professing love to the prince, and hatred to the despot, they still ranked and numbered with the enslaved subjects of the old despotism. They not only remained useless for the objects of associated action; but, by the weight and authority of their example, they exceedingly impaired the force and retarded the progress of public opinion, and obstructed the success of the royal cause. Judge ye what the prince thought of these men's loyalty; and whether he deemed that their conduct amounted to a profession of it; and whether the royal cause could ever have triumphed by such means and such men;—judge also in what light the king viewed such persons, after his ascension to the throne, in spite of their apathy and heartless pretension! I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say.

Friends, ye who profess to believe in Christ, consider! Extend your principle and look at it, and learn its nature by its results. Were believers generally to follow your example, all the churches of Christ on earth would be dissolved in one day. These lights of the world would be extinguished, and leave it once more to the horrors of darkness! These abodes of the Spirit would be sundered into their elements! The schools of the prophets would be closed, and the order of the ministry expire for ever! The fonts of baptism would be dried up, the tables of the Lord moulder into dust, the institutions of education and philanthropy, created and supported by the gospel spirit, would vanish away, and Christianity perish from the earth! These would be the results of your principle, as it respects Christ, and his church, and the world, on the hypothesis of its universal extension; must it not, then, even *now* be attended with a perilous probability as to yourselves? From the words of Christ you may learn your desert and prospect: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but *whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven*," Matt. x. 32, 33. C.

DIRECTIONS FOR ENTERING INTO FELLOWSHIP.

To a Brother.

They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord, in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten. —Jer. l 5.

My beloved Brother,—How I rejoice to hear that the word of God has reached your heart! There are, however, points in your letter which create some anxiety in my mind, and induce me to lay my views at length before you. Union with Christ must precede union with his church. The instant you pass from death unto life, that you repent and believe the gospel, you become a member of the Saviour's body. You are, therefore, from that moment a fit subject of fellowship; and you have a right to admission. Union to Christ is everything! He is the source of life and power. Oh! endeavour after that most important attainment —self-acquaintance. Books may help you, but prayerful study of the Scriptures, and honest, reflective self-scru-

tiny by the light of the word, are worth all other means united. You cannot be deceived, unless you *desire* to be so! If your character be changed, so is your state; justification and sanctification are inseparable. See that you have power over *sin!* O my brother, take heed that no sin have dominion over you! He who is the slave of one sin, is not fit for church fellowship. Endeavour to form a proper estimate of your own spiritual condition. Question yourself closely as to the grounds of your hope. Collect the reasons from which you conclude that you are a Christian. Compare them with the Scriptures. If sincerely satisfied that you are a new creature, although but a babe in grace; come forth without delay, and follow the Lord fully. Seek an interview with your minister, and lay your mind open to him with simplicity and confidence.

1. *Be not afraid!* You may rely on finding a friend in the servant of Christ. He can fully enter into your feelings, and sympathize with you on every point. Go to him in the spirit of sincerity and humility; in a few minutes you will feel yourself at ease and comfortable, and upon a second interview you will be perfectly at home!

2. *Be not ashamed!* There is nothing so honourable as the profession of penitence for sin and love to Christ; let the sinner be ashamed, but stand thou forth, and declare, with humble and modest gratitude, what the Lord has done for your soul! Many obstacles will present themselves, but break through them all, in the strength of the Lord. The hour of decision will be an hour of conflict. The enemy of your soul will not be idle; he will assail you in ways you little think of; he will stir up the whole mass of your corruption, that you may fall into sin once more; he will rouse the wrath of your enemies, and oppose you through the tender instrumentalities of friends, who, while they subserve his purposes, know not what they do. But pray without ceasing, and walk right on!

3. *Beware of pride!* The fear of rejection keeps back multitudes. They prefer to live in uncertainty and in sinful neglect, to an interview with a pastor, and a possible delay of their admission. What infatuation is this! If you are a Christian, even of the humblest standing, your Christianity can be ascertained, and made to appear, and then you cannot be rejected. Though "weak in faith," yet since you are *in* the faith at all, you must and will be received, Rom. xiv. 1. You are to enter the church, not because you *are* strong in the faith, but that you may be fed, nourished, and *become* strong. If even a little delay should be deemed necessary, it will issue in your profit. This has often occurred to persons who have afterwards become burning and shining lights. Go to your minister, and put yourself entirely into his hands, in the confidence of love, leaving it with him to judge of your views and experience: to admit you immediately, or to put you on a course of improvement, as the case may require. He will do as he thinks most for your good, and he will do it delicately and tenderly; you will enjoy the benefit of his knowledge and experience; and, whether the result be immediate admission or longer probation, there will be no repulse, no rejection; there will be nothing but discretion and kindness. He will suggest hints, recommend books, introduce you to the society of experienced and godly persons, and otherwise aid you in the most material manner.

4. *Beware of procrastination!* Oh, what misery this has led to! Thousands have so far yielded to the commands of Christ, and the dictates of conscience, and the impulses of the Spirit of God, as to resolve on professing the faith of Christ; but when the time has come, they have found, or feigned, a reason for putting it off. This has occurred several times in succession, and a season of spiritual deadness has followed, perhaps for years, when the Holy Spirit has withdrawn from them! Again he has visited them; and again they have resolved, and again they have broken their resolutions! Thus have they lingered on till death has stepped in and put an end to this conflict.

E.

The Fragment Basket.

RULES.—1. Come by faith to the blood of Christ, that all your sins may be pardoned, Lev. xvii. 11; Heb. ix. 14, 22; Eph. i. 7; ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 19; 1 John i. 7.

2. Seek by prayer the help of the Holy Spirit, Luke xi. 13; Rom. viii. 26, 27; Gal. v. 22, 23; Eph. ii. 18; James iii. 17.

3. Try to recollect continually that God is always present, knowing every thought you think, every word you speak, and observing everything you do, Prov. xv. 3; Ps. cxxxix. 2—4, 12; Ezek. xi. 5; Heb. iv. 13.

4. Live upon Christ as the life-giving root of all true holiness, John vi. 47—58; xv. 4—8; Col. ii. 3—9

5. Before you speak, ask these three questions:—Is what I am going to say true? Is it useful? Is it kind? Ps. cxx. 2; cxli. 3; Prov. xv. 1, 2; Eph. iv. 15, 25, 29, 31, 32.

6. Pray for a calm and thoughtful state of mind, trusting always in the Lord, for you know not what a day may bring forth, Job xxii. 21; Isa. xxvi. 3, 4; Hag. i. 5; Matt. xi. 29; John xiv. 26, 27; Phil. iv. 5—7; Jas. i. 2—7.

7. Remember, if religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done little for your soul; and see, therefore, that your temper be kind, merciful, cheerful, meek, and affectionate, Rom. xiii. 10; James i. 26; 1 Pet. iii. 8—11.

8. Work while it is called to-day for the glory of God and the good of men, John ix. 4; 1 Cor. x. 31; Gal. vi. 10.

THE BLIND AND DEAF GIRL AND HER BIBLE.—A young woman, completely blind and deaf, was brought before a number of eminent surgeons to see if anything could be done for her. Her sad condition had been suddenly produced by a violent pain in the head. The only method of communicating with her was by tapping her hand, which signified *no*, and by squeezing it, which signified *yes*. The surgeons concluded that her case was incurable, and in reply to her earnest inquiries, she received the unwelcome *tap*. She immediately burst into tears and wept aloud in all the bitterness of anguish. "What," said she, "shall I never again see the light of day, or hear a human voice? Must I remain shut up in darkness and silence as long as I live?" and again she wept. It was an affecting sight. If she had been able to *see*, she might have been pointed to the promises of the Bible; if to *hear*, they might have been cited for her comfort. At length a friend who was present took up the Bible and pressed it to her breast. It was a touching and beautiful act. She placed her hands on it, and asked, "Is this the Bible?" Her hand was squeezed in reply. She immediately clasped the Bible in her hands, and held it to her bosom, and exclaimed—"This is the only comfort I have left. I shall never more be able to look upon its blessed pages, but I can think of the precious promises I have learnt from it in the sabbath-school," and then began to repeat some of its promises. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee. My grace is sufficient for thee," &c. She dried her tears, became submissive to the will of God, and was happy.

THE DUST AND THE FLIES.—Mr. Cecil, riding one day with a friend, in a very windy day, the dust being very troublesome, his companion wished they could ride in the fields, where they would be free from dust, and this wish he repeated more than once while on the road. At length they reached the fields, when the flies so teased his friend's horse that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah! sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were on the road, the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the fly was there. Now, this is a true picture of human life, and you will find it so in all the changes

you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation, but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

ROWLAND HILL'S MODE OF REPROVING TEMPER.—On one occasion Mr. Hill recommended his friends who had troublesome tempers to put the thirteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians between their bread and butter at breakfast-time, and they would find the advantage of it during the whole day. When the Religious Tract Society published "The Important Discovery; or, Temper is Everything," Mr. Hill mentioned from the pulpit that he had bought a good supply of these tracts; and that as he understood some of his hearers were troubled in their tempers, he should be happy to present them with a copy, if they would call on him at the chapel house Notwithstanding this kind offer, no applications were made for the little book.

TIT FOR TAT.—There was a clergyman in 1728, the vicar of a parish in Shrewsbury, who committed what the Puseyites would call an act of sacrilege, for he went so far as to remove from his church a picture of the crucifixion, which hung over what these persons call the altar; and on the following day the Roman Catholic priest issued a lampoon, and circulated it all over the town:—

"The parson's the man,
Let him do what he can,
Would for gain leave his God in the lurch;
Could Iscariot do more
Had it lain in his power,
Than turn the Lord out of the church?"

The parson, however, gave wit for wit, for he immediately replied:—

"The Lord I adore
Is mighty in power,
The One only living and true;
But that Lord of yours,
That I turn'd out of doors,
Had about as much knowledge as you.

"Yet since you bemoan
This god of your own,
Cheer up, my disconsolate brother!
Though it seem very odd,
Still, if this be your god,
Why, the painter can make you another."

HEAVEN.—If all the earth were paper, and all the plants of the earth were pens, and all the sea were ink, and if every man, woman, and child were a ready writer, yet were they not able to express the thousandth part of those joys that saints shall have in heaven. All the joy we have here in this world is but pensiveness to what we shall have in heaven; all sweetness here, to that but bitterness.—*Brooke.*

CERTAINTIES.—He who cannot find time to consult his Bible, will find one day that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray, must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect, is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance, will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail.—*H. More.*

DR. OWEN.—"Oh! brother Payne, the long-looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet done or been capable of doing."

RISDON DARRACOTT.—"Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

DEATH.—A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore; at death the pure gold is melted out and separated, and the dross cast away and consumed. —*Flavel.*

PAST AND PRESENT.—Measure not life by the hopes and enjoyments of this world, but the preparation made for another: rather looking forward to what you shall be, than backward to what you have been.

Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY REV. T. DALE.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant's tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet cannot tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights
To trace the mark of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decay'd
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys on earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears—
This yield the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

Mysterious in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where has the spirit fled from earth?
For ever past.

We ask the grave below,
It keeps the secret well;
We call upon the heavens to show,
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds bear the breath of flowers
To travellers o'er the wave,
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star doth roam,
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of heaven;
But where all knowledge is denied
There faith is given.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT IS OUR LIFE?

What is our life?
A smile, a tear,
A dimly dark foreboding fear,
A thought of death, still drawing near,
A whisper of the tomb.

What is our life?
A troubled dream,
A hope, a promise, and a gleam,
A shadowy, dark, and changeful stream
Still hastening on its course.

What is our life?
A passing sigh,
A wish, and yet a fear to die,
An upward glancing of the eye
'Midst sorrow, doubt, and gloom.

What is our life?
A struggle brief,
A pain which soon must find relief,
A passing, transitory grief,
A tear soon wiped away.

What is our life?
A gleam of light
Passing athwart the wearied sight,
Till lost in an unending night
Of darkness and despair.

What is our life?
The *gate* of heaven,
The *land* where sin's dark chain is riven,
The *land* where mortals are forgiven
Through *Jesus' death*. *This, this* is life.

A. L. H.

The Children's Gallery.

DEATH OF SUSAN F——.

To the Children of Sunday Schools.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We are now to give you a short account of the life and happy death of Susan F——, who was born on the 5th of January, 1832, of parents in the middle order of society, in ———, Southwark, where she lived a peaceable life, and died a happy death. When between six and seven years of age, she was sent by her parents to the British Girls' School, Fair-street, Horselydown, on the week-day, and was a scholar in Dockhead Sunday-school, and subsequently of Union Chapel Sunday-school. She was a girl of a meek and gentle disposition, and consequently much beloved by her several teachers. She was kind and affectionate to her parents, and obeyed their commands in all things. Mark this, dear children, and imitate her. "Obey your parents," for "this is right." Though naturally of a very cheerful temper, she seldom joined in frivolous amusement with any of her companions; generally preferring to read instructive lessons from little books, which she had received at different times as rewards for her good conduct at the Sunday-school. During the severe illness of her mother, which took place about twelve months since, Susan was almost her only attendant, acting in the twofold capacity of nurse and companion. Before the indisposition of her mother she, with three sisters and a brother, was taken ill with the scarlet fever—one of them died. This violent attack so shook her frame that she never recovered it. The fever having left such a weakness in one of her knees, she was alarmed lest she should become a cripple. About the beginning of May, her knee becoming so much worse, she was obliged to absent herself from the Sunday-school, and finally take to her bed. During this time she amused herself by reading a little book, entitled "Original Poems," some lines in which, headed "The Little Cripple's Complaint," seemed to strike her very much. On turning over the leaves of her little volume, when she came to those lines she exclaimed, 'Oh mother, these lines are on me." Her mother being about to leave the room she said, "Oh pray stop, mother, and hear it." She then read the lines, and on coming to that part which speaks of the poor little cripple being compelled to use crutches, her mother said, "But you are not come to that yet Susan." She replied, "But you know I might, mother." She did not, however, for she was on her death-bed, and her spirit was about to flee into the mansions of eternal rest. At this time her teacher visited her, and gives the following interesting account of Susan on her death-bed:—

Having inquired of one of the scholars, as to the cause of her absence, I was informed she was slightly indisposed with a bad knee. I therefore called at her home on the following Friday, and to my great surprise found her labouring under the effects of brain fever, and quite delirious. Her medical attendant at this time considered her past recovery. I called again on the following Sunday evening, and was told she had revived, and had been sensible the whole of the day. When I entered the room, her parents said, "Susan, here is your teacher," she made an effort to raise herself in the bed; but being unable, stretched out her feeble arms, and said, "Dear teacher, come nearer." Her countenance at this moment beaming with joy, she clasped me round the neck, and said, "God bless you, God bless you, my dear teacher, God bless you." I then expressed myself exceedingly thankful that the Lord had once more restored to her her senses, so that I might speak to her concerning her soul. I said, "Susan, you are young, but old enough to know that you are a sinner. You have been taught at school that all are born in sin; have you prayed to God to pardon your sins for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died for the sins of the whole world,—died that you might

live with him in heaven?" She said, "I have been praying all day," and immediately began to pray with great apparent fervour, saying, "Pray God, pardon my sins,—make me a good girl, —and bless me for the sake of Jesus Christ. Oh, blessed, blessed Jesus Christ!" During this affecting period, tears rolled down the cheeks of her afflicted parents, as they gazed on the pallid countenance of their dear child. On uttering the last sentence, her voice faltered, and she became dreadfully convulsed for some time. On recovering she said, "Dear father and mother, do not cry. Pray God, bless them; pray God, bless my dear brother and sisters. God bless teacher! God bless all my kind friends," naming each of them. She then commenced the Lord's prayer. When she came to "thy will be done," her mother said, "Oh, Lord, enable us to say, 'Thy will be done.'" She then said, "Poor father and mother, come and kiss me." When they had done so, she said, "God bless you." Then complaining of her head, she said, "Oh, my poor head, where shall I rest it? where can I lay it?" Where could she rest it, but on the bosom of Christ, through whom alone she hoped to be saved?

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Speaking seemed to exhaust her very much, but still she continued to pray. She then repeated parts of Dr. Watts's hymns, especially one commencing:—

"There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above."

After sucking an orange she seemed refreshed, and said,

"And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace."

With many other verses, which I cannot now recollect.

Her parents speaking of the kind visits and prayers offered by Mr. ——, she said, "Where is he?" I said, I believed he was at chapel, to which she replied, "God bless him, God bless him." I then took my leave of her, in doing which, she clasped me round the neck, and said, "God bless you, my dear teacher." On my promising to see her again the next day, she said, "Do come early, and stop long with me." After I had left she gradually grew worse, and lay in shrieking convulsions several hours, but being sensible at intervals continued to pray to the last. As she lay in great agony and groaned bitterly, the nurse said, "Oh, that the Lord would give you rest!"—thinking her if sensible at the moment, to which she responded aloud, "Oh, blessed, blessed Jesus Christ, take me to my rest."

Shortly after, at a few minutes past eight o'clock in the morning, it pleased her heavenly Father to take her to that rest prepared for the children of God, where sickness and sorrow are felt and feared no more, and where all tears shall be wiped from their eyes, and they shall be the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Thus died Susan F——, at the early age of twelve years and five months, after three weeks' painful illness.

It is now well with her, and she "being dead yet speaketh;" and the question sounds forth from her tomb, "Fellow-scholars! is it well with you?" What would become of you were you to die this moment? Would you see Susan F——? The voice from her grave says, If you wish to be able to say, "It is well," you must "prepare to meet your God!" How solemn to meet God! It is a very great thing to look forward to meet friends gone into eternity, and to meet with angels; but to meet God, —to meet him unprepared, is eternal death,—to meet him prepared, is eternal life! When, like Susan's, your bodies lie in the cold, cold grave, shall we be able to say, "It is well—they are gone to be for ever with the Lord?" Will the Saviour welcome each girl or boy, as we believe he did Susan F——, and say—

"Come in, thou happy spirit, come!
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions make her room,
For she must stay for ever!"

May this be the case—may we all meet

in heaven, and meet to part no more —meet and be clothed in beautiful white robes, and receive a crown of glory; and sing with those that are gone before, "Glory, glory, to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever," who when on earth invited little children to come unto him.—Amen.

DEATH OF DEENO.

To a Youthful Son.

My dearest William.—At our last missionary prayer-meeting, a touching account was given of the death of a boy eleven years of age. He had been instructed by Mr. Lessel the missionary, whom I know, and whom you may have seen in our house before he went to India. Deeno was a boy of great gifts, and his industry was equal to his talents. Young as he was, he had made considerable progress in learning three languages, the Hindooee, the Bengalee, and the English. He was a boy of a strong spirit and of great courage, which occasionally manifested itself in reproving sin in persons of mature years; and when reminded by his father that such freedoms were not becoming in a child like him, he would say, "Father, they know not that they do wrong; but if told of their faults, they will refrain from such conduct." If the sircar were absent at morning prayer, or late in coming to school, he would commence the devotional service, and carry it through with a propriety which could only have been produced by the habit of private prayer. His illness was protracted, and the missionaries had a better opportunity of seeing the work of the Holy Spirit developed in him than in the other children, whose sickness was short, and whose death was sudden.

To his grieving parents he said, "Weep not for me; weep for yourselves. It will be well with me: I am going to the Saviour." The evening previous to his death, when he was thought dying, and was almost speechless, a lady, as she held his emaciated hand, said, "Deeno, are you happy?" He replied, "Yes." "Do you feel your love to God increase?" "Yes." "There will be no weakness in heaven, no sin in heaven, Deeno." His intelligent eyes brightened, and with much emphasis he said, "No, no." She inquired if he desired anything to eat; and hastened home to send what he had requested. He ate a little; and, feeling revived, he looked at his father, and said, "Father, I am not yours, I am the Lord's. Father, did Jesus die for sinners? then believe in him, pray to him." He spoke no more, and shortly after slept in Jesus.

My dearest boy! You will mark the lesson which this history sets before you. Great things were expected of Deeno from his abilities and piety, but he was cut down as a flower wet with the dews of the early morning. From you, too, we are expecting usefulness to the cause of our gracious Lord; but our hope may soon be cut off, and the grave may quickly close over you. Look well then to your foundations, and see that you are resting your all on the finished work of Christ, and living a life of lively faith on him, and whether your day be long or short, it will close in peace, and introduce you to a blessed immortality. That the Lord may give you the grace of his Spirit thus to do is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father.

X. Y. Z.

THE SAILOR'S TREASURE.

A ship bound to New Orleans was overtaken by a tempest, and after combating for some time with the storm, went ashore on the rocky coast of England. The wind soon abated, and they were enabled, by fixing a spar from the ship to the rocks, to reach the shore; the men were weak from excessive labour, and it was as much as they could do to crawl along the spar to the shore. One of them who had a bundle tied round his waist, was asked on reaching the shore, what it was. "Oh," said he, "I have been wrecked a number of times, but thanks be to God, I have always managed to save this—I am afraid they are wet." The bundle contained a Bible and prayer-book and hymn-book.

A LION IN THE WAY.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"YES, there is always a lion in his way," said Mr. Hall to a gentleman with whom he was conversing in the parlour. Justin entered the parlour at that moment. He heard the remark of his father, but was a good deal puzzled as to its meaning. He had read about lions, and, like most children, was greatly interested in them. He would have gone farther to see a lion than to see any other animal.

He wished very much to know to whom his father had reference in the remark above quoted, but he could not think of asking him while he was engaged in conversation. Some boys would have said at once, in violation of good breeding and good grammar, "Who are you talking about?"

But Justin had been well brought up, and, besides, had a good natural sense of propriety. He sat down and kept silence, hoping that he should hear something which would enable him to infer the fact which he wished to know. In general, he loved to *think out* things instead of troubling his friends with numberless questions. It was a good trait in his character.

Justin did not succeed in thus learning the fact desired; so as soon as the visitor had departed, he came up to his father, and rested his elbows on his father's knees, and acted as though he wished to ask a question respecting the propriety of which he had some doubt.

"You have some request to make, my son," said Mr. Hall.

"Yes, sir, I wish to ask you of whom you were speaking when you said there is always a lion in his way."

Mr. Hall saw from Justin's manner that he understood the expression literally. He was somewhat amused at the idea, but refrained from laughing lest he should hurt Justin's feelings, or discourage his laudable curiosity. He replied to Justin's question, "I was speaking of Mr. Harris: you must be careful and not let a lion get in *your* way."

"If a lion had a mind to get in my way how could I help it? I am not as strong as a lion."

"What kind of a scholar is Robert Carr?"

Justin wondered what led his father to ask that question, and his wonder prevented him from replying with his usual promptness. He finally answered in a hesitating manner, "I don't know."

"Don't know! don't you belong to the same class with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"How does it happen, then, that you don't know what kind of a scholar he is?"

"I thought I ought not to say anything against my class-mates."

"That is very well; you should never say anything to the disadvantage of another unless it is true, and unless you are required by some good reason to tell it. But while you try to obey this rule, you should not transgress another one by saying what is not true. I know that Robert is not a good scholar, and yet he has a very good mind: why is he not a good scholar?"

"Because, sir, he has no resolution. If the lesson looks long, he will say, 'I can't get it,' and won't try: and if he comes to a hard place in the lesson, he gives right up."

"There is always a lion in his way, then?"

Justin's eye brightened, for now he understood the reason of his father's asking about Robert, and the meaning of the expression, *a lion in the way*. "I know what you mean now by telling me not to let a lion get in the way: when I undertake a thing I must not get discouraged, and give it up."

"That is it."

"What, if the thing is wrong?"

"You must not undertake it."

"What if I don't find it out till after I have begun?"

"Then stop short."

"Some young lions get in your way sometimes, don't they, Justin?" said his mother, who entered the parlour in time to hear the latter part of the conversation.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Justin doubtingly.

"Have you finished your kite yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you finished weeding your flower-bed?"

"Not quite."

"Have you read your new book through?"

"Partly."

"What has hindered you—the little lions?"

"I guess so," said Justin smiling, though he felt the reproof contained in his mother's remarks.

Justin, like a great many other boys, began a great many things which he never finished. This is a very bad habit: it should never be formed, or, if formed, should be corrected at once, otherwise it will grow worse and worse. There are some men whom you never can depend upon to get anything done. In boyhood they fell into the habit of beginning things and not ending them.

"How shall I keep the little lions away?" said Justin.

"By always finishing everything which you begin," said his father.

"But I get so tired of some things."

"No matter, you must finish them for the sake of the habit; must finish them for the sake of finishing them. If you always keep to this rule, you will be more careful about beginning things. You will think more before you act, and will plan more wisely. When I was a boy I was very much like you. They used to call me great at beginning, but I seldom completed anything. My father saw it, and took me in hand, and made me finish whatever I began, if possible. In that way I corrected the habit, and I should be glad if you would correct it in your case, my son, without the interposition of my authority."

Justin resolved that he would follow his father's example.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A MINISTER of the gospel one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, related a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family. He had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only three years old was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down, all was dark, dark; and she called, "Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I can't come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me; and if you will drop yourself I will catch you."

"Oh! I should fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall, or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then, summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after she again discovered the cellar door open, and, supposing her father there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and, clasping his neck, said, "I *knew*, dear papa, I should not fall."

And now, my dear young reader, the Lord Jesus is calling you to come to himself. Many of you, I trust, have already obeyed his call, and chosen him as your portion; but he is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and "They that seek me early shall find me." Though, like little Mary, you cannot *see* him visibly present, yet he assures you he is willing and waiting to receive you, and you have only to drop yourse ves into the arms of his sovereign mercy, and he will as surely receive you

now, as when, while on earth, he "took little children in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them."

A WONDERFUL LETTER.

A LITTLE child from C——, in Germany, who had just lost his father, found himself left by this sad event without the means of continuing his education. He was particularly desirous of entering an institution founded by the pious Christians known under the name of Moravians: it was his mother's wish likewise. But without money, without friends, without protectors, poor and unknown, he had but little hope in the world. Fortunately for this young orphan, he had heard of "Him who is rich toward all who call upon him"—of that Friend of the unfortunate—that great and powerful Protector who disposes of the gold and silver, as he does of the heart, according to his good pleasure—of Jesus, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The child trusted entirely on the word of this good Saviour; he believed in him, and desired to petition him. "But how shall I go to Jesus?" said our little orphan to himself. "I will write him a letter, in which I will tell him all." This he did in nearly these words:—

"My dear Lord Jesus Christ,—I have lost my father, and we are very poor; but thou hast said in thy word, that whatsoever we should ask of God in thy name, he will grant it to us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. Therefore, I pray thee, my God, in the name of Jesus, to furnish my mother with the means of placing me at the Moravian institution. I should like so much to continue my education. I pray thee, good Jesus, to grant my request. I love thee already, but I will love thee still more. Give me, likewise, wisdom and all that is good. Adieu, &c."

The child folded the letter, and addressed it "To our Lord Jesus Christ in heaven." Afterwards, seriously, but with a heart full of hope, he carried it to the post-office. The post-master, on seeing the address, thought it must be the letter of some lunatic, and threw it aside; but after finishing his work he took it up again, and attentively examining the writing, observed it was that of a child. He opened it, and was strongly affected by reading his infantile prayer, which he communicated to a Moravian of his acquaintance. The latter read the letter in a society of the brethren. The Baroness of Lippe, who was present, considered these circumstances as an appeal addressed to her by the Saviour. She took the young orphan under her protection, and placed him at the much desired institution. Thus the letter arrived at its destination, and was answered.

THE PRAYING BOY.

A GENTLEMAN was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard in an adjoining room an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer. "O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die! O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sunday-school, and there have been taught to read my Bible; and there I learn, that 'when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up!' This comforts me now that my poor mother is going to leave me; may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven—and may I go there too! O Lord Jesus, pity a poor child! and pity my poor dear mother! and help me to say, 'Thy will be done.'" He ceased, and the visitor, opening the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he; "I have listened to his prayer." "Yes," said she, making an effort to rise; "he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to Sunday-school. I cannot read myself, but he can; and he has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have

learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do—yes, I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me! I am going to die, but I am not afraid: my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O how thankful am I that he was sent to the sabbath-school!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

A Hindoo was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he felt that he was not happy. A priest came to see him, and the dying man said, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said the priest, "you will live in another body." "And where shall I go then?" he asked. "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on through thousands of millions." The thoughts of the dying man darted across all these many changes, as if they were but the work of an instant, and cried, "Where shall I go last of all?" The priest could not reply, and the unhappy idolater died with no one near him to answer his anxious question.

A little Burman girl was near death. Lifting her dim eyes to a kind lady who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but I am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else." What made the difference between the little Burman girl and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the gospel from the lips of the missionaries, and had received it into her heart; the other lived and died an idolator, for none had told him of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent."

FILIAL GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is a principal ingredient in filial affection. It often reveals itself in a most striking manner, when parents moulder in the dust. It induces obedience to their precepts, and tender love for their memory. A little boy was once passing the ornamental garden of a rich man. He was observed to look earnestly and wistfully at some sprouts that were germinating on the trunk of an old poplar. On being asked what he wanted, he said, "My mother loved flowers and every green living thing. She has been dead two years, yet I have never planted one where she sleeps. I often wish to. I was just thinking how pretty one of these would look there." The gentleman kindly gave him a rose-bush, and the fresh wand of a weeping willow Then the poor little fellow lifted up his streaming eyes, and gave thanks in a broken voice for himself, and for his dear dead mother.

THE WRECKED SCHOLAR.

When the steam-boat Shepherdess struck she immediately filled with water. There were from fifty to one hundred lives lost; and few supposed, at one time, there was a way of escape for any. The Rev. Mr. Peck was a passenger, and described the scene with accuracy and interest. Among the incidents he mentions is the following: When the danger was very imminent, and the terrified passengers were crying for help, a little boy prayed with great earnestness, and correctness of language, by my side. Mr. Peck inquired if he had been in the Sunday-school. "Oh yes," said he, "thank God, I have been to the Sunday-school. I know my Saviour; he is able to save us all; if I die here I shall go to heaven; but I believe God will preserve us." "I cannot say," adds Mr. P., "whether this interesting youth got to land." It is worth something to be able, in such an hour of distress, to commit soul and body to a kind heavenly Father, who has promised to make all things work together for good to them that fear and serve him.

AN HONEST BOY.

That "honesty is the best policy" was illustrated, some years since, under the following circumstances:—A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing a sum of money. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution—the pocket-book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the whole sum to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service; and he is now one of the most successful merchants of the day. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket.

A HEROIC SAILOR.

The following account of the rescue of a mother and her child is a correct illustration of the generosity and intrepidity for which the sailor is noted the world over:—After the schooner had been knocked down, and the vessels attending her had taken off, as they supposed, all who were alive, the captain and a seaman by the name of Abraham Heath were consulting how they should manage for the night, which was then upon them, when Heath said he thought he heard a faint knocking. He said to the captain, "There is some one alive on board that vessel, and here goes to save her, or go with her!" The boat put back and put him again on board the Oraloo. His only instrument was an axe. He descended through the hole previously cut, about sixteen inches square, into the cabin, and forced himself into the berths. These he was compelled to clear. The cabin was full of water, except when she rolled, when a small triangular space of about sixteen inches along the upper edge would be cleared for a moment, and gave him time to take breath. In this situation he cut through the partition at the head of the berth but found no one. He then found his way to the foot of the berths, cut through another partition, and still found no one. Finding himself cramped for want of room in the second tier of berths, and, labouring to extricate himself, he lost hold of his axe, and it immediately sank to the bottom of the vessel. He dived for it, found it, and immediately commenced working at the partition at the foot of the berth, which separated it from the cook's dish-room, a small place four feet and a half one way, by three feet and a half the other, and four and a half high. Into this room Mrs. Ford had gone to aid the cook in keeping his dishes up on the shelves before he was called to assist on deck. When the vessel capsized, the door was shut upon her by the rushing water, and held fast; and but little water could have entered the room at first, for, when the partition was knocked open, the room was not more than two-thirds filled with water. As soon as the first opening was made, the first sound that greeted the generous sailor's ears was the voice of the little boy, saying, "Mother, I see daylight." The next time the vessel rolled the whole room was filled with water. The generous Heath seized hold of them both; after dragging them through three small openings—sometimes under water, and sometimes above it—finally, at the imminent peril of his own life, he succeeded in saving the mother and child, and saw them safe on board the accompanying vessel—an act of heroism and generosity worthy to be written in letters of gold, and handed down for the admiration and imitation of mankind. The act was more commendable from the fact that the generous tar was not a hand, but a passenger on board one of the other vessels, and volunteered to do what all others shrank from attempting.

AWFUL VISITATION.

Some time ago Nottingham and its vicinity was visited by one of the most extraordinary storms which have happened for a considerable number of years past. A most awful occurrence took place at the Milton's Head inn, on the Derby-road. A man, named Alfred Greenwood, of Radford, a lacemaker, who was drinking there, was using some of the most disgustingly blasphemous language conceivable. Amongst other things, he said that he wished a thunderbolt would fall through the roof, and kill everybody in the house. One of the bystanders rebuked him for his impious wish, and he replied, "I don't care: I fear neither God nor devil." When he had spoken these shocking words he sat down, and remained about ten minutes with his eyes steadily fixed upon the ceiling, and appeared like one greatly amazed; he then gradually reeled and fell into the arms of a soldier who was sitting against him. He was struck blind! His eyes were then firmly closed, but in seven or eight minutes he opened them for about a quarter of a minute, when they closed again, and he ejaculated, "The Lord forgive me!" to which every one in the room, about twenty in number, responded "Amen." A surgeon was instantly fetched, who bled him and administered other remedies; but the unhappy man appeared nearly frantic. He was soon after removed home, and since then to the General Hospital.

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

A LADY had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from the poems of J. Claro. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory:—

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card. Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question,—act in view of, and make preparations for, an unknown state of existence:—

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that CAN die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend ETERNITY?"

ANNA FELL.

CHILDREN, perhaps you never heard
Of little Anna Fell;
Then listen to the simple tale
Which I'm about to tell.

Anna had once a happy home,
A father good and mild;
But he is gone, and she is left
The lonely widow's child.

They have no cottage by the rill,
With jes'mine round the door,
And wild flowers scatter'd everywhere,
Like some whom we call poor.

But in the crowded city street
She and her mother dwell;
Their little room, so dark and damp,
It makes me sad to tell.

She sees the rich man's costly dome,
Where wealth and power abide;
And in the street his children pass
Her by with looks of pride,

Because her frock is old and worn,
Her bonnet faded too;
Alas! 't is hard to suffer want
With plenty in our view!

But Anna is a happy child,
Far happier it may be
Than some who wear the jewell'd robe
'Mid scenes of revelry.

For in the sabbath-school she learns
That Jesus blest the poor,
And that, far more than glittering gold,
He loves the heart that 's pure.

And so she shares her mother's toil
From early morn till even,
Cheerful and happy, for she knows
That she shall rest in heaven.

And when at night she lays her down
Upon her little bed,
She thinks that Jesus had no home,
No place to lay his head.

Children, amid your happy homes,
Where love and plenty dwell,
Come, learn to love your Saviour's name,
Like little Anna Fell. V. G. R.

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

Two friends once were walking in sociable chat,
When a purse one espied on the ground;
"Well, come," said he, "thank my good fortune for that,
What a large sum of money I've found!"
"Nay, do not say *I*," said his friend, "for you know
'Tis but justice to share it with me;"
"I share it with you!" said the other, "How so?
He who *found* it the owner should be."
"Be it so," said his friend,—"but what sound do I hear?
Stop thief! one is calling to you;
He comes with a constable close in the rear."
Said the other, "O what shall we do?"
"Nay, do not say *we*," said his friend, "for you know
You claim'd the sole right to the prize;
And since all the *money* was taken by you,
With you the *dishonesty* lies."

When people are selfish, dishonest, and mean,
Their nature in dealing will quickly be seen.
If the business in question be pleasure or profit,
Then each thinks, of course, *he* should have the whole of it;
But if it should happen 't is danger or toil,
Then, indeed, they will vote for dividing the spoil.

THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST

"MAMMA!" a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,
"Put no sweet roses round my head
When in my coffin-dress I lie."

"Why not, my dear?" the mother cried;
"What flower so well a corpse adorns?"
"Mamma!" the innocent replied,
"They crown'd our Saviour's head with thorns." MONTGOMERY.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES.

On two different occasions the Saviour multiplied bread miraculously. The history of one of these miracles is given by every one of the four evangelists. It may be found in Matt. xiv. 13—21; Mark vi. 32—44; Luke ix. 10—17; and John vi. 1—14. We must have it essential for basis of our meditations, referring to those of the others as we have occasion. Jesus and his disciples had gone to a desert place on the shore of the lake. "A great multitude" saw the people see them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him." "And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people," and "was moved with compassion toward them," and "they were as sheep not having a shepherd." The words express the view which the Saviour took of the temporal and spiritual condition of the people. And how simple, comprehensive, affecting the language! It is the description of those who are active in the power or exposed to the violence of their enemies, and are subject to provide for or to protect themselves. It describes the condition of all who are not within the one true fold, especially the condition of those who are destitute of gospel means of grace, and particularly *that of the whole heathen world*. The millions of the heathen are "as sheep having no shepherd." The Saviour, among the multitudes, "was moved with compassion toward them." O that heart! always true to emotions of benevolence! It was "moved"—it beat, heaved, glowed with pity and kindness. Just so now in heaven the Saviour feels for the "multitudes" of our round race. He is deeply interested in the cause of its salvation. And, thus moved, "he began to speak unto them of the kingdom of God, and to heal their sick," Luke ix. 11. This is just like the Saviour again. His is no idle compassion. And he carries on his labours of love among them till the approach of night. And "when the day was now far spent," his disciples become concerned to another want of the multitude. "They have nothing to eat," and not only is "the day well nigh gone," but the place is desert. The disciples are moved at the prospect of the people suffering hunger; and perhaps they feel that their Master is a little forgetful, and they remind and hasten him. How simple and true their kindness!

The millions of the heathen have spiritually nothing to eat—are perishing for lack of the gospel. And it is well that any of the professed disciples of Christ have been aroused from the sleep of indifference at the cry of the famine, breathed by the starving lips. They are here and there, and there are some things to encourage us to look and hasten on the day when a living stream of the

heathen perish. And, perhaps, they wonder that He who rules the world, and has all the resources of the universe at his command, suffers this state of things to continue. "Master, they have nothing to eat."

Well, what do the disciples, in their concern, propose? "Send them away." What! to perish? Oh no—"into the country round about, and into the villages, that they may buy themselves bread." We need not condemn the disciples; but this account is such a vivid picture of the charity often felt for the heathen. "They have nothing to eat—send them away." There is no offer to give them food, no proposal to aid them in seeking it, no inquiry whether they have the means to buy. Depart in peace; we wish you well; get supplied as well as you can. Has this been the amount of our interest for the heathen? Has it led us to put up a few prayers, the real point of which was that the Saviour would take the heathen off from our hands? And has their deplorable state of sin and ruin excited in us only a sort of impatience to see the work going on by others' instrumentality? To this proposal of the disciples to send the people away, our Saviour replies, (Matt. xiv. 16,) "They need not depart: give ye them to eat." Like the Saviour again! He is not accustomed to send the needy elsewhere for help. Hear, ye needy, ye heathen; he has compassion; he will teach you, and heal you, and see that you are fed too. "Come unto ME, all ye that labour." This is the difference between man and God—between Christians and Christ. The plan of the disciples is dismissed at once. "They need not depart: give ye them to eat." Here was a simple direction, perfectly intelligible. The multitudes were to be fed with what the Saviour and his disciples could furnish. It is also true—whether taught here, is another question—that, according to the will and command of Christ, the perishing heathen are to be supplied with the bread of life *through the church*. And no language could more beautifully or forcibly express the mind of Christ and the duty of Christians on this subject than these words: "They need not depart" (to seek supplies elsewhere): "give ye them to eat." Upon us, if we are Christians, our Master has laid this duty. *Through the church* the supply of the world must come. Lazarus is laid at our gate,—and if he dies neglected there, terrible will be our reckoning with our Master.

A BROKEN HEART.

"A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice."

WHAT is a broken heart? It is a heart of deep contrition and self-abasement. It is such a heart as Job had, when he said, "Behold, I am vile;" and again, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the

ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." It is such a heart as David had, when he said, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." It is such a heart as Ezra had, when he said, "I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities have increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up into the heavens." It is such a heart as Isaiah had, when he said, "Wo is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the king, the Lord of hosts." It is such a heart as the publican had, when he "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner!" It is such a heart as the prodigal had, when he said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." It is such a heart as Mary had, when she fell at the Saviour's feet, and washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. It is such a heart as Paul had, when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The person who has a broken heart feels that he has sinned against the best of beings, broken the best of laws, and violated infinite obligations. He feels that if he is cast off for ever, it will be perfectly just; and that if he is saved, it must be by grace, through the merits of Christ, and he casts himself at the foot of the cross, and pleads for mercy, and mercy only.

This is the best sacrifice which we can offer to God. What other sacrifice can we offer? Alas! we deserve to die; and when we have done all that we can do, we shall still deserve to die. If we justify ourselves—if we excuse or attempt to palliate our sin, we do but aggravate our guilt, and provoke the Divine indignation. There is no course for us to take, but to fall down, and submit, and sue for mercy as guilty rebels. This is the best sacrifice that we can bring; it is all that we *can* bring, and all that we *need* to bring. We are not required to make atonement for our sins. The law is magnified and made honourable; and God now can be just and justify sinners who believe in Christ. What is now necessary on our part is, to come to Christ in the exercise of a broken heart.

The sacrifice of a broken heart God will not despise. It is the sacrifice with which he is pleased. He is ever ready to receive, to favour the repenting and returning sinner. Was not the prodigal received when he returned to his father with a broken heart? Was not the publican heard and forgiven when he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And did ever a sinner come to a throne of grace with a broken heart in vain? No; "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

"Thus saith the High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him

also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." God will bind up the broken-hearted; he will speak peace to their souls; he will forgive their iniquities, and remember their sins no more. He will clothe them with his righteousness; he will beautify them with salvation; he will be their Father and their God. They shall drink at the river of his pleasures. Is it not for such that all the consolations of the gospel are provided, and crowns of glory are reserved? Yes, these are the men whom God delighteth to honour; for "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." These are they who shall sing the song of redeeming love. And in ages hence, when the proud pharisee, who trusts in himself that he is righteous, shall lift up his eyes in torment, the broken-hearted sinner shall rest in the paradise of God.

Reader, do you know anything of a broken heart? Does your religious experience accord with that of Job, of David, of the publican, and of Paul? Are you willing to be saved on the humbling terms of the gospel? Have you renounced all dependence on any righteousness of your own; and is your whole dependence on the righteousness of Christ? If so, happy is your condition; for "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

INQUIRING SAINTS.

I was asked the other day, whether I had had any recent meeting for inquirers? I replied that I had not; that there were few inquiring sinners in the congregation, and I judged the reason to be, that there were few inquiring *saints*. "Inquiring saints! that is a new phrase. We always supposed that *inquiring* belonged exclusively to sinners." But it is not so. Do we not read in Ezekiel xxxvi. 37, "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them?" By the house of Israel—that is, by his people, by his church. You see that God requires and expects his covenanted people to inquire. It is true that saints do not make the same inquiry that sinners do. The latter ask, What they must do to be saved? whereas the inquiry of Christians is, Wilt thou not revive us again? It is a blessed state of things when the people of God are inquiring. It is good for themselves, and it has a most benign influence on others. When the people of God inquire, presently the impenitent begin to inquire. That question, Wilt thou not revive us? is soon followed by the other, "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, when saints become anxious, it is not long ere sinners become anxious. The inquiry of three thousand on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren,

what shall we do?" was preceded by the inquiry of the one hundred and twenty, who "all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Generally, I suppose, that is the order. First saints inquire, and then sinners. And whenever, in any congregation, religion does not flourish, one principal reason of it is, that the saints are not inquiring. They do not attend the inquiry-meeting appointed for them. The saints' inquiry-meeting is the prayer-meeting. In that Christians meet together to inquire of the Lord, "to do it for them;" that is, to fulfil his promise about the new heart and the new spirit of which he had been speaking. Now, when this meeting is crowded and interesting, when the inquiry among Christians is general, earnest, and importunate, the sinners' inquiry-meeting usually becomes crowded and interesting. O that I could make my voice to be heard by all the true people of God in the land on this subject, I would say, "You wonder and lament that sinners do not inquire; but are *you* inquiring? You wonder that they do not *feel;* but do *you* feel? Can you expect a heart of *stone* to feel when a heart of *flesh* does not? You are surprised that sinners can sleep; it is because you sleep beside them. Do you but awake, and bestir yourselves, and look up and cry to God, and you will see how soon they will begin to be roused, and to look about them, and to ask the meaning of your solicitude." O that the saints would but inquire! That is what I want to see.

CHRIST BEHIND THE DOOR.

A WOMAN being once invited to make a visit at the house of a friend, said, "I will go, provided you do not keep Christ behind the door." She felt, as all Christians should feel, that she could not be happy in company to which her Saviour could not also gain admission. And, I would ask, is there not among Christians, in their social intercourse, too much of this *keeping Christ behind the door?* Is not the subject of personal religion too often banished from social circles by a kind of tacit mutual consent, as if it were a theme of no possible interest or importance? Is not the Saviour often treated with indifference or neglect, as if his professed followers felt ashamed even to mention him in good society? If out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, does not the conversation of some professed Christians prove that their hearts are full of everything else, while religion, the most important of all themes, finds no place in their affections? So far was Paul from being ashamed of his Saviour, that he gloried in nothing save in Jesus Christ and him crucified; and the devoted Payson would seldom if ever visit in company where he supposed his Saviour would not be as welcome as himself.

I do not mean to intimate that Christians should never converse save upon subjects strictly religious—that they should never open

their mouth save to offer a prayer, to confess a sin, or to preach a lecture; but I do mean to rebuke that cold indifference, that sickly fastidiousness, that excessive timidity, which excludes Christ and his religion from an honourable mention, and shuts up such themes behind the door. While we live in the body the things of this world will demand a share of our attention; but must we therefore give them *the whole?* Social intercourse, and the proper exercise of social affections, is a Christian duty, and this duty may be so performed as to promote and not to injure the spirituality of Christians. In order to this, they must be careful not to cast their pearls before swine, by obtruding religious subjects upon the attention of others at an unseasonable time, or in an uncouth and repulsive manner; and equally careful, on the other hand, not to keep the Saviour too much *behind the door.*

AFFECTING STORY OF POOR JACK.

The following account is given, as related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war passing by discovered the plank and child, and a sailor, at the risk of his life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but he could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed the kind young officer:—"For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of (presenting him a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady, has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of the Bible, and, among other enormities, how he cast his little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings,

to recognise in the dying old man his father, a dying penitent under his care; and judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the young stranger was his son,—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing his history, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed to the chairman, and said, "*Sir, I am Poor Jack!*"

PERSONS OF WHOM A CHURCH CONSISTS.

"Ye are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. ii. 22.

A CHRISTIAN church is an entirely spiritual structure. Every member of it is the fruit of spiritual operation. By the Spirit he is quickened, illumined, taught, and moulded to accord with the foundation-stone upon which, by faith, the church is built. "The body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ; for by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free," 1 Cor. xii. 12, 13. Every penitent believer in the Son of God is born of the Spirit, and "baptized into this one body;" and is, therefore, a proper person to constitute a member of a church. All such persons of right belong to the church, and are entitled to the privileges of citizenship. Although babes in Christ, they are admissible, and the church is commanded to receive them. Where faith is real, its weakness is no bar to admission, Rom. xiv. 1. Such persons, and such only, as far as man could judge, composed the apostolic churches, Acts ii. 41, 47; iv. 32; Rom. i. 7, 8; 1 Cor. i. 2; Eph. i. 1—9, 12—15; ii. 1—7; iii. 14—21; Philip. i. 1—6. Such was the fact, and it rested upon strong reasons; for such characters alone could enjoy the privileges,—promote the objects,—and discharge the functions of Church Fellowship, 2 Cor. vi. 14—16.

This is a fundamental question, and a question upon which mere opinion or custom goes for nothing. It must be determined by the Scriptures. It matters very little *what* be the form of government, if this point be neglected; and *whatever* be its name or form, Christian pastors have no authority to dispense with spirituality in the character of applicants. It is at their peril if they do! Paul refers to this subject in these fearful words, "I have laid the foundation," that is, he had formed the church of Corinth; "and another buildeth thereon;" that is, added members subsequently. Now, says he, "if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. * * * Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. Let no man deceive himself," 1 Cor. iii. 10—18.

This shows, in a very alarming manner, the guilt and danger of impure fellowship, of knowingly blending ungodly men with the faithful. This is still a crying sin of the present times. Oh! it will be a happy day when it can be generally said of the ministers of the gospel that they "teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean," Ezek. xliv. 23. The church has accommodated too much to the world, and thus swelling her numbers, she has called it prosperity; but such apparent prosperity has often led to ultimate ruin. Let her obey her Lord, and she will find herself strong with the strength and quick with the vitality of truth. Thus acting, she may seem at times to fall, but it is to rebound; like the tides of the ocean, she may appear to recede, but it is to advance with more resistless might; in the hour of her virtuous adversity, she may look as if perishing, but the seeds of renovation and the spirit of immortality will be found in her decay. She will rise with the freshness of the morning, and come forth bright as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

THE DISCIPLINE OF A CHURCH.

By discipline, we understand the execution of the laws by which the church, as a Christian body, is, in all its proceedings, to be regulated.

It is, perhaps, not uncommon to restrict the application of the term discipline to the infliction of church censures. We use it more comprehensively to denote the caution which should be exercised in the admission of members to the Christian body,—the care which should be put forth in watching over them after their admission to it, as well as the infliction of the prescribed sentence when the laws of Christ are violated.

1st. A church should carefully and conscientiously exercise the discipline of the Lord's house in the reception of members; that is, it should put in force the law of Christ in relation to this important practical point.

The law itself is, that none should be admitted into the churches of the saints but such as are adapted to promote the great objects of Christian fellowship; viz., those only who give satisfactory evidence of the possession of real religion. Having before endeavoured to prove that this is the law of the kingdom, I have now merely to call the reader's attention to the importance of putting it in force. The conscientious exercise of discipline, in relation to this point, is, we observe,

First,—Essential to the honour of Christ and his religion. How greatly are both the Master and his cause dishonoured when, in consequence of the imprudent, indiscriminate, or careless admission of members, little difference can be perceived, if any, between the spirit and conduct of those who are recognised as belonging to the body, and of others who are not.

Secondly,—It exerts a powerful influence both upon the comfort and the spiritual progress of the members of the church. "A little leaven," says the apostle, "leaveneth the whole lump." No proverb demands more imperatively than this the careful consideration of Congregational churches; and there is no specific instance, perhaps, in which the general truth involved in it becomes so strikingly apparent, as in the case of

the existence of unholy men and women in a Christian church. The admission of even a few persons whose conduct is irregular, or who give no evidence of the possession of real religion, tends to grieve the Holy Spirit, to clog all the proceedings of the church, to paralyze the whole body, to prevent the adoption of general measures for promoting its spiritual welfare, to wound the spirit, cool the ardour, and endanger the stability even of the most spiritually-minded of its members.

Thirdly,—It is eminently adapted to promote the salvation of sinners. Few things tend more powerfully to prevent the success of the gospel than a relaxation of discipline in reference to the admission of members into the church. Such as are visibly connected with the Christian body are avowedly religious persons. Should there, then, appear no marked difference between them and obviously worldly men, how can it be otherwise than that the latter should be led to form false and degraded views of the nature and power of religion? To them it must appear a name and a pretence, and nothing else; and thus they are willingly deluded to their final ruin. But when the members of a church are recognised by others as a holy society, when they are both decidedly and visibly separated from the world, in reference to their principles of action and their manner of life, their desires, pleasures, pursuits, conduct, &c., they lodge a powerful conviction in the minds of others that religion is not a mere name; that it is a spiritual energy, and a spiritual change which they have not experienced, and of which, indeed, they have no conception: while the happy result, in many cases, is inquiry, conviction, and the cordial reception of the gospel. It was when the churches in Judea, Galilee, and Samaria were walking in the fear of the Lord that their numbers received so large an augmentation.

2ndly. The church should exercise discipline by enforcing attention to those laws which, by rendering it the duty of the members of the Christian body to watch over one another in love, are so pre-eminently adapted to advance both its comfort and its spirituality. We have explained the nature of this oversight: it only remains, accordingly, to show the importance of enforcing its exercise.

First,—It tends to prevent and to check evil in a church. When the spirit of Christian watchfulness is awake and vigilant, it presents a strong moral guard against a departure from the truth in its principles, or spirit, or conduct. Every one feels that the eyes of the whole body are upon him—a position inconceivably annoying to a hypocrite, (and, therefore, a powerful test and revealer of character,) and, possibly, not very grateful to a lukewarm, and especially a backsliding Christian. But to a man whose supreme desire it is to be preserved from even the appearance of evil, the check will be prized: if eminently spiritual, it will be even grateful, and prove eminently advantageous.

Secondly,—It renders it more easy to correct and subdue sin. Evils are detected at their commencement, and so more easily vanquished. Wavering of opinion, in reference to essential truth, is wisely dealt with before it has ripened into scepticism or infidelity; coldness is observed before it has sunk into settled estrangement and aversion; ambiguous or doubtful actions are ani-

madverted upon before they have drawn after them (as they are likely to do) others which must incur the total loss of character; the progress of the transgressor is arrested before he has reached the point from which retreat would be impossible. Thus sin, not being finished, does not bring forth death.

It is not to be doubted, we imagine, that a very large proportion of the evils under which some of our churches are labouring result from the relaxation, or rather the total neglect, of discipline in this respect. The degree in which this evil prevails is such as to render it not impossible that the revival, and especially the exercise of the spirit of watchfulness, would be regarded, by some individuals of the body, as annoying and impertinent.

3rdly. A church should exercise discipline by executing the law of Christ upon offending members.

Discipline, in this point of view, aims to uphold the honour of Christ; to prevent any discredit becoming attached to religion; to awaken salutary fear in the Christian body; and to secure the repentance, and thus the pardon and salvation, of the offender himself. The latter is, beyond all question, the direct, if not the main object to be aimed at. It is, indeed, essential to the securing of all the rest. The glory of Christ and the honour of his religion are most effectually upheld and vindicated by the repentance and reformation of the transgressor. Let our aim be to secure this object, and we shall be less likely to fail in regard to others. And if such be our aim, we shall not, through the influence of mistaken zeal for the credit of religion, lay upon a transgressor a larger measure of church censure and punishment than the case requires. How can excessively severe inflictions do credit to the religion of love, or to the gracious Being from whom it emanated?

Let the laws of Christ be observed and executed. We shall in this way do more honour to him than by adding to the amount of punishment for the credit of his religion. He is wiser than we. Cannot he be trusted to uphold his own glory and the honour of his own institutions? Who are we, that we should condemn when the Master censures not, or inflict fifty stripes when the Master demands twenty only?

I have said that the exercise of discipline (which we are now contemplating) is the infliction upon the transgressor of *the sentence* by which the great Head of the church *has guarded his own laws*. It will be found, it is imagined, of vast practical importance to our churches to remember this, to recollect that they are not legislators; that Christ has not invested them with authority to enjoin what he has not enjoined; to condemn what he has not condemned; or to seek to support his own laws by inflicting punishment, differing either in amount or in kind from that which he assigns to disobedience. If a case of assumed transgression could occur in any church, with respect to which no general or specific directions could be found in reference to the mode of procedure, (no such case can, however, occur,) it could not in these circumstances act; for to act would be to *make* law, and not to *execute* law. Great benefit, as it has been said, will result from the practical remembrance of these statements. It will lead the churches to a more careful examination of the law and the testimony, that they may be prepared to act in any emergency. It will prevent

the suggestion of various modes of proceeding, in reference to cases of offence, which do not even assume to have the authority of the New Testament in their favour: for when a person knows that he must support, by scriptural authority, the opinion he expresses in reference to the mode of proceeding, he will probably be less prone to speak than swift to hear. It will powerfully tend to secure a unanimous decision; for where conscience is in subjection to the word of God, and where that word is appealed to as the exclusive guide, there is not room for much diversity of judgment. It will give to a minister an influence in guiding the decisions of a church which he can never obtain, and ought not to attain, by a mere exercise of the prerogative; and, finally, it will clothe these decisions with a power of awakening the conscience of the offender not easy to be resisted; for while the church, in obedience to the law of God, pronounces the sentence of expulsion, he will hear, proceeding from the mouth of the Lord himself, the terrible words, "Whatsoever my church thus binds on earth shall be bound in heaven."

DR. PAYNE.

The Letter Box.

A NEW YEAR'S PASTORAL ADDRESS.

To the Congregation assembling with the Church of Christ in —— Chapel.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—I embrace the opening of a new year once more specially to address you on the concerns of your souls. The gospel salvation consists of two blessings, justification and sanctification—justification is a change of state, and sanctification is a change of character—in justification men receive a title to heaven, and in sanctification a meetness for it. The moment you believe in the Lord Jesus you obtain through him the first blessing, and the enjoyment of the second at the same instant commences. The faith which justifies, likewise sanctifies. The belief of holy truth, through the power of the Spirit of God, makes holy the heart of the believer. Dear friends, your eternal all depends upon these few simple principles! Examine, then, yourselves, whether you be in the faith. Are you conscious penitents? Are you conscious believers? Do you hate all sin? Do you follow all holiness? Do you love the people of God? Do you place implicit confidence in the testimony which God has given concerning his Son? Are you now living lives of faith upon him? Have you in all things the answer of a good conscience? Beloved friends! is it, in the sight of God, really so with you? Then, peace be to all such, and to the Israel of God! You are Christians; you are children of the Most High; you are heirs of the grace of life! Be of good comfort, for your sins are forgiven you, and you are heirs of the kingdom! Are there those among you who are able to answer these questions in the affirmative? Then all such must come forth and confess the Lord Jesus before the sons of men.

On the subject of a public profession of the gospel, ignorance prevails to an awful extent and at a fearful expense of harm and loss to the souls of individuals, as well as to the churches of Christ. Have any of my dear friends fallen into this snare? Let us then reason together for a moment on the following points. My object is, first, to lead every one of you to the cross of Christ, and to bring those who have believed, through grace, into the fellowship of the church. Both classes are in danger of perverting the ordinances of

Christ, although in different ways and with different results.

1. *The Ordinance of Baptism.* I hope you are not trusting in your having been the subjects of this ordinance for acceptance with God. Thus it is that many are deceiving their souls. They consider that this constitutes them Christians; but it is not till with a penitent heart you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ that baptism "verily profiteth." Until you do this, your baptism remains a simple sign, only a seal by anticipation contingent on faith, an accident of your birth—an act of others to which you were no parties, and which can bring you no deliverance from guilt and wrath, notwithstanding the privileges which it implies, and the obligations which it involves. The word of God declares that "in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but a new creature;"—that "in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love;"—and that "circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God." These scriptures bring out the whole question of human salvation. The Jews placed as much confidence in circumcision as any of you can do in baptism; and Paul corrects the fatal mistake by these solemn assurances; and, seeing that baptism is to us what circumcision was to them, it irresistibly follows that neither will baptism avail you anything nor the want of baptism, but regeneration by the Holy Spirit, repentance towards God, faith in the blood of Christ, and obedience to his commandments. Circumcision in its own place was important, and so is baptism; but when it ceases to be a shadow, and is converted into a substance,—when instead of a sign and a seal, it is made a substitute for the blood of Christ, for a new heart, a holy life, and the love of God, it becomes an instrument of soul destruction.

2. *The Lord's Supper.* This ordinance is, in some measure, the test of modern Christianity; it is, at least, a negative test, which will too generally hold true. Its regular observance is a duty binding on all believers. Their obligation thus to act rests on the clear, positive precept of the Head and Lawgiver of the Christian church, who hath said, "This do in remembrance of me." The universal practice of the first churches illustrates their ready obedience to the Divine command. Here the principle of obedience is immutable. You can make no explicit, decided profession of the gospel without visible communion with the followers of the Lamb in this great ordinance. The observance of the Lord's supper is as imperatively binding as the observance of the Lord's day. The duty of the Lord's day observance rests chiefly on the fact that such was the practice of the apostolic churches, for the Scriptures are silent upon it; but for the observance of the supper, there is, in addition to this, the solemn mandate of the Son of God. The Author of the world's redemption has commanded all its participants, without exception, to commemorate his dying love. The reasons of this superior regard to the supper are as obvious as they are weighty and affecting. If you believe on Christ, the whole weight of his supreme authority is laid upon you to show forth his death. Your duty is most explicit, most imperative,—that duty is one of uniform and universal obligation. Your disobedience in this great matter is a transgression of one of the most solemn and momentous commands of the Son of God. You "deny the Lord that bought you," before an ungodly world. Ah, brethren! what if he, in turn, deny you before his Father in heaven? Read, brethren, read the records of the better ages of the church, and you will find, that then the Lord's supper was regarded not only as a principal instrument of edification and comfort, but as the prime object for which they assembled every first day of the week. It is still a chief means and expression of Christian union, and the most discriminating and decisive badge of distinction between the followers of Christ and the world that lieth in wickedness. In the first ages there was no such thing as a believer who was not a member of a church, and an observer of all the ordinances of Christ. Some persons say, as an apology for their neglect, "It is not

a saving ordinance." Foolish thought! No ordinance is saving. Salvation is solely in Christ; and this ordinance was instituted for the benefit of those who are already saved. Salvation, moreover, is not merely a thing of state, but of character; it is begun in the believer's heart on earth, although perfected only in heaven. The spirit and the practice of universal obedience is salvation itself. But why this phraseology? Is sabbath observance a saving ordinance? Is baptism a saving ordinance? Is social worship a saving ordinance? No ordinance, in itself considered, is saving,—then why not neglect them all?

Brethren, what delusion is here! Is not the Lord's supper distinguished by a magnitude and solemnity of importance wholly peculiar to itself? The supper stands at the head of all the ordinances of Christianity as much as did the passover at the head of all the ordinances of Judaism. The supper is among Christian ordinances precisely what the atonement is among Christian doctrines. It gave being to them all; it sustains them all. It is the symbol of the atonement; it derives all its honour, excellence, and power from the atonement. How then,—how can a man by faith receive the atonement, and live on from year to year in neglect of the supper? Brethren! this is surely the last command with which love will trifle, and the last act of homage with which the Saviour will dispense! Can you doubt for a moment that this is, above all the rest, the ordinance to which the mind of the man Christ Jesus most fondly clings? It is, as a symbol, the alpha and omega of Christian rites! O brethren, are these times for hesitant homage, for half consecration, for reduced profession, and for a practical denial of the Saviour of men? Your guilt is very great; your danger is equal to your guilt! What shall be said of your ingratitude? Surely it is the wonder and grief of angels in heaven! Are you willing to die and go to judgment, without showing forth the death of Christ? How can you meet the apostles, and martyrs, and the myriads of ransomed spirits, the substance of whose everlasting song in glory is the atoning blood of the Lamb? Leaving the earth on which that blood was shed, resolute despisers at once of his authority and of his love, by a persevering refusal to show forth his death, how can you approach his presence? Is the state of heart from which such conduct flows a satisfactory one? Is it a safe one? No! The evil is in the heart. That heart must be renewed and revived! The observance of the letter of the law in such a state is an act of doubtful quality. This and all obedience must flow from love. Your hearts must remain strangers equally to solid peace and settled hope while you remain in this awful condition. O friends! repent,—believe,—look to the cross,—look, look to your crucified Lord, till you are moved, melted, transformed, and filled with grateful love! Then, then, come—come one and all to the table of the Lord!

3. *Church Fellowship.* Many of you, I fear, entertain most erroneous ideas respecting the fellowship of the saints. You think believers are associated simply for the observance of the Lord's supper, and that this is the only duty and the only privilege connected with it. This is a serious mistake. Church-fellowship would have been a grand system of duties and privileges, even if the supper had never been appointed, or even if it were now to be abrogated. Its foundation is laid in renovated nature. Mutual love leads Christians to seek for each other's society. By union they secure each other's edification and welfare; and properly to accomplish this, the Head of the church requires every soul who bears his image and possesses his spirit to be enrolled in his kingdom, where it is not rendered impracticable by circumstances. The ordinances of his appointment are the fixed channels of Divine grace. Ever since the ascent of Christ to heaven this has been his method of imparting the rich communications of his sovereign favour. The doctrine has ever been this:—"They that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God;" and the fact has always accorded with the doctrine. In the records of piety have you met with one distinguished saint who de

clined to confess Christ before men, and who lived and died unconnected in fellowship with any church?

It is wholly through church-fellowship that Christ carries on his government among his people, and extends his kingdom on earth. Churches alone can support, preserve, and diffuse the gospel. It is through the church that the Saviour bestows his blessings upon the world. Their property, prayers, and efforts are the appointed means of fulfilling his prophecies. Thus, too, he performs his promises to his people. Most of the promises made *to* believers are such as, without miracle, can only be performed *by* believers. The promises made to one class, rightly understood, are precepts to another class. Thus it is that God performs his word to the widow and the orphan, the sick and the distressed. You will learn, then, dear friends, from all this, the tearful condition in which you are placed. Are you unbelievers? Then you are under the wrath of God! Are you believers? How do you reconcile your profession to your conduct? Push the principle to its legitimate results, and see the consequences. From this hour let no church on earth receive another member: let death go on to destroy till he hath cut down the last survivor—what then will follow? The visible kingdom of Christ will disappear from the world! The sanctuary will moulder into dust! The sabbath will expire! The messengers of mercy will be heard no more! The fountains of charity, which Christianity has opened, will be dried up! Idolatry will regain its ascendency, and paganism will erect its standard upon every shore, and carry its conquests through all lands!

In conclusion, let me implore you, my dear friends, to betake yourselves to the serious consideration of those things which belong to your peace. Oh! make a business of your religion. Your all is at stake! Once lost, there is no recovery of the soul! Oh! let me not be to any of you a savour of death unto death! I cannot be satisfied with simply being "pure from your blood." This is better than guilt, but it is still a sorrowful consolation. It is more allied to misery than to happiness! What more is it than the consolation of the naval commander who is overtaken by a hurricane, who loses his vessel, his crew, and his earthly all, but saves his life! Do, then, repent, and believe the gospel! Flee from the wrath to come! Seek salvation where God has placed it—in the death and righteousness of his Son! Be reconciled to God—be filled with his Spirit—be ruled by his love! Grace, mercy, and peace be with you all! Amen. C.

THE NURSE-MAID; HER CLAIMS AND DUTIES.

My dear Susan,—I am very glad you have succeeded in getting your new situation. It should be considered an honour to live in such a family; and you will be to blame if it be not a privilege. Its worldly respectability is, in my view, not the most important circumstance; it is a house where God is feared, and Christ is loved, and, therefore, a house where earthly comfort is combined with spiritual good. While the former advantage is not to be lightly thought of, yet the latter, as connected with the pearl of great price, is the principal thing. You will therefore, I trust, be duly thankful for such blessings, and daily make them the subject of heartfelt thanksgiving; but you will doubtless not be less concerned about your duties than about your privileges. Your duties are of a very weighty nature, involving the most serious responsibilities; so much so, indeed, that, notwithstanding your sex and situation, you may, and you ought to, "magnify your office." *Your* place is incomparably the most important in your master's establishment; such, by thoughtless persons, it will not be considered, but such, in fact, it is, and you should know it. In your individual case there are special reasons for this: time was when we little dreamt that you should ever have to address another in the language of servitude; but a wise and gracious Providence otherwise ordained; and now the question for you to determine is, how you can best turn your reverses to promote the Divine glory. You are, therefore, not to con-

sider your situation beneath you, but rather the contrary. You are not to consider your education, even had it been completed, as thrown away, but rather to consider yourself as deficient for the honourable and responsible place you are called to fill. In my view it is exceedingly to be desired that every person occupying such a place should have not only your moderate measure of competency, but be especially trained for its duties. The day will doubtless come when this opinion will very generally prevail, and when it will be deemed that such a provision lies at the very foundation of the nation's welfare, and extends to the highest interests of the church of God. It is difficult adequately to estimate the importance which attaches to those intrusted with the control of the rising minds of nations; as compared with them, the commanders of fleets and armies are really but insignificant agencies. The preparation of nursery-maids and nursery-governesses is, therefore, a subject worthy the most grave consideration of all who have at heart the world's welfare. This is a point on which female education ought most fully to bear, and the compensation awarded to such labours should be such as to yield proper encouragement.

In the absence of such training, something may be effected by systematic counsel. It is, therefore, with not a little satisfaction I commend to your attention a small publication recently issued by the Tract Society, entitled "The Careful Nursemaid; with Hints on the Management of Children,"—a judicious embodiment of large experience and careful observation, presenting a general view of all the duties connected with the office. I shall embrace the first opportunity of transmitting to you the work itself; which I trust you will read, and read again, until its main provisions are thoroughly impressed on your memory. In the meantime I have much pleasure in transcribing for you the chapter on

MORAL TRAINING.

When you take a little baby in your arms, look at it, and ask yourself, "For what purpose did God make such a creature, with a body and a soul?" Was it not "that it might know him and serve him here on earth, and dwell with him and be happy hereafter in heaven?"

There are three mistakes against which you should guard.

1. Do not suppose that a child is too young to receive any moral training. As soon as it is born, the training *is* begun; the beginning is made, either for right or wrong, for good or evil.

2. Do not suppose that it is your business only to nurse the child, and the business of the parents and governess to teach it: it learns as much from you as it possibly can from them. You *are* always teaching it; and, whatever pains *they* may take, it greatly depends on *you*, whether their instructions and endeavours are successful or frustrated.

3. Do not suppose that children are only, or principally, to be taught by set lessons. They learn more in one year, from your conversation, manners, and example, than they can learn from books in seven years. Considering this, how very circumspect ought you to be in all your words and actions!

In order that you may do the children good, and train them in the right way, it is necessary that you should secure their respect, love, and obedience. They will respect you, if they see that you are always concerned to do what is right, and afraid of doing what is wrong: if they observe that your conduct is all of a piece; that you do not speak or act differently when you are in the presence of their parents and when you are alone or in the company of your own friends and fellow-servants; and that you never attempt to deceive.

They will love you, if you are uniformly kind and gentle to them; if you do whatever you have to do for them in the way most agreeable to their feelings, and so as to prove that you are reasonable, just, and firm in your requirements; not capricious, or insisting on a thing merely for the sake of having your own will; not sometimes checking them in what is innocent, and at others humouring them in what is improper; not indulging one child and thwarting another; not giving way to their teazing or their violence; but

steadily, and gently, and uniformly requiring obedience to what is right, and being always satisfied when that obedience is rendered.

If you would teach children obedience, you must deal with them on one uniform method: kindly granting them whatever they may safely and properly enjoy; and, at once, firmly refusing them what is improper. This will save yourself and the children a great deal of trouble at the time. When a child understands, from experience, that what is *once* required *must* be done, and what is *once* denied *cannot* be obtained, it will not often practise resistance or violence, which it knows will be in vain. But this is not all. It is something for the nurse to be spared unnecessary trouble, and for the children to be spared unnecessary vexation and screaming, and for the family to be spared unnecessary noise and confusion: but these are not matters merely of an hour, a day, or a year. Whether or not the child, in the first few months of its existence, is properly taught subjection and obedience, is a matter that affects its *whole life*, and the happiness of all connected. Remember, then, by your good or ill-management in the nursery, you are not only making a child or a family pleasant and comfortable, or the reverse; but you are forming the temper and character of the brother or sister, the husband or wife, the master or servant, for future life.

When you witness in a grown person instances of violence, turbulence, self-will, oppression, or ill-behaviour of any kind, you will do well to accustom yourself to think—"It is to be feared that person was neglected in his infancy, and that the seeds of all these vices were suffered to grow, without proper efforts to root them up, and to plant the opposite virtues." Possibly this may not have been the case; but when people in mature life are continually sinning against society, if it were possible to trace their early history, it would, in most cases, be found to have been so; and every such instance should make you more alive to a sense of your own important responsibility, in reference to the moral character of your charge, and more anxious faithfully to fulfil it. If you would do this successfully, you must act from principle yourself, and you must endeavour to teach the little ones to act from principle too. Do things because they are right, and not merely because you will be exposed to inconvenience by doing otherwise. Accustom yourself to say—not, "I must not do it, for mistress has forbidden it, and *I shall be scolded if I do*;" or, "*It is as much as my place is worth*;"—but, "I must not do it, for my mistress has forbidden it, and *it is my duty to obey her*." Do not coax the children to be quiet or obedient, for the sake of appearance.—"There 's company in the parlour; what will be thought of you, if you make such a noise?" "Now, Miss, you must make a curtsey, and speak prettily, and then they will think you are a good little girl." But teach them to be always civil and obedient, *because it is right they should be so*.

If you act from principle, you will never say or do a thing that you would not like a child to imitate, or to mention. You will never suffer a child, in the absence of its parents, to be guilty of an act of disobedience to their known commands; and you will grant no indulgence that the parents have forbidden. This is necessary to your cultivating in them habits both of obedience and sincerity. Children always have their eyes and ears open to the conduct of those who take care of them; and if they should see you do one sly action, or hear you speak one word not strictly true, it would do them more harm than a whole year's instruction would do them good.

Integrity comprehends three particulars: truth in our words; justice in our actions; and sincerity in our aims and intentions. We must be in heart what we profess to be and appear to be; we must not desire to obtain anything that does not justly belong to us; and we must not attempt, or even wish, to make people think differently about anything from what we know or believe to be the truth. Think of these particulars, and remember that you are carefully to instil them into the minds of the children committed to your care.

Never deceive children. Never in-

duce them to do what you wish, by telling them that their mamma has sent word that they are to do it, when she has not sent such an order; or by promising them something which you either cannot or do not intend to perform. Never tell a sick child that medicine is pleasant, or that it is not painful to have a tooth drawn, or to have on a blister; but kindly express your sympathy for their illness or suffering; tell them that it is considered necessary for them to take the medicine, or to undergo the operation; that, if they are patient and resolute, the inconvenience or pain will soon be over; and the advantage, you hope, will be lasting, and more than make amends. Never induce them to obedience by false terrors, making them afraid of things which have no existence, or which are quite harmless. No words can express the folly and wickedness of telling frightful stories to children; or threatening to put them up the chimney, or in a dark room; or to give them to an old man, or a black man, or a chimney-sweeper, etc. Some children have lost their lives by these false terrors; others have been thrown into fits, or made idiots; and many more have had their tempers soured, their lives made miserable, and their characters formed to bad feelings, cowardice, and deceit; but no one was ever in any way improved by being thus made to fear where no fear is.

Children are very fond of listening to little stories; and a good nursemaid will be always gathering up, from books or observation, something that will interest them: but be very careful that you never tell them as truth, that which is not true. Wonderful stories about things that never really did happen only confuse a dull child, and tempt a lively child to invent things itself which have little or no foundation in truth. If ever they do this, do not laugh at them, but desire them to recollect, and take care that they tell the thing just as it really was. By proper care on your part in all these particulars you will do much towards forming in the children habits of truth in their words. But if, in anything, you deceive them, they will soon learn to deceive you; or, at least, acquire habits of incorrect speaking.

You are to teach them to be *just in all their actions.* Then you must begin by being just to them. Have no favourites, but treat all the children alike. Never praise children for their beauty or their fine clothes: there is no merit in these things; and if children are praised for them, it not only makes them vain and proud, but it teaches them to love flattery, which is deceit; and it unjustly sets them above other children, who may, in reality, be better than themselves. Then you must see that they are just towards each other. If a child has anything that is called his own, you must not take it from him, without his consent, because you want it to please the baby, or because another child wishes to have it. You may teach and encourage children to be kind, and share what they have with others; but you must not compel them to do it. It would be unjust to do so, and would teach them to be unjust when they have opportunity and power. Neither should you reproach them if they are not quite so obliging and complying as you could wish. Taunts and reproaches would only lead them to act differently for the sake of appearance, and would never lead them to feel more kindly.

If they borrow anything, you should teach them to take great care of it, and duly to return it. If they should happen to find anything that does not belong to them, teach them to endeavour to find out the owner, and restore it. If they have injured the property of another child, or other person, whether by accident or design, you should endeavour to convince them that they ought to try to make amends for the injury, and be willing to part with something of their own for that purpose: and while you are endeavouring thus to use them to be just to one another in things as trifling as a marble or a feather, do not forget that, as they act *now* in these trifles, so, in all probability, they will act in great matters, if they live to grow up.

Children should be encouraged to sincerity and candour in confessing their faults. This must be taught by your own conduct. If you have done

wrong, or met with an accident—say, for instance, you have forgotten to do something that you ought to have done, or you have broken some article of furniture—never let the children suspect that you are trying to conceal the matter; but, rather, let them know that you take the earliest opportunity of freely confessing it to your mistress. It is most likely that she will be found ready to forgive a fault that has been freely confessed; and so must you with the children. Some children learn deceit by being harshly punished for trifles. It would not be your place to punish them at all; but you must never let an instance of falsehood or injustice pass without informing the parents—not in an ill-natured, tell-tale way, but with real affection for the offender, and a serious concern that his sinful conduct may be properly checked.

When a fault has been committed, confessed, and forgiven, never let the child be reproached for it afterwards, either by yourself or by the other children.

A nursemaid, however young, has much to do in forming the tempers of the children she nurses. If children are neglected or teased, it sours their temper, and makes them gloomy and peevish. Take care, then, how you behave to them, even in little things. Be always gentle and kind, and try to make them happy. For instance; when you wash and dress them, if you take hold of them roughly, and drag them to you, or carelessly let the soap get into their eyes, or hastily draw the comb through a tangle in their hair, you not only give them a momentary pain, but you inflict lasting injury on their temper.

If you use them to have their own way, and indulge them in whatever they cry for, this will make them domineering and violent, and unfitted to bear the contradictions and disappointments which they will have to meet with in future life. To avoid this, you must not only try to make them happy by indulging them in what is proper, but teach them to be happy in giving up, or doing without, what is improper. If you are obliged to take anything from them, think of something that you can give them instead; and if the exchange is quietly made, not only is a present outbreak of passion avoided, but something is done in training the temper for future life.

Never let children torment animals. If they are allowed to pinch a puppy or a kitten, catch flies, spin cockchafers, or take birds' nests, it makes them tyrannical and cruel. Rather teach them to observe the ways of animals, and to take pleasure in seeing them happy.

Never tell a child to beat the table or chair against which he has struck himself. He will soon know, if he does not at the time, that the table and chair cannot feel; and then he will despise you for telling him to punish them. But this is not the worst: he will have learned to be revengeful, spiteful, and deceitful.

You must observe the tempers of the children, and avoid, as much as possible, the occasion of irritation. If you see that a quarrel is likely to begin, try to divert the attention of the children, and employ them on something else till the danger has passed by.

Never say or do anything to provoke jealousy in children. Treat them all alike, as far as their ages and circumstances render it proper to do so; and, where circumstances differ, take care to make the difference an occasion of love and kindness—not of envy and strife. This very much depends on the manner in which you speak of things. For instance, instead of giving elder children occasion to feel that they are neglected and cast off, because there is a young baby, you should teach them to love and take pleasure in the little one, by inviting them to assist you in watching, protecting, and amusing it. If one child goes out, while the others are at home, encourage him to bring home something to please his brothers and sisters, if it be but a wild nosegay or a pretty pebble. The pleasure is not in the value of the article, but in knowing that they have been kindly remembered at the time that their brother was out on his own pleasure. If a present is made to one child, teach the others to be pleased; and congratulate the child itself, not that he has something to call his own, but that he has

something which he can have the pleasure of sharing with his brothers and sisters.

Then you should encourage feelings and acts of benevolence towards all mankind: yes, and towards every living thing. The merciful Creator takes pleasure in their happiness, and children should be taught to do so too: not merely to abstain from acts of injury and cruelty, but to try to help them and make them happy. Teach a little child not to waste crumbs, because they will do to feed the chickens or the robins; not to spill the milk, because, if there is a little to spare, poor puss will be glad of it, etc. Then, as to their fellow-creatures of mankind: when children are enjoying a plentiful meal, you should teach them not to waste, because there are many poor people in want. When they put on a nice warm coat, or other garment, instead of teaching them to be proud, by saying, "How smart it looks!" tell them of the many poor little children who are almost perished with cold and hunger. Endeavour to excite in them gratitude to God, who has given them kind friends, able to provide all these comforts for them; and endeavour, also, to excite compassion for the poor and needy, and a desire to help them. Never tax children to give what they are not freely willing to give; and never allow them to give away anything without the knowledge and consent of their parents. But if they wish to part with anything of their own for a benevolent purpose, by all means encourage the wish, and take an opportunity of mentioning it to your mistress, that she may either sanction what they have proposed, or direct them as she may think better.

Commending these things to your most earnest consideration,

I remain, my dear Susan,
Your affectionate mother,
MARGARET P——.

The Fragment Basket.

THE MASS AT A DISCOUNT.—Some days before I left Geneva, the following occurrence transpired very near the department where this revival took place. In Grenoble, a young girl, I believe eighteen years of age, lived with her uncle and aunt. She had received a New Testament, and had been reading it some time. The aunt, one Sunday, said to the niece, "Do you not go to mass to-day?" "No." "Why?" "Because I do not understand mass—it is in Latin." "Oh, but you must go." The niece then went, but took with her the first book that came to hand, which proved to be the Testament. While in the church, the priest was reading the mass, and she was reading the Testament. She came to the Revelation of John, and said to herself that she must read that. She read eight chapters; and when mass was finished, she shut her book and returned home. The aunt said, "Did you understand to-day?" "Oh yes, aunt." "What did you understand?" "I have understood that Rome is the great Babylon; that the pope is the man of sin; and that every one who has the mark of the pope in his head and in his heart will go with him into the second death." "Oh, my dear, where did you find that?" "In the word of God; and it is the word of God and the religion of that word shall be my religion. I will go no more to mass." She has been faithful to that declaration; she is now a true Christian, and is beloved by every one around her.—*D'Aubigné.*

A GOOD WIFE.—She commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constant obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge: especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.—*Fuller.*

THE MIGHTY HELPER, THE CROSS.—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," Gal. vi. 14. Yes, cross of our Lord, cross of our salvation! thou, thou only art our refuge. Sinking under the burden of our unworthiness, covered with the shame of sin, our heart rent by remorse, we cast ourselves at the foot of the cross; we embrace it with tears of penitence; we look up to it as the Israelites looked up in the wilderness to the brazen serpent, and are healed by the blood which flowed upon it. O Saviour, wash our souls from their defilements; be thou our advocate for pardon, and grant us the graces of thy enlightening Spirit. O save us, and translate us to those heavenly places where thy glory dwelleth.

HAPPY HOMES!—The ordination of Providence, says a distinguished writer, is that home should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign whenever children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. Provide pleasure for them around their own fireside and among themselves. The excellent Legh Richmond pursued this plan—had a museum in his house, and exerted every nerve to interest his little flock. A love of home is one of the greatest safeguards in the world of man. Do you ever see men who delight in their own firesides lolling about taverns and oyster-stalls? Implant this sentiment early in a child: it is a mighty preservative against vice.

THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE.—Lord Nugent, in his recent and very interesting publication, "Lands, Classical and Sacred," has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle;" in other words, the small side-gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; "for," he adds, "the sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise."

THE CHASTENINGS OF THE LORD.—We see in a jeweller's shop; that, as there are pearls and diamonds and other precious stones, so there are files, cutting instruments, and many sharp tools for their polishing; and while they are in the workhouse they are continual neighbours to them, and often come under them. The church is God's jewellery, his workhouse where his jewels are polishing for his palace and house; and those which he especially esteems and means to make resplendent he hath oftenest his tools upon.—*Leighton.*

MAN'S DEVICES.—The devices of man for the salvation of the soul originate in his fancy and expire with his breath. Destitute of power, they play around depravity like shadows round the mountain top, and vanish without leaving an impression.—*Dr. J. M. Mason.*

THE BIBLE.—If I were not penetrated with a conviction of the truth of the Bible and the reality of my own experience, I should be confounded on all sides—from within and from without, in the world and in the church.—*Cecil.*

WASHED, BUT NOT CHANGED.—If for a time there seems to be a great change in any particular person, but that change afterwards disappears, it is evident that there has been no change of nature or disposition. A swine may be washed, but its swinish nature will still remain.—*Edwards.*

Poetry.

THE MARTYRDOM OF CRANMER.

Lo! gathering round a dungeon door
Appear the soldier's plume and lance;
And restless crowds around it pour
With eager step and wrathful glance:
Upon their cheeks the bigot's smile—
The bond-slaves dark of priestly guile.

And now the dungeon's portals ope;
Now from its archway deep and dim
Gleam silver cross and broider'd cope,
And solemn swells the priestly hymn.
Beneath the torch's ruddy glare
Are mitred brows and tonsures bare.

But who comes forth? His step is slow,
His eye is bent upon the ground;
And when are heard the sighs of woe,
He looks as if he heard no sound—
As if no other soul were there—
With wan lips moving still in prayer.

No longer stoops that captive's brow,
His form erect in majesty,
His pale cheek lighted with the glow
Of one who sees deliverance nigh—
The entrance to the promised rest—
The welcome 'mong the Saviour's blest.

The pile is lit—the flames ascend—
Yet peace is in the martyr's face;
And unseen visitants attend
That chief of England's priestly race:
Mightier in peril's darkest hour
Than when enthroned in rank and power.

Stedfast he stood in that fierce flame,
As standing in his own high hall;
He said, as sadness o'er him came,
Remembrance of his mournful fall—
Stretching it to the burning brand—
"First perish this unworthy hand!"

Thy foul and cruel deed, O Rome!
Is vain; that blazing funeral pyre
Where Cranmer died shall soon become
To England as a beacon fire;
And he hath left a glorious name,
Victorious over gore and flame.

BONAR.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dream of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,—
Where'er thy feet can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for *hell or heaven!*

HEBER.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

When bending o'er the staff,
Amid the crowded street,
With feeble steps and wrinkled face,
Some aged form I meet;

However poor and weak,
Or ignorant and low,
I must respect his hoary hairs,
For God has told me so.

I love to see the hair
All venerably grey,—
A crown of glory 't is to those
Who walk in wisdom's way.

I love the reverend head,
With years and honours white,
'T is like the ripen'd fruit of heaven,—
And angels bless the sight.

SIGOURNEY.

The Children's Gallery.

NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

My dear Children,—As well as I can, I wish to explain what it is your duty to believe, desire, and practise, concerning true religion. The soul, that hidden, but precious part of man, whereby he lives, and moves, and thinks, and feels, is not what it was when God pronounced Adam "very good." Then, pure thoughts, right feelings, and holy actions, proceeded from it as flowers grow from a plant, or fruit from a tree. But you know the history of Adam's fall; and even if you did not, I think your own hearts would convince you that something is wrong; that by natural inclination they do not bring forth the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The Bible gives us a sad history even of the chosen people of God; neither judgment nor mercy could long restrain them from worshipping false gods, and forsaking the true One. All this proves, that though man had power to get wrong, he was, of himself, absolutely unable to get right again; just as a blind person must have his sight restored before he can discern the path wherein he should walk. To this end, God, who was not willing that the world he had made so fair and good should be wholly destroyed by sin, or that his creatures should for ever be subject to Satan, his enemy and theirs, in due time sent his only Son our Lord Jesus Christ, that "whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." To believe in Christ, is not merely to credit his words, but to trust his power, desire his favour, obey his wishes; and surely the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," He, "who being in the likeness of God, took upon him the form of a servant," who laid down his life, not for his friends, but his enemies, is fully worthy of such love and reverence. The proof that a person really loves the Saviour and believes on him, is this:—he thinks much about him; he feels the sin that is in his heart, he laments it, and not only so, he strives against it. He also endeavours to act as if the eye of God were ever upon him, like the sun looking down from the heavens. The word of God is his delight, because it teaches him the will of God: and he prays, not from fear, or from compulsion, but from the same motive that leads an affectionate child to converse with a wise parent—that he may thereby acquire wisdom, strength, and comfort. There are many verses in the Bible which explain true religion in so short and simple a manner, that though the greatest men can do no more than experience them, even a little child can comprehend them. Here is one, by which, as some liquids discover whether gold be pure or impure, a person may discover whether or no he is a Christian. "We are they," says Paul, "who worship God in the spirit," that is, who remember his presence in the way I have just described; "and rejoice in Christ Jesus," that is, who own him among men as a king, whose laws they delight to honour, and who trust him as a Saviour all gracious and all glorious; and lastly, "have no confidence in the flesh," that is, are convinced that "there is none good but one, that is God," and, therefore, do not seek to exalt themselves, either in his sight, or in the eyes of their fellow-creatures. Of those who are now in heaven, multitudes were only children on earth, but even then they were children, who, according to their age and opportunity, thus "worshipped God in the spirit, rejoiced in Jesus Christ, and had no confidence in the flesh." There is but one way of salvation, one law of faith, one rule of conduct, alike for young and old, for rich and poor, for wise and simple. The same degree of attainment may not be expected from all, but from all will be expected the same sincerity of desire and earnestness of effort.

My dear children, think of the two eternities' that of heaven, which God offers; and that which belongs to Satan and all whom he has ensnared. Both are never-ending; but O the difference between them! No human eye could bear to see the gulf which divides the one from the other, that great gulf which once passed, can never again be repassed. Death is a terrible thought, and the grave a desolate place, to all who live without God in the world; but death is only a messenger of peace, and the grave but a bed of hope to those who, having loved Christ on earth, go to live with him in heaven. But let me warn you of one mistake peculiarly common to children. Do not cheat yourselves with vain fancies, that when you are older you shall be better; that when you are men you shall find it easier to think of these things: that it is time enough yet—that *yet* has ruined the souls of thousands! To-MORROW is the sluggard's motto, it is taught him by Satan. To-DAY is the Christian's watchword, it is taught him by God; even God, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance here, and to glory hereafter.

You have stood by the sea-side and seen the waves one after another roll forward, and one after another dash upon the shore; others followed in their stead, none of them were the same waves, each was a different one:—such are the days of man's life, only with this difference—they are soon ended, while the waves still continue to roll on. The billows leave no mark behind them, but each of our days leaves a record. good or bad, wise or foolish. No one counts the waves, no one cares how they speed; but of our days God takes account, and keeps a remembrance, both how many they are, and how they are spent. You have stood too in a garden in spring, and seen the green leaves budding on the trees; and soon after, the bright blossoms open amongst them; and again, in autumn, you have seen the fruit hanging thickly upon the boughs, ripe for gathering:—such should be the soul of man in youth and age. It is now your spring time; you are full of hopes, and joys, and fancies—and it is well; but where are the blossoms amongst these the green leaves of your soul? Are you acquiring that knowledge, are you gaining those habits and dispositions, which shall ripen hereafter into a useful and honourable life? The blossom, if good for anything, must turn to fruit;—boys must become men, not merely men in stature, but men in thought and action, men as valuable members of society. You are of no use now, but for what you may hereafter be. Then, when the great day of account comes, when all, from the king to the beggar, from Adam, who lived eight hundred years, to the infant who died as soon as it was born, must stand before the judgment seat of God; then will religion be seen in its true worth. Then will it be manifest, that it does indeed profit nothing to gain the world and lose the soul. Then, as in winter, you have seen the tree naked, without leaves or fruit, every bough, even every little twig exposed to view;—so, in that terrible day, will your souls appear in the searching sight of God; every action, every motive, every thought made manifest, nothing concealed. There will then be no hiding-place, no offers of mercy, no space for repentance; the Saviour will save no longer; the Holy Spirit help no longer; for time will be no more, and this fair world will be itself destroyed. There will then remain but two places of existence—heaven and hell; but two divisions, in which the whole human race will be included—the saved and the lost. O let me solemnly entreat you to think of these things before it be too late.

THE WOLVES OF CAFFRELAND.

THERE are a great number of wolves in Caffreland. These wolves are very bold, and fond of human flesh. They will often creep at night into a Caffre hut, and slily steal the babe from beneath its mother's ox-skin cloak. Sometimes they are bolder still, and attack larger children even in the day-time. One evening, before the Caffres had lain down to sleep in their huts, a little girl about eight years old was

lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves suddenly came upon her; one seized her by the head, another by the shoulder, and two others by her legs, and carried her off in a moment. The neighbours heard her screams, and ran after these cruel robbers. As soon as they overtook them, they forced the wolves to let go their hold and to scamper away; but they found the poor child dreadfully injured by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer in their hut, but could not heal her wounds. The heat and the flies soon made the child very offensive and loathsome to all around. As her parents thought the child must die, they were anxious to get her out of the hut before she expired, for the Caffres cannot bear to touch a dead body. So they said to her, "Which shall we do to you; shall we call the young men to kill you with their spears, or shall we take you to the woods to die?" How hard are the hearts of the heathen!

If you had been in the place of the Caffre child, which would you have chosen? If she was taken to the woods, she might linger several days before hunger put an end to her life, or the wolves might come again and devour her. The spears would not give her so much pain as the jaws of the wolves, and they would kill her more quickly than hunger. But then, who could tell but that some kind person might find her in the woods, and take pity upon her!

The child replied, "Take me to the woods." Her parents carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down among some thick trees, where no eye could see her, no ear could hear her dying groans. They did not even stay to watch beside her; they left her all alone. When the little girl was by herself, a thought came into her mind;—it was God who put it there. She remembered the missionary; she knew where he lived; she said, "I will try to creep to his house; he is kind; he will not cast me out." She found it very hard to drag her wounded limbs over the rough places, and to climb the steep sides of the green hills. After creeping along for several miles, she reached the missionary's dwelling. The good man was touched with compassion when he beheld the bleeding child. He counted the number of wounds made by the teeth of the cruel wolves; there were fourteen. The most dreadful was the wound in the head. The wolf had tried to cram it all in his jaws, and had torn open one cheek, and had rent away the flesh of the skull. The missionary laid the child upon a soft bed, washed her wounds, and dressed them with ointment, and bound them up with linen cloths, then watched over her day by day, till at length the sore places began to heal. While he nursed her, he told her of that Saviour who had done more for her than he could; who delivered his lambs from the jaws of Satan, and who laid down his own life that they might not perish. The missionary did not know whether the little girl loved her Saviour, though he soon saw she loved him; for when she was quite well and the marks were almost gone, he asked her whether she wished to go back to her parents: "Oh no," said she, "they cast me out, but you took me in: I will stay with you."

A little while afterwards, as the good man was walking a short distance from his house, he heard a voice; it was the voice of a child; it was the voice of prayer: he looked, and saw the poor nursling among the tall weeds, praying most earnestly to her Father in heaven. Now he hoped that she was one of the lambs of Jesus. How much had she to thank God for! even for falling into the jaws of the wolves! for had she not been torn by beasts, she might never have listened to the missionary's words—she might have perished for ever.

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES—THE BOUNTIFUL FRIEND.

EDWARD, on returning home after taking a walk on a fine day in the beginning of autumn, saw a basket filled with beautiful

bunches of grapes on the parlour table—some were deep purple, and some light yellow, like amber.

"Oh! where did these fine grapes come from?" cried Edward, quite delighted; "and whose are they?"

"They belong to you, Edward," said his mother; "for your grandfather, hearing that you were not very well, sent them to you with his love. He says they are some of the first grapes that have ripened in his green-house."

"How very good grandfather is!" said Edward; "I will write to him without delay, and thank him. Oh! if I could give him any pleasure, how happy it would make me."

"I am glad you feel so grateful," said his mother; "but what would you say if you had a friend who would not only send you grapes, but all sorts of nice fruit? Would you not be as thankful to him as to your kind grandfather?"

"Yes, mother; I would thank him, and try to please him."

"But if this good friend," continued his mother, "were to send you a thousand other things, not merely agreeable and useful, but absolutely necessary to your existence, and which you could not get except for him—"

"Then," replied Edward, "I would be more grateful to him than I can tell you, mother. I would write long letters to him every day to thank him for so many gifts; and I am sure I should never cease thinking of what I could do for him."

"And," continued his mother, "what if he should not only send you these presents once, but every day, and every hour, and every minute?"

"Oh, mother, what a wonderful friend he would be! He must be so rich and powerful, and full of love!"

"And if, besides all these good gifts," his mother added, "there was another and a far greater sign of his love to you: if, not satisfied with providing for you the comforts and pleasures of this life, he had devised a means for giving you joys which should last for ever, and exceed all you could imagine: and, to do all this, had given his only Son to die a most painful death!"

"Oh, mother," said the child, beginning to see her object, "it would never be possible for me to feel grateful enough for such wonderful love—I should always think of that friend. I would do everything I could to please him; yet still I could never love him enough."

"No, truly, my child," said his mother, while she pressed his little hand in hers; "and yet you and all of us *have* such a friend; one who is never weary in doing good, and of renewing his gifts. He causes the fruit from year to year to swell and ripen on the trees, so that we and all creatures may not only live, but rejoice in our being. If you are thus thankful to an earthly friend for a single gift, how much more thankful should you be to our Father in heaven for his innumerable blessings: and for having so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life!"

"Mother, what a wicked heart a person must have who could be ungrateful to God! how wicked it would be!"

"Very wicked indeed, my child," said his mother, kissing him; "therefore be careful not to be ungrateful to your dear Friend for all his benefits to you. If you do not love him, and strive, through the Divine Spirit, to keep his commandments, you will be the source of the deepest misery to me. I should weep for you as for a lost child: we could no longer have any joy or peace. *You* can have no happiness without the favour of God: nor could I have any hope for my Edward, if you are not his child!"

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

As Albert walked slowly along toward home, his reluctance to tell his father exactly how it happened that he had been tardy at school increased. The reason of this was, that he had been trying to make it seem right to keep back a part of the truth. If he had resolved at once to go

directly to his father and state the circumstance just as it occurred, there would have been an end of all difficulty. But he did not like to be blamed, even a little, and therefore he did not wish to say anything about playing with the dog.

Just before he came in sight of home, and before he had concluded what to say, he saw his father walking along in a direction towards him. As they came near to each other, his father looked surprised at seeing Albert, and inquired why he was not in school?

Albert hesitated a moment, and then said, "Why, as I was going to school, I stopped to help little Willie Hall up. He had fallen upon some stones, and cut his hands, so I went home with him; and when I came back and tried the door it was fastened."

"Well," said his father, "I am glad that there was no blame about it;" and he walked on as if in haste.

Albert had done wrong in naming Willie Hall's accident as the only cause of his being out of school. He should have told the whole story, and then his mind would have been at ease. As it was he felt restless and uncomfortable. He could not help thinking that he had not done quite right, and he thought that he would talk with Joseph Page about it when school was over.

So as soon as the time came for the dismissal of the scholars, Albert set out on his way to meet Joseph. He told him the whole story, beginning at the point where Joseph left him for school, and concluded by asking if he thought he had done very wrong?

"I think you did wrong," said Joseph, "but not very wrong. You ought to have related all the circumstances to your father. By staying so far from the schoolhouse till the bell rung you were in danger of being late, even if no accident had happened. Your having said nothing about playing with the dog until nine o'clock, seems something like abusing your father's confidence in your honesty."

"So I have been thinking," said Albert; "and I will tell him everything about it just as soon as he comes home."

"That will be doing right," was the reply: "and then you will feel happy again."

So as soon as his father came in to dinner Albert carried his good resolution into effect, not forgetting to say that Joseph Page had advised this sincerity and frankness.

GAME WON AND PEACE LOST.

A LITTLE boy, about six years old, was in general a very good child, and behaved well. He dearly loved his mother, and attended to almost everything she said to him. But even good children and good people may sometimes do wrong, and this little boy did so too. One afternoon, after he had been at play, he looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill? He said he was not; but he talked very little, and he often sighed. His mother thought something was the matter with him, but she did not say much to him about it. At night he took leave of his dear mother and went to bed. About an hour after he had been in bed, the maid went to her mistress, and told her that she was very uneasy about the little boy, for he was very restless; she had heard him often sob: and he wished his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep till he had told her something that made him very unhappy. The kind mother went to him: and when she came to his bed-side, he put his little arms round her neck, burst into tears, and said to her, "Dear mamma, forgive me! I have been a very naughty boy to-day. I have told a lie, and I have hid it from you. I was playing at marbles with my cousins—I won the game through a mistake, which they did not find out; and I was so much pleased at being conqueror, that I did not tell them of the mistake. I have been very unhappy ever since; and I am afraid to go to sleep, lest that heavenly Father whom you so often tell me of should be angry with me. You say he knows and sees everything. What shall I do that he may forgive me?" "My child," said the mother, "God is ever ready to forgive those who believe in Christ, who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to amend. We cannot hide anything from him. He knows when we do wrong, and when we desire to do what is right. He hears our prayers, and he will teach us what we should do. Pray to him to forgive your fault, and try never to commit the like again, lest you should offend him more by the second offence than by the first."

The little boy thought seriously on the advice which his mother gave him, and

prayed to Almighty God to forgive him, and to grant him his grace to do better in future. He then fell asleep, and arose next morning happy and cheerful.

I suppose, when he saw his cousins, he told them that he had deceived them, and that he was sorry for what he had done; and I dare say he was very careful after that time never to tell an untruth or to deceive any one.

THE SUNSHINY WALK.

I WALKED abroad when the sun was in the sky, and when the blue arch above me was hung with beautiful clouds. "The heavens," said I, "declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork," Ps. xix. 1.

I looked around on the orchards laden with fruit, and on the fields "white already to harvest." The ground was decked with flowers, and the rivers and running brooks sparkled in the sunshine. "The earth," said I, "is full of the goodness of the Lord," Ps. xxxiii. 5.

I sat down on a stile where a horse was grazing in a field: as he satisfied his hunger he passed on. A cow followed and ate up the tufts of coarse grass which the horse had refused. After the cow came a sheep, who, with small sharp teeth, picked up a meal from what had been left by the other animals. Though the grass was thus cleared away, some thistles were yet standing, for these neither the horse, the cow, nor the sheep would eat; but the gate of the field was open, so that an ass which had been strolling about in the lane entered and banqueted on the thistles.

"And do we," said I, "ever doubt the watchful and providing care of our heavenly Father? The animal world seems to cry aloud against such mistrust and ingratitude. He careth for them, and careth he not for us? Shame upon us! Shame upon us! 'The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy,' Ps. xxxiii. 18. Let us say, then, with Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' Job xiii. 15. With David, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

WARNING TO RASH BOYS.

WHEN the late Rev. Mr. Griffin was about six years of age, he was on a visit to a near relative at Woburn, in Buckinghamshire, who lived near to his paper manufactory. While there he received many earnest cautions from his affectionate aunt not to go to a certain part of the banks of the river, because the water was very deep, and the current very powerful. Some of the family, in order to give force to the injunctions of his aunt, said, "If you go near to the river, John, Raw-head and Bloody-bones will draw you into it." But though he looked very grave while they were talking to him, yet, so anxious was he to see the forbidden spot of which so much had been said, that the first time he could escape unperceived from the house he found his way to the place of danger. The grass that grew over the bank was thick and long, hanging over the water, and hiding it from the eyes of the unwary but anxious little boy, who had no sooner arrived at the spot, than, mistaking the grass for the bank, he walked into the river, and in an instant plunged into the deep, very near a strong current which supplied some of the great water-wheels of the manufactory. Here, then, in a few seconds he must either have been drowned or crushed to death by the motion of the mighty wheel: but, providentially, one of the workmen saw him go to the bank, and called to him, but he was gone too far to return, for in a moment he was out of sight. The man had, however, means at hand by which he rescued him from an untimely death, and prevented the unutterable agonies of his relatives there, and of his father at a distance. He was soon taken to his aunt, who, though so watchful as seldom ever to suffer him to be out of her sight, had not missed him. As soon as he was recovered from the fright and the effects of the water, he was asked how he could be so disobedient as to go where he was so much forbidden, he said, with a very serious countenance, "I wanted to see Raw-head and Bloody-bones." Thus he very nearly lost his life by doing what he had been ordered not to do.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

AN Indian being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it had been given to him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say, That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, No, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night and trouble me: and now I bring the money back I feel good."

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

WHAT is that, mother?—The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just look'd out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart to you pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—The dove, my son!—
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that mother?—The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain-vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on!
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

What is that mother?—The swan, my love!—
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home!

G. W. DOANE.

"I ONLY WANT THE ROSE."

A pious child in India, when dying, called to his mother for some flowers, which she gave him; but separating his favourite, he said, "I only want the rose, mamma!"

To her sick child a mother brought
Some flowers, with those rich odours fraught,
Which summer's breath bestows;
The dying boy his fingers laid
Upon his favourite flower, and said,
"I only want the rose."

Oh, thus, when o'er the sinner's soul
Dread thoughts of coming judgment roll,
And hope no refuge shows;
The flowers of pleasure lose their hue,
For Christ he sighs, the good, the true—
He only wants the Rose.

And thus when death approaches near,
And whispers in the Christian's ear
That now his days must close:
In vain you tell him fame will fling
Flowers on his grave through many a spring—
He only wants the Rose.

He only asks to view the face
Of Jesus, Lord of love and grace,
Where heaven's sweet sunlight glows;
Long have earth's gaudiest flowers for him
Been scentless, colourless, and dim—
He only wants the Rose.

THE SURRENDER.

Charles Henry Plummer, aged three years and two months.

FAREWELL, thou little blooming bud,
Just bursting into flower;
We give thee up, but O the pang
Of this last parting hour!
We give thee up, for He who said,
Let children come to me,
Our Charles has number'd with the dead,
That he in heaven might be

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

THE LAST DANCE.

A FEW years ago, on a cold frosty evening in December, the inhabitants of a country town seemed in a state of unusual excitement. It was the evening of a ball. A young lady was mounting the stairs that led to the assembly-room, when a gentleman with a number of tracts in his hand advanced and offered her one. She took the little book, and was putting it into her reticule, when the gentleman said to her, "Will you, ma'am, promise me one thing—it is, that you will read this tract?" With cheerful good-humour the young lady promised to do so; and, passing on, was soon engaged in the mirth of the evening.

In the quiet of her chamber she was left to her own silent, and sometimes sorrowful reflections. It was one day, when thus left alone, she took up the torn and crumpled tract given her long since. Catherine's attention was arrested, and she read it carefully. The tract told her that she was a sinner; that we are all by nature enemies to God; that she might be amiable, and just, and dutiful to her parents, and kind to the poor; and yet if she did not love God supremely, if she had not faith in Christ, she would be undone for ever. It proved from the Scriptures that man is in a fallen condition; that "our very righteousness" (the good works in which Catherine would have trusted) "are as filthy rags" in the sight of a pure and holy God; that our very devotions are mingled with sin: that the thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually, Gen. vi. 5; and "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," John iii. 3. Catherine must have heard these things before, for she had always been accustomed to attend at church at least once on every Sunday, and had often joined in the solemn response, "Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" but never till now had she felt anything of the sinfulness of her own heart, or the necessity of so great a change as that which the Scripture describes as being "born again." She called to mind how many days had passed without one thought of God; how she had been amused by passing events, and never experienced one feeling of holy gratitude to the Lord of glory, who had come down to this sinful earth to die the death of the cross, that we might be saved. But the tract did not tell the sinner that he was guilty before God, in order to leave him there. It told also the blessed truth, that life and salvation are offered by the gospel. It showed that it was for the sinner Christ's sacrifice was offered. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. v. 7, 8

It showed, that while God could not pardon the transgressor with justice, except a Mediator between God and man had appeared, that God's only beloved Son had become that Mediator; and that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," 1 John ii. 1. Christ's own words invited the sinner to come to him: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me," Matt. xi. 28, 29. Catherine found that God's Holy Spirit was promised to sinners, to bring them to God; that he was to "guide them into all truth;" and that our Saviour had said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall God give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Matt. vii. 11.

Every passage as she read it seemed to bring some new light to Catherine's mind. God was her teacher. He who had died for her soul was revealing himself gradually to her. Her illness was a long one; but she found, in communion with God, and in the study of his promises, a deep and lasting happiness. On the bed of pain and sickness she was cheered by the hope of everlasting glory; and she longed to be absent from the body, that she might be present with the Lord. Many months after she had thus read the little tract Catherine's happy spirit had entered into the joy of her Lord. But the good done by the tract did not end here.

Catherine had found "the pearl of great price," and she did not conceal it. She called on others to rejoice with her on finding it. She had one friend who was much with her during her long illness, and who had been her companion from her childhood. Catherine endeavoured to lead her to God; she entreated her to come as a sinner to the Saviour, and to seek the Holy Spirit by prayer. Emma had not before thought seriously of religion, but from this time she began to study the Scriptures for herself. She was led to embrace the offers of the gospel, and became a devout and humble child of God.

The mode of Emma's death literally exemplified the Scripture description—"She fell asleep in Jesus;" and her friend was reminded of the words of the good John Bunyan, in describing the passage through the dark river which was taken by the pilgrim: "And the river was very calm at that time."

Many friends visited Emma during her long sickness. There was the decided Christian, who, if ever he feared death for himself, might look on this death-bed and see how God supports his people in the hour of need. There were some who had but lately began to inquire for the way of salvation; some thoughtless ones, whose whole souls were engrossed by the vanities of life; and some who although thoughtful, yet, among all their considerations of other things, forgot the "one thing needful."

"TIME ENOUGH YET."

"TIME enough yet." Stop, my friend, I beseech you. I greatly fear you are deceiving yourself. Are you *sure* "there is time enough yet?" Upon what do you rest your hopes of a long life? Have you a lease of it from Him who gave it you? Then why so confident it will be prolonged? Remember that the saving or losing of your soul is no trifle. If it is lost, your all is gone. Why leave the decision of so important a question to a dark and uncertain future?

"Time enough yet!" You have already spent too much of your time in rebellion against God. You have too long already resisted his Holy Spirit, and barred the Saviour from your heart. Do you presume he will still crown you with mercies after you have so long slighted his offers? Can you *expect* that he will add other years to those you have already so wickedly spent? He has said in his word, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." It should fill you with wonder that your life has been spared to the present time.

"Time enough yet!" Many, ay, too many, have thus flattered themselves. They always *meant* to be Christians before they died: the thought of dying in an impenitent state would have struck them with horror. "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundantly," was the language of their hearts; but death came upon them unexpectedly, and they were summoned to the bar of God, with nothing, save their good resolutions, to recommend them to his mercy. Their prospects were as fair and their hopes as bright, doubtless, as your own. Could we look into eternity, what volumes might we read of the dangers of delay!

"Time enough yet!" Be it so. And is your gain equal to the risk you run in delaying? What if your life should be continued a few years longer, and you should during that time, through the great mercy of God, be brought to repentance, would it add to your happiness to think that you neglected known duty? Would it make the remainder of your life more pleasant to look back upon that portion of it spent in acts of disobedience to your Master? Would it be a means of advancing you in holiness? Would it calm your last moments, and smooth your dying pillow? Would it add a single star to your crown of rejoicing in glory? Nay, nay; but it would be a source of grief that you so long disobeyed the Saviour's voice, and thus cruelly treated so kind a friend.

Do you want an interest in Christ? Seek it *now*. Your interests for time and eternity demand it. Your reason, conscience, the word of God, his Spirit, and the servants of Christ, are calling upon you to repent now; and why array yourself against them all? Say not, "There is time enough yet!" "I mean to have religion before I die." You know not how short your time may be; the solemn hour of your death may be nearer than you are aware. If it should come

upon you suddenly, and find you unprepared to meet your offended Judge, who could compute your loss? You may have gained the world, but it will prove no compensation for the loss of your undying soul. Go, then, cease your rebellion to the government of Jehovah; submit your heart to the Saviour; repent, and believe the gospel; ask forgiveness for all your sins, and receive from him the forgiving sentence, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more."

BETTY'S SERMON.

A few years since there lived in one of our large cities a poor coloured woman named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eighty years shed their blight upon her robust limbs before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave-ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs, and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the *horrors of the middle passage.* Betty had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old. An aged daughter, whom God in mercy to his bruised reed in a strange land had kindly permitted to be the companion both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts with which former industry and present charity furnished their decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted both for her good sense and her discreet, warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stooped and entered the cottage-door, he said, "Ah, Betty, you are alive yet!" "Yes, tank God," said Betty. "Betty," said he, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were sportive, he yet uttered a

serious thought which had more than once come over his mind. *Now comes the sermon.*

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied, "Ah, massa, you no understand it. Der be two great tings to do for de church: *one be to pray for it, todder be to act for it.* Now, massa, God keeps me alive to pray for de church, and he keeps you alive to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good, massa, widout poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B. in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the church than my alms." This short sermon preached by poor Betty was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.

DONALD'S COUNSEL.

A Scotch nobleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. One of his tenants, named Donald, rented a farm upon which his forefathers had lived above two hundred years. The lease by which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to give it to a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain. At length he determined to make his case known to his lordship himself; but at the castle-door he was repulsed, the steward having given orders that he should not be admitted.

Donald, almost in despair, resolved on a bold measure. He climbed over the garden-wall, and entering a private door, made his way unobserved towards the apartments of the nobleman. As he drew near he heard his lordship's voice engaged in prayer; and waiting till he should conclude, distinctly heard him pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis to intercede with the Father and Son in his behalf.

After the voice ceased Donald gently knocked at the door, was admitted, and made his case known to the nobleman, who, greatly moved by his tale, assured him that his lease should be renewed, and himself and family protected from the resentment of the steward. Donald poured forth his earnest and artless thanks, and was about to take leave, when a feeling of anxiety for the generous nobleman took possession of his mind, and he addressed him thus:—

"My lord, I have been a bold man, but you have forgiven me,

and saved me and my family from ruin; I would again be a bold man, and say something farther, if I have your permission."

"Well, Donald, speak out," said the nobleman.

"My lord," replied Donald, "as I stood waiting at your door I heard you praying with great earnestness to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis; you seemed to be very unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking that the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you but little good. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to your servants; I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if you would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who, I am convinced, will do no more for you than your steward would for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus himself, and pray to him for what you need, he will hear you and grant the desires of your heart; for he has said in his word, 'Him that cometh to ME I will in nowise cast out.'"

DESIGN OF CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

1. *The ultimate design of Christian fellowship is, the promotion of the Divine glory.* This great object is accomplished by that voluntary act which brings the body of believers together into fellowship. Their withdrawment from the world, their union with each other, their observance of his ordinances, and obedience to his laws, are practical and visible demonstrations of subjection to the authority of the Son of God; just as declining to enter that fellowship is a practical and visible contempt of his authority. The churches of Christ are God's witnesses among the profane population of this sinful world. In their prayers they acknowledge their dependence upon God for every blessing that they require, and their obligation for all the mercies that they have received. In their praises they celebrate his excellences, his goodness, and his grace. In their public perusal and exposition of the Scripture they assert and proclaim his rightful authority over the understanding, the will, the conscience, and the heart; and that it is the honour and the glory, the duty and perfection of man to think, will, feel, and act as does Jesus Christ, the image of the invisible God.

2. *An immediate design of Christian fellowship is, to secure the personal edification and welfare of its members.* The church of Christ is a constitutional kingdom; its government is according to law. A man has no right to expect the privileges of a kingdom of which he is not a subject. In a constitutional government, the performance of duties is the condition of enjoying privileges. So it is in the church of Christ. The arrangement of Divine wisdom is, that the church shall be built up, preserved, enlarged, and blessed, according to a fixed and settled plan. It is his design that every soul of his people shall be enrolled in his visible kingdom, where circumstances do not render it impracticable. The general rule is, that the Holy Spirit operates constitutionally; he exercises his gracious influences chiefly on the souls of his people in their associated and organized capacity.

In the observance of the ordinances of his own appointment, in a proper spirit and manner, he bestows the spiritual provisions ordained for their good. These are the fixed channels of Divine grace. It is here that the Spirit of God imparts the "wine and oil" to the hearts of the obedient. It is here that the "righteous flourish like the palm-tree," and "grow like a cedar of Lebanon." Ever since God had a church upon the earth this has been the method of imparting the rich communications of his grace, and hence that remarkable scripture, "Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God," Ps. xcii. 13. Such is the doctrine, and the fact is according to it. Examine the records of piety, the lives of the saints, and see whether the lengthened and shining roll presents a single name of a person who declined to confess Christ before men, and who lived and died unconnected with his church. No; he honours those who honour him, and such as disobey him he lightly esteems! Thus it was with the ancient church, when God said, "I will command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it," Isa. v. 6. Ye, then, who call Jesus Lord, but refuse publicly to acknowledge him before a wicked world, have placed yourselves beyond the ordained outpourings of his Spirit in the sanctuary! Ye rebel against him! So did the Jews, who showed much love with their mouth, but their heart was far away. "They rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit, therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them," Isa. lxiii. 10. Can *you* read these words without trembling? Look within, and see if they are not being realized in you already! Of spiritual prosperity you know nothing; you have not peace; it is often doubtful to yourselves whether there is within you any spark of the Divine life! How can it be otherwise? Your homage of attendance on public worship is worthless, because equivocal; you rank with the world, and remain among the enemies of God, and apparently proclaim your preference for their society to that of the faithful. Under these circumstances you have no ground to expect a blessing to rest upon domestic religion, even where its forms are regarded; but among the great majority of such as you, its forms are not attended to, and its power is unknown. Of the closet, the less that is said the less distressed will your conscience be. O my friends, repent of the past, apply to the blood of sprinkling, and "come out from among them, and be ye separate, and God will yet receive you." Be ye "planted in his house," and through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and the grace of his Spirit, you, even you, "shall flourish in the courts of our God." Thus "planted," his associated people grow in knowledge and spiritual understanding; they have their faith strengthened, their love confirmed, their joy in the Lord increased, their affections improved in devotion and holiness, and are making "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

3. *It is by means of fellowship that the Saviour carries on the government of his kingdom, and fulfils his promises to his people.* Jesus, by his Spirit, works through the agency of man; and that Spirit operates on the world in connection with the truth of the gospel. One great object, therefore, of associating believers in fellowship is, that they may support, preserve, and diffuse the

gospel. This is a work to which individuals are utterly inadequate, and which can be achieved only by associated bodies of believers. By the church, therefore, Jesus performs his wonders of salvation on the world. Their property, prayers, and efforts, are the appointed means of fulfilling his prophecies, relative to the conversion of the earth. Thus, likewise, he accomplishes his promises to his people. This view cannot be too seriously pondered, for it is very generally neglected or misunderstood. A large proportion of the promises made *to* believers, are such as, without miracle, only can be performed *by* believers. It is the Saviour's pleasure that the members of his church should be united by mutual dependence, and endeared to each other by a sense of mutual obligation; the *promises* made to *one* class, therefore, are, rightly understood, *precepts* to *another;* and again, other promises to be fulfilled directly by God himself, are made to the man who regards them in that light, and performs them accordingly; for example, there is a class of promises made to the poor who trust in the Lord; to secure attention to them a corresponding class of promises is made to the rich man who remembers the poor, and threats are directed against such as oppress or neglect them. Thus it is, also, that he fulfils his promises to the widow, the orphan, the sick, and the afflicted; and thus, also, he preserves his people from backsliding, falling, and apostasy. These are some of the ends for which church fellowship is instituted; the question is not, what *is* actually attained in churches, but what ought to be attained? That every member of the church may enjoy his privilege, every member must do his duty. To whatever extent there is a shortcoming of privilege in one quarter, there is exactly to that extent, a shortcoming of duty in another quarter—so admirably has Jesus suspended collective comfort on collective conduct!

THE SOLDIER'S BIBLE.

THE following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday-school Union.

In the county of Kent lives or lived a minister and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sunday-school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the minister, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He shortly after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the minister to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who, he knew, had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the Bible which the minister gave her by a pious soldier, who,

upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver (presenting him the Bible); and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask (opening the Bible); so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart when I was in the Sunday-school. I never could, for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! But who is this *me* that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him, spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation: the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there were no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for sabbath-school teachers to persevere! for, should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.

"THE GLORY OF LEBANON."

"THE glory of Lebanon," Isa. xxxv. 2, consisted not merely in the majesty and beauty of its appearance, the mountain was also in many particulars a source of national benefit. It formed the great northern bulwark of the Land of Promise. When Sennacherib boasted that he would scale "the heights of the mountains, the sides of Lebanon," with "the multitude of his chariots," he virtually acknowledged the impracticability of the attempt, 2 Kings xix. 23; Zech. xi. 1. In his boastful message he refers also to another source of profit derived from Lebanon to the Israelites—"the

tall cedars and the choice fir-trees thereof," which, with "the algum-trees," 2 Chron. ii. 8, were much employed in building. Of these materials Solomon made ample use in the construction of the temple and his other erections. Of the wood of Lebanon, also, he constructed his chariot, Cant. iii. 9. Beside these, we find in Scripture mention made of the olive, Hos. xiv. 6; the corn, Ps. lxxii. 16; and the wine of Lebanon, Hos. xiv. 7—the latter of which was noted for its fragrance and flavour, and is still, according to the report of travellers, esteemed superior to any other. The mountain also abounds with box-trees, mulberries, fig-trees, as well as odoriferous shrubs of various kinds, Hos. xiv. 6; Cant. iv. 11; Nahum i. 4. "The living waters and streams from Lebanon," Cant. iv. 15, are also mentioned, fed by the snows and ice, which to this day are an article of indulgence and profit, being used for cooling wine, Prov. xxv. 13. "Will the snow of Lebanon fail from the rocks of the field, or will the issuing flowing cold waters be exhausted?" Jer. xviii. 14, Parkhurst's Version. Maundrell also alludes to the dews which he observed peculiarly copious on this mountain, Ps. cxxxiii. 3. The psalmist declares that "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar-trees; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Libanus;" and a more sublime spectacle can scarcely be imagined than the thunder rolling among these enormous masses, and the lightning playing among the cedars, withering their foliage, crushing the branches, that had withstood the storms of centuries, and hurling the roots and trunks into the distant vale. By Isaiah the mountain is compared to one vast altar, and its countless trees are the pile of wood, and the cattle upon its thousand hills the sacrifice; yet if a volcanic eruption were to burst forth from one of its summits, and in torrents of liquid fire to enkindle the whole, even this mighty holocaust would be insufficient to expiate one single crime. "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

WHO can measure the influence of a mother on the young and immortal minds of her children! Her look, her actions, her smiles or her frowns on her children, stamp impressions on their minds which will last for ever. She gives a moulding influence to their character, their course of life, their temporal and eternal well-being. They rise to the glories and happiness of heaven, or sink to the woes and ruin of a lost eternity, much according as the mother trains them up for God, or permits their minds to grow up in selfishness and sin. The mother sits at the threshold of their existence, and directs their first tottering footsteps. Her duties lie at the fountains of human society, and from these young springs of life flow out in all after existence streams of bitter water or sweet, purified or poisonous, according as the mother directs the minds of her children to the only Saviour, and prays with and for them.

The nursery is the mother's moral garden, in which she nourishes the tender plants by faith and prayer, and trains them up to be transplanted at mature growth to the paradise and garden of God. The mother's influence is often much greater than the father's. Her post is more responsible, as she engraves deeper and more indelible

lines on the minds of children. She stands at the head of the race. By the gentle touch of her finger she is starting those balls at the top of the mountain which, once set in motion, proceed on their course with increasing force and velocity to the end. Or, to use a happier figure, they are kindling those sparks of elemental fire which have their origin, under a Divine constitution, in the companionship of the sexes, and which, according to the direction here given at their start, rise to shine as stars in the firmament of heaven, or sink in the blackness of darkness for ever. All the most important springs of society are held and controlled by the feeble hand of woman, every chord vibrates to her touch as with magic sensibility, and every harmony in the social system waits on her impulses. How pure and tender, then, should be a mother's heart! How careful of her look, her smiles, her conduct, her every action which imprints such indelible lines, and exerts such imperishable influence on the young minds of her children! How humble, how prayerful, how near to God ought a mother to live, that the light of his countenance, which beams on her heart, may reflect its lineaments Divine on the immortal minds of those which God has entrusted to her care to train up for him!

The Letter Box.

DISSENT AND THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

Letter to a Friend connected with the Church of England.

Bristol, Jan. 17, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I read your letter of the 10th ult. with much satisfaction. I am truly glad that you are making the subject a matter of conscience, and going about it in the spirit of prayer and earnest inquiry. Would that all similarly circumstanced would follow your example! I trust we shall shortly have an opportunity of conversing freely over it, in the spirit of Christian love, and also of discussing the other matter relative to your future prospects. In the meantime I have great pleasure in laying before you the deliberate and well-adjusted views of an eminent minister of the body to which it is my honour to belong, the Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, not doubting that its careful perusal and candid consideration will go a great way to ease your mind and settle your opinions for ever.

I remain, with much respect for your character, and deep interest in your present condition,

Your friend in the truth,

T. P.

ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF STOCKTON-UPON-TEES.*

It will be at once discovered that a model of church constitution, such as that which has now been described,—a model for which we claim New Testament authority,—is inseparably connected with a principle which has of late come to be designated the Voluntary Principle; and that it is wholly adverse to state interference in matters of religion. This is become the question of the times. It is little understood; it is greatly misapprehended.

* Simpkin & Co., pp. 24.

An occasion like the present is most appropriate for the explanation of the Principle of Voluntaryism.

We declare our uncompromising hostility to all interference of worldly governments in matters of religion;—whether to establish by law or to coerce, to legislate, or to endow. We object to the appropriation of public funds to any religious denomination, as partial and unjust. We object to all civil penalties and disabilities on account of religion, as persecution for conscience' sake. We should as decidedly object to the endowment by the state, in any form, of systems judged by us to be most scriptural, believing that a new and worldly element would be introduced on the acceptance of such emolument or support. We ask nothing of the state but protection for our persons and institutions, and this we demand as a right inalienable so long as we maintain the character of loyal and patriotic subjects. We demand further, as our inalienable right, to be exempted from all impost on behalf of other religious communities. We maintain, in a word, that religion does not come within the province of civil government. Holding these views, we admit not into our vocabulary such phraseology as *a National Religion, a Christian Constitution, a Protestant Monarchy*. Religion is matter of personal conviction, conscience, experience; and we can only conceive of national religion as the religion of the people composing the nation,—the enlightened, conscientious, practical religion of the people at large. How can Christianity be part and parcel of the constitution, unless the religion of Christ be made indispensable to citizenship, or at least to the holding of office in the state, in the senate, in the magistracy? Nor can we admit that the mere profession of Christianity comes up to the requirement: there must be either well accredited membership with the Church Universal as it has now been described, or the profession must be worthless and hypocritical. Nor can a Protestant monarchy be sustained but by either making enlightened conviction indispensable in establishing right to the throne, or by inducing a Protestant confession without conviction.

The Voluntary Principle, while it leaves religion to be sustained and extended by the zeal of its own disciples, preserves the church in independence, free to act upon the dictates of conscience, unrestricted by external influence. The Establishment Principle operates to bring the church into bondage, or else to erect it into a spiritual despotism. The theory of an Establishment is concession. The church resigns some of its rights and liberties, and receives in return emoluments and honours from the state. The state claims the chief patronage, and the most influential spiritual functionaries owe their appointment to the secular power. The creed, the worship, the ministry of the church, are subject to parliamentary control and enactment. Discipline is subordinate to the will of the magistrate. These concessions have their compensation in the support given to the church by the secular arm. The magistrate lays an impost for the maintenance of her priesthood. Her discipline is enforced by civil sanction. The sword leaps from its scabbard in the defence of an institution which purports to be the church of Him who put it as an alternative which he utterly rejected, saying, "otherwise would my subjects fight for me." The church must, on the Establishment Principle, either be the obsequious handmaid or the imperial mistress of the state.

The Voluntary Principle recognises the supreme right of conscience; the Establishment Principle puts it into the power of the state to decide what is binding on conscience. On what ground shall the state select the body on which its patronage shall be bestowed? Is the statesman, are parliaments to pronounce judgment on doctrinal truth and error? on the genuine and the spurious in religion? on the correct or false model of ecclesiastical constitution? Or, is it the establishment of any system by the state, whatever that system may be, that renders it binding on conscience? Or, shall the state be governed in its selection by the voice of majorities? Where, in any of these cases, is either the authority of

Scripture, or the freedom of conscience? On this principle we see various opposing systems claiming the subjection of the people in different countries. Roman Catholicism, Protestant Episcopacy, Lutheranism, Presbyterianism, Calvinistic and Unitarian,—may each have its region. Some of these are directly subversive of each other. Truth cannot be allowed to pertain to one without charging the contrary system with essential error. To which system soever error pertains, in one sense or another, the Establishment Principle bolsters it up. Leave all to the God of truth, and to the instrumentality which he has instituted for the support of truth, and who can doubt the issue? Give the state the right of interference, and truth may be repressed, and error forced on the community.

But the Establishment Principle operates in putting forth state influence without even the pretence of preferring a system for its superior excellence. The religion of the community is to be supported, and you may have as many Establishments as there are systems predominating in different sections of the empire. The same Government shall give all the weight of its influence to Protestant Episcopacy in England, to Calvinistic Presbyterianism in Scotland, to Popery in Ireland; it shall endow Unitarianism in one province, it shall dole out a Regium Donum to Trinitarianism in another. Grants shall be made for the promulgation of conflicting creeds. Colleges shall be reared, enlarged, endowed for the training of a priesthood to administer that very system which they required a monarch to abjure as superstitious and idolatrous. Which is the denomination that shall not be pensioned by the state? and which can accept such pension without resigning its independence and its freedom?

The Establishment Principle converts religion into an engine of mere worldly policy. Recent events and the tone of debate in high places may surely suffice to enlighten the public mind. The scales may surely be expected at length to fall from the eyes of observant men. Statesmen have clearly taught that they regard religion as a mere instrument of state policy. No matter what the system, it is the pacificator of the popular mind, the statesman's organ. The priesthood is to be taken into pay, not because it is devoted to truth, but because its influence is to be won over on behalf of the state. The popular religion is to be sustained, not because it is true, but because the people are to be conciliated. Expediency, policy,—not truth and conscience,—are to be the rules of state interference. Religious conviction is treated as fanaticism; religious preference as bigotry. Protestantism is a negative, an undefined thing. The spirit of the Reformation is denounced by those who profess to hold the doctrines of the Reformation. The insufficiency of religion to sustain itself is gravely avowed. Wit banters when conscientious men petition against the support of systems believed to be superstitious. The lovers of freedom are charged with intolerance when, while they ask unrestricted liberty on behalf of all, they implore that the public be not taxed to support what they believe to be fatal error. Eloquence, having declaimed with caustic severity on the lubricity of statesmen, turns aside to breathe its scorn on the men that have fought the battle of civil and religious freedom,—that have spread light and life throughout those dark regions of Britain where spiritual death heretofore brooded,—that have, at vast cost, and by the instrumentality of loftiest intellect and heroic magnanimity, conveyed to savage and to semi-civilised communities a system of religion by which a moral and social regeneration has been wrought,—branding all the expressions of their zeal as "the bray of Exeter Hall." Let it be recollected, that all these results follow as the natural consequence of yielding to the state the right of interference in matters of religion, and to legislators the right of deciding when to give patronage and endowment.

While we are arguing against state interference in religion, popular objections against our Principle of Voluntaryism may be arising in the minds of some. Perhaps it may be pronounced debasing, and even dangerous to fide-

lity, to leave the ministry dependent on the support of the people. Is it debasing? Is any mode of subsistence more honourable than that which is ministered by voluntary attachment in return for voluntary service performed with zealous solicitude for the well-being of its objects? Is not debt acknowledged? Is not gratitude expressed in the return thus made? Is it more honourable to wring support out of reluctant hands, and to derive income by taxation enforced by the strong arm of power? Is it debasing to the administrator of benefit in other departments to receive at the hands of beneficiaries the accustomed fee or the voluntary remuneration? Is it more debasing to receive voluntary support than to impose the fees of service performed at the font, or at the grave side? But this mode of support is supposed to be incompatible with faithfulness. A nobleman, assuming that it must produce servility, has illustrated the effect by poetic quotation;—

"The man that lives to please, must please to live."

It was unworthy of the lips that adduced the line. It was a debasing view of any order of Christian ministers,—whose office is instituted, not to please, but to profit and to bless,—an office of dreadest responsibility, intended for the conveyance of the most important benefits. It was a foul slander, which inquiry as to the real character of the ministry exercised in voluntary churches would have utterly prevented. It was at variance with the very doctrine to be sustained; for servility to a religious community was to be guarded against by establishing dependence on the state, as if there were no danger of transforming the stipendiary into a tool of state policy. But we need not be careful to vindicate the system of voluntary support. It is an ordinance of God. The objection, the ridicule, the slander, fall on the law of Christ, who has ordained that "they which preach the gospel shall live of the gospel;" and has made the support of the ministry to depend on the voluntary return of your "carnal things" for our "spiritual things." Statesmen and orators who think that to legislate in matters of religion is their peculiar right, may possibly prove their own unaptness by reasoning against the most unquestionable principles of inspired apostles, and the express enactments of the church's Head. While fancying that they are directing their penal denunciations, their legislatorial power, and their senatorial banter against despised fanatics and presuming sectaries, they may perchance be found fighting against the arguments, the declarations, the laws of Scripture.

The inadequacy of the Voluntary System will perhaps be pleaded against it. When this objection is produced, it is forgotten that where a state church already exists no fair field is given for the operation of the Voluntary System. Yet amid all the obstacles which a state church presents to voluntary zeal, we may appeal in proof of its efficiency to its actual operations. Even within the bosom of Establishments, how much of vitality and success must be traced to this repudiated principle! How many structures have arisen, and how many incumbencies been constituted and sustained by the zeal which, when evangelical religion could find no entrance by means of the state provision, has thus raised new machinery for its supply! To what moral power and social influence, and to what multiplied numbers, have churches strictly voluntary arisen! What but voluntary zeal conveyed the gospel to a hundred isles of the Pacific, from which their "dead gods" are now cast out?—to the heart of Africa, where imbruted man has risen to Christian elevation?—to India, whose gigantic idolatry has been smitten till it is shaken to its base?—to China, whose three hundred and sixty millions were commiserated by unendowed churches at a time when they were wholly overlooked by all the Ecclesiastical Establishments of Protestant Christendom? But there was a period when no worldly government befriended Christianity. What was the history of the primitive church? Did it not arise, become extended, win signal triumphs, without state patronage?—nay, in spite of state hostility? Were not those early triumphs among the most

glorious achievements of Christianity? and were they not achieved by voluntary zeal, under the authority and blessing of Christ Jesus, the supreme, the sole Head of the church? Could Christianity have been established at all, if it had not first, *without such establishment*, subdued the communities of earth? And what is the Voluntaryism which is repudiated as insufficient? Is it not holy and enlightened zeal, kindled by the grace of God, and sustained and directed by the Holy Spirit? —zeal, deriving its motive from the cross, its sanction from eternal judgment,—zeal, wielding the instrumentality of truth, God's own instituted means of conviction and conversion?—zeal, acting in believing reliance on omnipotent agency and immutable promise? Is it not the very spirit of that word which proclaims, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts?"

Proceeding on the principles which have now been explained, we desire to see earthly governments wholly withdrawing themselves from the department of religion. We believe that worldly authority is ordained for worldly purposes. It is an ordinance of God; but its proper business is the protection of person and property, the administration of justice between man and man, and the negotiation of affairs between state and state. It is a fallacy to represent this as the model of an infidel government. Strange it is that men who admit and contend for the spirituality of religion, as originating in the regeneration of the inward man by the instrumentality of truth and the agency of the Holy Ghost, should be subject to such hallucination as to fancy that they transform a government into Christian character by enforcing religious profession without demanding evidence of personal regeneration,—or that they should be willing to commit the sacred interests of religion to men whom they would not admit as spiritual men to the fellowship of their respective communities. What anomalies follow on the admission of this grand fallacy! Is religion a matter of personal experience,—including faith, devotion, holiness? Are these the requirements of men who constitute cabinets, parliaments, magistracy? Is it fit to commit the administration of religious society and religious interests to any who do not exhibit these requirements? Our theory of the church is, that it ought to consist of redeemed, regenerate men: is this demanded as qualification for office in the state? If not, what can be the effect of allowing the statesman to interfere in religion? Will it be to elevate him to a religious standard, or lower the standard of religion to worldliness—to a thing of expediency? Will it not be the means of debasing religion to a mere empty profession and a system of hypocrisy?

What would be the effect were the Establishment Principle abandoned?—were all state interference and patronage in matters of religion at once and for ever withdrawn? Would the episcopal church be annihilated were it to cease to be an established church? Whatever there is of truth and vitality in it would surely remain unaffected. Disencumbered of worldly influence, there would be an immediate, widespread expansion of all that is evangelical and spiritual in that church, while worldly elements might be expected rapidly to fly off and be dispersed. Were but the more spiritual part of the episcopal community to assert their freedom, it would be a movement full of promise. The Free Church of Scotland has led the way, has shattered its fetters, has thrown itself upon voluntary zeal, and, in two short years, seven hundred thousand pounds have been raised in the northern portion of the island for the purposes of that church, while life and energy and fervour are everywhere developed. It would be an auspicious day which should witness a similar movement in the southern portion of our island, and present the spectacle of a Free Episcopal Church asserting the royal rights of the Son of God. Such a movement might prepare the way for the entire enfranchisement of religion. And were all state interference withdrawn, no more would there be the injustice of imposing on the minority of a people the support of the religion adopted by the majority,—and the still

greater anomaly of enforcing, as in the sister kingdom, the support of an Establishment odious to seven-eighths of the whole community. No more should we be called upon to endow at the public cost systems which, as Protestants, we hold to be corrupt and anti-Christian. Then might we meet opponents on the broad ground of reason and Scripture. Conscience would be unfettered. Zeal would have an open field. Magistrates, statesmen, monarchs, would approach the church as candidates for fellowship on the ground of accredited Christian character; they would take their place in it as members, subject to its hallowed discipline, not ruling over God's heritage. Premiums offered by statesmen to hypocrisy would be withdrawn. Worldly influence would be abated. The statesman and the monarch would exert all the influence of personal character and all the usefulness of personal zeal, without intruding the worldly element of state policy, in promoting the true welfare of the church. Then should we behold in full operation the principle of that good confession of the Lord Jesus, "My kingdom is not of this world."

HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

My dear Friend,—I must not forget my promise when we last parted to give you a few hints, the result of experience, as to the best mode of managing the new and interesting department of social existence which is committed to your hands. Without further preface, then, I shall try to fix your attention on a simple calculation, which forms a sage but neglected maxim, "*A penny a day is thirty shillings a year.*"

Were this habitually kept in view, how many superfluous expenses would be curtailed! It would raise the character of that degraded thing, a *penny*, to its proper value; pence would accumulate till they became pounds; and, like a well-disciplined troop, surrounding our possessions, would prevent insidious depredations, and often keep poverty at bay. It is to be feared, that few of those who frequently say, "It is *but* fourpence," will become possessed of hundreds by their own prudence and management. Yet fourpence a day does not suffice to such persons as these to disregard and to squander: the same disposition pervades their whole conduct, and is a constant drain upon their pecuniary resources. Probably every article with which they are concerned will pay its tribute to the idol of extravagance, and the amount of such a daily tax it is fearful to calculate. That this calculation may not eventually be made by the creditor, an account-book is earnestly recommended: printed ones may be had with columns for every article, and for every day in the year; and to those who are so frequently wondering which way their money goes, this would have the effect of demonstration; it would do away all that was mysterious in the business, and convince them that they have neither had holes in their pockets, nor been robbed. Many persons satisfy themselves with keeping an account of the larger sums they expend; but these can generally be recollected,—while the shillings and the sixpences pass away in great numbers, and almost imperceptibly, because deemed too trifling for notice. A strict account of these would, at a glance, produce a conviction of their importance. It would exhibit, at one view, the enormous amount of money expended in gloves, ribands, and other articles of haberdashery, in which some young women are thoughtlessly profuse; and it might prove a more effectual antidote to the passion for *great bargains* than any that could be written upon the subject. It is certain, that though the affluent may occasionally indulge themselves in purchasing articles they do not want, or, perhaps, never may, those who are *not* affluent should by no means indulge such a propensity; lest, while a *great bargain* is lying by useless, they should actually be in want of some common necessary of life.

If that money which is spent by the young and inconsiderate in a desultory or superfluous manner were kept in reserve to replace each useful article as it is worn out, it would be very advantageous to those whose finances render it difficult to make large purchases at once. To such it is of the utmost im-

portance to keep up the original stock; and if they were at stated times to put by a certain sum, however small, they would have a little fund constantly rising, and be exempted from those anxieties which many, for want of better management, endure. Should this plan be thought eligible, let servants' wages especially be included; and if the day upon which they became due were previously marked in the account-book, it would ensure their punctual payment, and the wages of the hireling would not be kept back, either by lack of means, or treachery of memory. A poor girl, who goes to service with a scanty wardrobe, has often to endure inconveniences, or to incur debts, through the negligence of her employers, which a little attention on their part to her necessities and feelings would easily prevent.

Much loss is sustained by purchasing articles of housekeeping in small quantities, not only as to their original cost, but in their consumption, as many of them are benefited by keeping; nor can regular weekly payments be too forcibly recommended. It is frequently impossible to ascertain whether a bill of even a month's standing is quite correct; and many who are tempted to let them run still longer, increase with the delay the probability of not paying them at all: those who are honestly determined that they shall be paid, would find it more prudent and less difficult to discharge them weekly, and thereby at once defend their own property and ensure that of their tradesmen. A housekeeper who had adopted the injudicious practice of paying but once a-year, having *equally* divided his custom between two bakers, found that one of them had charged him for a quantity of bread just twice as much as he had had from the other! Although tradesmen are not generally dishonest, all are liable to mistakes, many of which, in a long account, cannot be rectified.

A discreet housekeeper will distinguish between necessary and unnecessary expenses. As no one can work without tools, every house ought to be furnished with appropriate utensils, or there will be great confusion and inconvenience in domestic business. A deficiency of this kind is sometimes supplied by borrowing of neighbours, and leaving them no alternative between the injury of their goods by continual use or removal, and a negative, which it might be as painful to give as to receive. It is astonishing to what inconveniences some people subject themselves and their unfortunate neighbours for years, to save the expense of a few shillings, perhaps a few pence—forgetting that while they are sending to "next door," or "across the way," they may lose more time than the borrowed article is worth. Yet the contrary extreme should be avoided, and whim should not be mistaken for necessity. Many *convenient* things may be dispensed with, and the money they would cost, which, if properly employed, is the *most convenient* thing of all, might be devoted to more useful purposes.

But if small inadvertent expenses may become serious in the aggregate, what must be the result of a style of dress and appearance throughout to which the circumstances are unequal? Many persons are so adroit in purchasing, in cutting and contriving, that they can obtain articles at a much cheaper rate than others; but perhaps when reduced by those means to their lowest cost, the amount not only exceeds what ought to be afforded, but the article so obtained ill accords with the rank in life or confined income of the purchaser, and only exposes her to ridicule or censure. Those who obtain for four shillings that which is worth five, are neither to be praised nor envied if two were as much as they ought to have spent. A smart young couple were once passing the door of a tradesman to whom they owed a small sum of rather too long standing, when the creditor was heard to exclaim, "See how fine they are! they had better pay their debts." Now it happened that their finery had cost them nothing, for it was furnished by their kind but ill-judging friends; this, however the tradesman could not know, nor do lookers-on in general either know or care, *how* finery is obtained; but they do know whether situation and appearance correspond, and they make their animadversions accordingly. S. S.

The Fragment Basket.

EFFECTS OF FAITH.—If I look into the gospel-glass, my looking is a figure of my faith; for unless I look, I can neither see Christ nor myself. When I look, what do I see? Christ crucified, and God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. My eyes, my soul, are fascinated with wonder and solemn delight. My heart melts, my eyes overflow, my head is as water, while I look on Him whom I have pierced. The burthen of guilt gently unlooses and rolls into his quiet sepulchre, and the peace of God calms all the tumult of my breast. For a season I am so engaged in the contemplation of the heavenly vision, that I have no leisure to consider myself; but at length I catch a glimpse of my own countenance and image. I recognise the same features, but how wonderfully they are changed; what a spirit is lighted up in these faded eyes! Peace is enthroned on the brow so lately wrinkled by care—celestial splendours play upon my temple—all my gaping wounds are healed, and not a scar is left behind. My tattered, filthy rags are exchanged for a robe made white in the blood of the Lamb. Immortal vigour braces every nerve—I tread on air—and Abba Father bursts spontaneously from my loving heart.—*Melville Horne.*

COMPANY.—There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate and make you like to them by much conversation with them. If they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will corrupt and infect you. Therefore be wary and shy in choosing and entertaining, or frequenting any company of companions; be not too hasty in committing yourself to them; stand off awhile till you have inquired of some (that you know to be faithful) what they are; observe what company they keep; be not easy to gain acquaintance, but stand off and keep a distance yet awhile, till you have observed and learned touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are sometimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so that they cannot get loose from it after when they would.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.—I hope you read your Bible with much prayer. I can give you a never-failing recipe to make a complete Christian and an heir of glory. You will find the medicine described in Psalm xix. 7—11; and the method of taking it in Prov. ii. 1—9. By the use of this medicine and this method, you will as certainly improve and grow in grace as any sensible, diligent boy ever got any knowledge at school. This is our condemnation; and, alas! this is the real cause of our being so weak in faith, so cold in our love, so confused in our notions,—the Bible and prayer over it for the true understanding of it are not our exercise and constant employment. Any other means of grace than this, which is yet the most profitable of all, is rather chosen. But as it is written, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," so in nothing do we offer violence to our evil nature more than in studying God's holy word, and earnestly praying that the divine truth it teaches may sink deep into our hearts, work mightily, and produce all those gracious effects for which it was of old written by inspiration of the Holy Ghost.—*Venn.*

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS.—If we cannot serve other generations let us serve our own. Some strain too much after distant objects, and overlook what is immediately before them. Some leave large sums when they die;—they had better be *their own executors*, and see and *enjoy* the application of their own liberality. They had better convince the world that they act from choice; for at death they can retain nothing, but *must* part with all they possess. The endowments bequeathed by many of our good forefathers have operated rather injuriously than otherwise; retaining the support of error in some

places of worship, and relaxing the zeal and generosity of congregations in others; for people have an amazing keenness in perceiving when their assistance is not wanted. The cause of the poor and the cause of God will be hereafter committed to others; they are *now* entrusted to us; let nothing draw us off from present duty.—*Wm. Jay, of Bath.*

EXAMPLE.—Mothers, whatever you wish your children to become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation. Do not send them into an unexplored country, without a guide. Put yourselves at their head. Lead the way, like Moses, through the wilderness to Pisgah. The most certain mode for you to fix habits, is the silent ministry of example. Thus impressed on the young mind, amid the genial atmosphere of a happy fireside, they become incorporated with established trains of thought, and with the elements of being. They have their hand upon the soul, till, through the grave and gate of death, it goes forth to the judgment. Let the chain of second causes be ever so long, the first link is always in God's hand.

DESPAIR.—Your despair, indeed, may leave you for a season, without coming to Christ; but if it should, and you should live on, careless and secure in sin, the time is hastening, when a far worse state will fasten upon you; from which there will be no escape. In that event, your present sorrows will prove to have been but foretastes of that hell which assuredly awaits all the ungodly. Whilst, then, you have every encouragement now, let not this, by any means, incline you to presumption.

THE RULE OF GIVING.—It has been frequently wished by Christians that some rule were laid down in the Bible, fixing the proportion of their property which they ought to contribute to religious uses. This is as if a child should go to his father and say, "Father, how many times must I come to you in the day with some testimony of my love? How often will it be necessary for me to show my affection for you?" The father would of course reply, "Just as often as your feelings prompt you, my child, and no oftener." Just so Christ says to his people, "Look at me, and see what I have done and suffered for you, and then give me just what you think I deserve. I do not wish anything forced."

"HE NEVER SPEAKS KIND TO ME."—Conversing the other day with an interesting little girl between the age of six and seven, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her to her heavenly Parent, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a parent whom everybody loves. I was perfectly thunderstruck with her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps this Christian father, harassed with the cares of life, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attentions of his child—but could cares, or the interruptions of his child, excuse unkindness, or a total want of tokens of endearment? Will fathers examine their habits on this point?

A MEDDLER.—A person of this character is always a troublesome member of society. He neglects his own business to attend to that of others. He is always ready to take up a report against his neighbour. If he has an object to accomplish, he does not attempt it by open, candid, straightforward means, but by oblique insinuations and dark hints, or by circulating the stories of others. If he ventures into the world of opinions, it is only as a meddler. Incapable of fair, honourable discussion, and capable only of bespattering an opponent, he arms himself accordingly; for he knows that if he cannot vanquish, he can soil. If such a person is noticed at all, he must be treated as a meddler, not as an honourable man who knows how to maintain his opinions and position in a becoming manner.

CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES.—The Scriptures are the circumference of faith, the round of which it walks, and every point of which compass it toucheth, yet the centre of it is Christ. *That* is the polar star on which it resteth.—*Matthew Henry.*

THE SABBATH.—The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of the sabbath. Heaven is called a sabbath, to make those who love sabbaths long for heaven, and those who long for heaven love sabbaths.—*Matthew Henry.*

EARTHLY THINGS.—When earthly things engross a minister's attention, he will think more of this world than the next, and his preaching will savour more of the casket than the jewels. If he is not a spiritual man himself, he has no reason to suppose that God will bless him with a spiritual people.—*Rowland Hill.*

BODILY INFIRMITIES.—Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.—*Anon.*

HAST THOU A BROTHER?—Sister, hast thou a brother? Wouldst thou train his heart to virtue, and preserve thy own sex from the snare of the fowler? Teach him by your *conduct*, and stamp upon his heart by your *tenderness*, a confidence in the existence of virtue, which can look temptation in the face unmoved, and turn with pitying contempt from the wily words of the betrayer. Oh, teach him to *love* virtue, and he will *protect*, not *destroy* it. Impress upon him his responsibility to God for the right exercise of that power which was given him for the protection of woman; and proclaim the unutterable baseness and guilt of abusing her confidence. How rich, how *very* rich her reward, even in this life, who, through Divine assistance, raises a brother, a fellow-immortal, above the snares of Satan and the temptations of the world! Ah, yes, and in heaven "she shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.—I do not wish for any heaven on earth, besides that of preaching the precious gospel of Jesus Christ to immortal souls.—*Henry Martyn.*

MYSTERY.—Infinite love must needs be a mystery to finite capacity.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD.—I had rather do the will of God, than be able to work miracles.—*Luther.*

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—Privation of the presence of God, is hell; a diminution of it, is a step towards it. Fruition of his presence is heaven. And shall any man be afraid of having too much heaven—too much God!—*Donne.*

THOUGHT, OUR DIGNITY.—Man is a reed, and the weakest reed in nature; but then he is a thinking reed. There is no occasion that the whole universe should arm itself for his destruction. A vapour, a drop of water is sufficient to kill him. And yet should the universe crush him, man would still be more noble than that by which he fell; because he would know his fate, while the universe would be insensible of its victory. Thus all our dignity consists in thought. It is hence we are to raise ourselves, and not by the aid of space and duration. Let us study the art of thinking well: this is the foundation of ethics.—*Pascal.*

CONTRAST.—If all Egypt had been light, the Israelites would not have had the less; but to enjoy that light alone, while their neighbours lived in thick darkness, must make them more sensible of their privilege. If the rest of the world had not been drowned, and the rest of Sodom and Gomorrah not burned, the saving of Noah had been no wonder; nor Lot's deliverance so much talked of.

A HARD CASE.—It is hard sometimes—it is confessedly hard, to deny a craving appetite, or to subdue a vicious habit; but is it not *harder* to lose everlasting happiness for a momentary indulgence, and, like the wretched Esau, to sell heaven in reversion for a mess of pottage!—*Bishop Porteus.*

INDUSTRY.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humours, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

WISDOM.—It is a most necessary part of our Christian wisdom, to keep our subordination to God and dependence upon him.

Poetry.

THE SETTING SUN.

FAREWELL to thee, sweet setting sun,
Pass from my sight, unwearied one,
Till heavenly mandates bid thee rise
Triumphant in the morrow's skies.

The day is past, for ever past,
The dews of night are falling fast,
And pensively the evening star
Illumes the azure vault afar.

How beautiful the twilight scene!
While darkness shrouds the vales serene
Around the hill's high summit play
Bright sunbeams lingering on their way.

Fair Nature, like a weary child,
No more by sportive day beguiled,
Rejoicing, welcomes night and rest,
And slumbers on the green earth's breast.

Ye busy cares of life, retire;
Ye sordid aims of low desire,
Give me some calm, some pure retreat
For prayer and contemplation meet.

The day is past for ever—how
Comes back its swelling memory now?
Does gladness crown each by-gone hour?
Or silent shame and grief o'erpower?

O why, my soul, these rising fears?
Why dim my eye these starting tears?
Alas! the monitor within
Reminds of unbelief and sin;

Of idle words, of mispent time,
In *God's* pure eyes no trifling crime—
Of wandering thoughts, of idle dreams,
And folly's worthless hopes and schemes.

O would that every coming eve,
Sweet setting sun, with me might leave
A purer, calmer, holier breast,
And brighter hopes of heavenly rest!

And as yon clouds that cluster now
Around the western mountain's brow
Array themselves in golden light,
Reflected from thy image bright;

So from the cross where Jesus died,
Whence glory flows an endless tide,
May richer beams my soul illume,
And gild the night that shrouds the tomb.

IMMORTALITY.

WAYWORN pilgrim, child of fears,
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears;
Earth has pierced thee; reft, alone,
Urge to heaven that bitter moan.
Pilgrim, wanderer, though thou be,
Heaven shall soothe thine agony:
Soon that pulse shall throb no more,
But heaven has life when life is o'er;
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see,
Soon shalt with that Saviour be,
For this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

List, ye weary; list, ye faint;
List the martyr and the saint;
List the young, whose panting soul
Ardent eyes the distant goal;
List the eld, whose setting sun
Speaks that goal already won:
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,
Ye who, living, daily die,
Pleased to tread, to meet your God,
The path of thorns your Saviour trod;—
List from heaven that Saviour's voice,
Which bids you midst your tears rejoice;
That tells of worlds to earth unknown,
And calls those blissful worlds your own.
Yes, ye shall your Saviour see,
Soon shall with that Saviour be,
Where this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

Sinner, list! the bolt is hurl'd!
Opes the bright celestial world;
Ope the caves of night forlorn,
The abodes of bitterness and scorn!
Rocks are falling, worlds decay,
Heaven and earth have pass'd away!
Thou the Saviour too must see,
Saviour not, alas! to thee:
Mortal gladly wouldst thou be,
Death thy immortality!

HOME.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be—
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

The Children's Gallery.

A FEW THINGS FOR MANY PEOPLE.

ARE you a sabbath-school teacher? If you are, you are engaged in a good work. Yes, it is good, both as acceptable to God, and as profitable to men. It is not merely teaching the young idea how to shoot, but, what is still more important, it is teaching the young and tender affection what to fix upon, and where to entwine itself. Nothing hallows the sabbath more than the benevolent employment of the sabbath-school teacher. It is more than lawful to do such good on the sabbath-day. It has great reward. Continue to be a sabbath-school teacher. Be not weary in this well-doing. Do not think you have served long enough in the capacity of a teacher, until you have served life out, or until there shall be no need of one saying to another, "Know the Lord." What if it be laborious? It is the labour of love, in the very fatigue of which the soul finds refreshment. But perhaps you are not a sabbath-school teacher. "No, I am not," methinks I hear one say. "I am not a professor of religion. You cannot expect me to be a teacher." You ought to be both, and your not being the first is a poor apology for declining to be the other. You seem to admit that if you professed religion, it would be your duty to teach in the sabbath-school. Now, whose fault is it that you do not profess religion? Do you not possess it? Why not? Are you impenitent? Are you an unbeliever? Then you will not see life; the wrath of God abideth on you! Go, learn Christ, and then teach transgressors the way, and sinners shall be converted unto God. "But I am not a young person." And what if you are not? You need not be very young in order to be a useful sabbath-school teacher. We don't want mere *novices* in the sabbath-school. We have too many already. If you are not young, then you have so much more *experience* to assist you in the work. Do sabbath-school teachers become *superannuated* so much earlier in life than any other class of benefactors—so much sooner than ministers and parents? There is a prevailing mistake on this subject.

But you are married, you say. And what if you are? Because you have married a wife or a husband, is that any reason why you should not come into the sabbath-school? Many people think that as soon as they are married, they are released from the obligation of assisting in the sabbath-school. But I do not understand this to be one of the immunities of matrimony. As well might they plead that in discharge of the obligation to every species of good-doing. Such might, at least, postpone this apology till the cares of a family have come upon them. And even then, perhaps, the best disposition they could make of their children on the sabbath, would be to take them to the school. I wonder how many hours of the sabbath are devoted to the instruction of their children by those parents who make the necessity of attending to the religious culture of their families, an apology for not entering the sabbath-school; and I wonder if their children could not be attended to in other hours than those usually occupied in the sabbath-school; and thus, while they are not neglected, other children, who have no parents that care for their souls, receive a portion of their attention. I think this not impossible. But perhaps the wife pleads that she is no longer her own, and that her husband's wishes are opposed to her continuing a teacher. But has she ceased to be her Lord's by becoming her husband's? Does the husband step into all the rights of a Saviour over his redeemed? If such an objection is made, it is very clear she has not regarded the direction to marry "only in the Lord." But perhaps you say, "There are enough others to teach in the sabbath-school." There would not be enough—there would not be any, if all were like you. But it is a mistake, there are not

enough others. You are wanted. Some five or six children, of whom Christ has said, "Suffer them to come unto me," may grow up without either learning or religion unless you become a teacher. Are all the children in the place where you live gathered into the sabbath-school? Are there none that still wander on the Lord's day, ignorant and irreligious? Is there a competent number of teachers in the existing schools, so that more would rather be in the way than otherwise? I do not know how it is where you live, but where I live, there are boys and girls enough, aye, too many, who go to no sabbath-school. It is only for a teacher to go out on the sabbath, and he readily collects a class of children willing to attend; and where I reside, there are not teachers enough for the scholars already collected. Some classes are without a teacher, and presently the children stray away, because, they say, they come to the school, and there is no one to attend to them. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," knows this; and he knows who of "his sacramental host" might take charge of these children, and do not. They say every communion season, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the Lord replies, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and there the matter ends.

But I hear one say, "I *was* once a teacher;" and do not you blush to own that you became weary in this species of well-doing? "But I think I taught long enough." How long did you teach? Till there were no more to learn? Till you could teach no longer? Are you dead? If not, you are resting from your labours rather prematurely. This excuse resembles one which I heard of, as from a lady of wealth, who, having for several years been a subscriber to the Bible Society, at length ordered her name to be stricken off, alleging that she thought she had done her part towards disseminating the Bible! The world was not supplied; O no, not even the country; and her means were not exhausted. But she had done her part. Had she done *what she could?* The woman whom Jesus commended had "done what she could." But this is a digression.

But one says, "I want the sabbath for myself—for rest and for improvement." And who does not? Are you busily employed all the week? So are some of our most faithful teachers. You ought to be "diligent in business" during the days of the week. "Six days shalt thou labour." "But is there any *rest* in sabbath-school teaching?" The soul finds some of its sweetest rest in the works of mercy, and often its richest improvement in the care to improve others.

But perhaps you say, though with some diffidence you express this objection, that you belong to a circle in society whose members are not accustomed to teach in the sabbath-school. Do you mean that you are *above* the business? You must be exceedingly *elevated* in life to be above the business of gratuitously communicating the knowledge of God to the young and ignorant. You must be exalted above the very throne of God itself, if you are above caring for poor children. "But I should have to mingle with those beneath me in rank." Ah! I supposed that Christianity had destroyed the distinction of rank, not indeed by depressing any, but by elevating all. Should Christians, all cleansed by the same blood and Spirit, treat other Christians as common?

"But I am not qualified to teach." If you are not in reality, you should undertake teaching for the sake of learning. The best way to learn anything is to teach it. If you only think yourself not qualified, your very humility goes far towards qualifying you. "Oh! it is too laborious; there is so much self-denial in it." And do I hear a disciple of Christ complaining of labour and self-denial, when these are among the very conditions of discipleship? Is the disciple above his Master? Can you follow Christ without going where he went? And went he not about doing good? Pleased he himself?

Ah! I know what is the reason of this deficiency of sabbath-school teachers, and I will speak it out. It is owing to

deplorable want of Christian benevolence in them who profess to be Christ's followers. They lack the love that is necessary to engage one in this labour of love. They have no *heart* for the work.

STORY OF A WATERMAN.

It was a lovely summer's day when I took my family for a sail in Plymouth Sound. Entering into conversation with the waterman, I found he had been for many years a seaman in the British navy, and had been but too familiar with those scenes of vice and irreligion so frequently, alas! to be witnessed on board a man-of-war. He could tell me many a tale of the "battle and the breeze," and had more than once been wounded in the service of his country. I found him very communicative, and soon took the opportunity of referring to the subject of religion. To my delight he spoke the language of that "better country," and was looking towards the heavenly Canaan as the place of eternal rest. I inquired of him, "How long have you rejoiced in Christ as your Saviour?"

"Sir," he replied, "I lived for nearly sixty years in the world as ignorant of God as a heathen."

"And you were, perhaps, given to those vices," I said, "to which seamen are so frequently addicted?"

He answered, "I was a drunkard and a swearer, and everything that was bad. I feared neither God nor devil; indeed, I seldom thought about either the one or the other."

"Had you never read your Bible?" I asked.

"Sir," said he, "I could not read a letter, but I bless God I can read my Bible now, and, what is better, I hope I love it too."

"But you had service on board ship," I replied; "did you learn nothing about religion there?"

"Ah! sir," he answered, "what was the good of that when we too frequently saw what we did of the chaplains? They were not all alike, and I dare say it was my own fault, but I never got any good from them."

"Then how were you taught to read the Bible, and led to love religion?" I inquired.

"Sir," said he, "I will tell you all about it. I had two daughters, of whom I was very fond; and whilst I was at sea, my wife sent them to a Sunday-school. I did not mind this, for although I cared nothing about religion, I was very glad for my children to be taught to read. And they did read; and the eldest of them loved to read the Bible. She became religious, Sir. I did not like this, but her behaviour to me and her mother and sister was so good, that I could not say anything against it. I had left the sea by this time, and was living at home; but I made it a wretched home, by my drunken, disorderly proceedings, swearing at my wife and children, and spending the little I earned with my wicked companions. My dear girl often spoke to me, and always kindly, and I often felt what she said, although I never liked to tell her so; and many a time have I swore at her, and told her to hold her tongue, when something within told me she was right, and that I was wrong. Oh! sir, I was a very wicked man, and a very bad husband and father.

"But my dear child," he continued, "was taken ill, and it proved to be a decline. I loved her, and could not bear the thought of her being taken from me. I was much at her bedside, and she often spoke to me about my soul. One day, in particular, she said to me, 'My dear father, I cannot die happy without knowing that you love Jesus.' She said a good deal more than this," the old man added, whilst the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "At length she said, 'Father, I wish you could read the Bible; will you let me teach you to read?' I consented," said the old man, and he continued, "I think I now see her thin hand pointing to the letters. I was but a dull scholar, sir," he added, "but I did learn to read, and I bless God I ever did, for now I hope I love that Saviour whom the Bible reveals."

His daughter, he told me, died very happy, between sixteen and seventeen years of age; but not until she had

taught her father, then sixty years of age, "to make out," as he said, "a chapter tolerably well." I had much more conversation with the aged waterman, and the whole convinced me that he was on his voyage to the port of Canaan. He spoke very modestly, and with much humility, of his past life, and with diffidence, yet with confidence, of his interest in Christ Jesus. When I paid him his fare I parted with him as a disciple of Christ. In the interest I took in his conversation I forgot to inquire his name, and I have not seen him since; but I doubt not of meeting him in glory, as a sinner saved by grace. W. S.

Devonport, June 6, 1845.

ARTHUR, THE MONEY LENDER.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think that there was some serious cause for it.

"I'm hungry," said the boy, "and I can't get nothing to eat."

He don't go to our school, or he would have said get *any thing* to eat. But Arthur did not stop to criticise his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't any thing for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any. He was drownded away off at sea."

"Drowned, you should say;" and then he was sorry that he had said so, for it looked as though he did not feel for his troubles.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something." Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few pence in his pocket, just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked at it so wistfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him to eat; he ate in a manner that showed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered, with some self-reproach, that he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea. On their way to the boy's home Arthur learned that the family had moved into the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first person he asked told him beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask any body else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him and asked what he was crying for.

Arthur went in, and saw a goodlooking woman on the bed, with two children, crying, by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the oldest say, "Do mamma, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed, and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur said, "He bought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman, "may God bless you, and give you the bread of eternal life."

The eldest little girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not speak. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He then gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something else for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. B.'s, who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk, and bread, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and sent word she would come herself as soon as she got the baby asleep.

Arthur had half-a-crown at home, which he wished to give to the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it, so as to make something. He knew his father would not let him give it away, for he was not a Christian, and thought of little else than of saving and making money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old he was sent to school, to a pious teacher, who cared for his soul; and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit helped her efforts, and before he was eight years of age there was reason to hope that he had been born again.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length he hit upon a plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done, he would show him whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half-crown?"

"To some spendthrift, boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for: he wished Arthur to decide that himself. He told him to lend it, but to be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown, and ran to the poor widow and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, papa," said Arthur.

"Who did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a starving widow in Mr. H.'s house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, papa," said Arthur, "I did lend it." He opened his Bible, that he had ready, with his finger on the place, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay you."

"Yes, he will; it says he will repay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half-a-crown. "Here, the Lord will never pay; I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, papa," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said Arthur to himself, "the Lord has paid me, and much sooner than I expected too: I didn't hardly expect he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and silver are his; he has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept up the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and

he was always satisfied that he was paid fourfold, and often several times over.

A very safe way of lending money is that of lending it to the Lord.

CONCEAL NOTHING.

A LITTLE boy not seven years old, in the absence of his parents, carelessly broke a valuable dish. When his father returned at evening, he told him what he had done, said he was very sorry, and would not do so again, and asked his father to forgive him. This his father cheerfully did, and told the child he loved him, and did not mind the loss of the dish, because he had told him the truth about it. The next morning one of the family asked the little boy if he had told his father what he had done the day before. "Oh, yes," said he, "and father forgave me, and I knew he would; for the Bible says, 'he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.'"

NOBLE REVENGE.

AN Indian, far from home, hungry and thirsty, called at the house of a white planter, and asked for rest and water. The white man only replied, "Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here." A long time after, the white man was lost in the woods, and came to an Indian wigwam. The Indian gave him food and repose, and in the morning conducted him in the sight of the settlement. As he was about to depart, he asked the white man if he knew him. Finding himself in the power of a man whom he had injured, the white man began to offer excuses, but the Indian interrupted him, saying, "When you see a poor Indian fainting for a cup of water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog!'" It is not difficult to see which had the best claim to the name of Christian.

SWEAR AWAY.

A SAILOR, standing on a wharf, was swearing away very boisterously, when one of the Society of Friends, passing along, accosted him very pleasantly, and urged him to continue the exercise. Said he, "Swear away, friend, swear away, till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee, for thee can never go to heaven with that stuff in thy heart." The sailor paused, and with a look of astonishment and shame bowed to the honest Quaker, and retired from the crowd which his turbulence had gathered around him.

JOHN GONE TO BED.

AN eminently holy man thus wrote, on hearing of the death of a child:—"Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

PROGRESS OF SIN.

ON the coast of Norway there is an immense whirlpool, called by the natives Maelstrom, which signifies the navel, or the centre of the sea. The body of waters which form this whirlpool is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst thereof stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is washed with inconceivable fury; when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

No skill of the mariner nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sea-learen sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock, and entirely disappears for ever.

And thus it fares with the thoughtless and hapless youth, that falls under the power of any vicious habits. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him down the current, the violence of which increases and brings him still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool; till at length, stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of everything that is dear and valuable in the human character.

Good habits, on the other hand, are powerful as bad ones: therefore no better advice can we give to youth than the following:—"Choose the more rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it the most agreeable."

NINE ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. If I do not know how to read, I can learn.

2. I am taught to sing hymns and repeat Scripture.

3. I am taught the great truths of religion, which I must know, if I would hope to be saved.

4. If I behave well I gain friends, who may be of good service to me.

5. I have the free use of a good library.

6. I am kept from evil company and sabbath breaking.

7. I set a good example to those around me.

8. I prepare myself to become a teacher of others.

9. I obey God's commandments,—"Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life," Prov. iv. 13.

SEED-TIME OF THE SOUL.

YOUTH is the spring-time of our being, the season in which to sow the seeds which are to ripen in future manhood, and even in eternity. As is the spring, so is the summer and autumn. If nothing is sown, nothing will be reaped, unless it be weeds and thorns. If good seed is sown, good grain will spring from it; if bad seed, bad crops will be the result It is possible, indeed, that good seed may be injured, and never come to maturity. All the labours of the husbandman may fail by blasting and mildew, drought, or the depredations of animals. But this is the exception, not the rule. Generally, good seed and suitable cultivation, will issue in good and abundant crops. Thus it is with the minds of men. As is their spring-time, so are their summer and autumn. The character and training of their youth give the colour to their future fate; prepare them either for destruction and misery, or for glory and immortality. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

A BOY was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind, that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

TO THE MEMORY OF MY CHILD.

BY MRS. S. H. O.

"These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God, and to the Lamb."—Rev. xiv. 4.

Redeem'd from earth my gentle child,
Now thou art of that seraph band,
The pure in heart, the undefiled,
Who roam the bright immortal land,
By crystal streams, through flowery meads,
Still following where the Saviour leads.

There doth the tender bud expand
We watch'd with many a sigh and tear,
Too fragile for this wintry land,
Too pure for earth's polluted sphere.
Twelve moons mark'd thy gentle bloom,
The thirteenth beam'd upon thy tomb.

Sweet one! when fondly on my breast
I hush'd thee to thy soft repose,
And watch'd the wing of slumber rest
On violet eye—and cheek of rose—
While gazing on thy trusting eye,
How could I deem that thou wouldst die!

That thou wouldst die! and from our bower
Withdraw the sunshine thou hadst shed,
While grief should bid her purple flower
Spring up where'er our footsteps tread;
And hopes, and dreams, once green and high,
Like autumn leaves should lowly lie.

When on thy pale cold brow of snow
I press'd the last fond kiss of love,
Such love as only mothers know—
A stream, whose fountain is above,
I felt that life was drear, and wild,
Bereft of thee, my gentle child!

When kneeling by the sacred tomb
That held the form so prized, so dear,
A voice dispell'd my bosom's gloom,
And whisper'd soft, "She is not here;
Not here, not here,—beyond the skies,
Her spirit lives in Paradise."

What rapture thrill'd through every vein,
As faith with eagle-piercing eye
Beheld her in that seraph train,
The infant army of the sky—
By crystal streams, by flowery meads,
Still following where the Saviour leads.

And now, though years have onward sped,
Through tears and smiles, through light and gloom,
Still memory o'er the lovely dead
Bids flowers of fairest verdure bloom—
And wakes her harp all sweet and low,
Whence soft, delicious numbers flow.

Soft breathing tones, but not of woe,
Though lonely is the mother's heart;
And time's swift flight is all too slow,
For loved and cherish'd friends apart:
Those gentle airs with hope are rife,
And whisper of eternal life.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

What an important question to an immortal spirit! Where are you going? There are but two roads on which you can possibly push your course—the road to heaven, and the road to hell. The former is described in Holy Scripture a narrow way; the latter is called a broad way. On one of these roads, reader, you are momentarily urging your journey; and a few more pulsations of that throbbing heart, or, at most, a few more rising and setting suns, and, oh, solemn thought! you will be a saint in heaven, or a prisoner in hell.

The answer to this question rests here. How have you lived to the present hour? What is your present state? What are your present vows?—what your determinations with regard to the future? Has the past been spent in the service of God, or in the service of the devil? Have you hitherto loved the present evil world, or have you rather chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God? Did you ever *feel* your sins burdensome, your own heart a plague, and the necessity of a firm and unshaken reliance on the free, unbounded mercy of God, as exhibited in the great atonement which his well-beloved Son Jesus Christ offered for you? Did you ever groan, being burthened, and longing to be delivered from the bondage of sin, the slavery of Satan, and the deep, dark, burning gulf of despair and wretchedness? Have you fled to Calvary in your distress? and do you *now* enjoy peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ? Do you *now feel* that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit?" Do you *now* experience your conscience disburthened of its load of guilt, and the Holy Spirit to bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God? Is Christ really formed in your heart the hope of glory? O reader! pause awhile and let conscience speak. Look backward, look forward, look inward, look upward! Is all forgiven? Is your name registered on high? Do no clouds of guilt arise to intercept your spiritual vision, or cast a fearful, deadly shadow over the eternal prospect? O reader! pause again, and as you journey to and fro through this chilling world of sorrow and woe, repeatedly pause and seriously ask yourself these questions. And if you are *sure*—it must not be merely, I hope it is so, or, I trust it will be so—but if you *know* and are *sure* that your faith is built on the Rock, then happy, thrice happy are you, for you can truly say, I am going to heaven. And rest assured, holding fast the beginning of such confidence without wavering, stedfast unto the end, *you* shall receive a crown of life. But to maintain this confidence you must *grow* in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord

and Saviour. You must not be satisfied with present attainments. Holiness of heart, entire purity, to be sanctified *wholly*, must be the high standard to which you must *daily* seek to attain. For it is the pure in heart only that shall see God—that shall enjoy him in all his fulness and richness here, and reign with him in the plenitude of his glory hereafter. The Redeemer's exhortation to all his followers is, "*Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*"

But, reader, should your experience be the reverse of that which I have supposed—should it be that you have hitherto lived in ignorance of your spiritual wants; that you have been regardless of your eternal interests; that you have to the present been in league with the multitude, disregarded God's holy word, profaned his sabbaths, neglected his house and worship, or, attending to these, have done it *merely* to lull conscience to rest, to make a decent show in the flesh, to maintain your character in society, to appear what the world falsely calls "a good moral man,"—O reader! you are most assuredly on the broad road that leadeth to hell and destruction; and never let this thought escape your mind while you continue to walk therein, that as surely as you persist in your present course, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, will be your unhappy portion. And when you have read these truths, recollect that you have had another warning of your imminent danger—that you have thereby incurred additional responsibility—ay, that every moment you live, every sabbath that passes, every privilege you enjoy—O yes, that every thought which occupies your mind, every word to which your tongue gives utterance, and every act you perform—all, all multiply your obligations, augment your individual responsibility to your God, and do in very deed make you sevenfold more a child of the devil. "*Unless you repent,*" the Saviour declares, "*you shall perish.*" Oh then, reader, pause and answer—Where are *you* going?

Leeds, February. C. M.

NOAH'S ARK AND CHRIST COMPARED.

Was there only *one* ark? "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12. Divinely planned? "Christ the power of God, and the *wisdom* of God," 1 Cor. i. 24. Humanly constructed? "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall *bring forth a son*," Matt. i. 23; Jude 20; Phil. ii. 12. Wonderful? "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," 1 Tim. iii. 16. Capacious? "And yet there is room," Luke xiv. 22. Accommodating an entire family? "Bringing many sons unto glory," Heb. ii. 10; Acts ii. 39; Eph. iii. 15. Receiving

the clean and the unclean? Rejecting none; the "*chief*" of sinners not excepted, John vi. 37; 1 Tim. i. 15. Including "every living thing of all flesh of every sort?" "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might *gather together in one all things in Christ*, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him," Eph. i. 10. Harmonious? "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for *ye are all one* in Christ Jesus," Gal. iii. 28; Isa. xi. 6—9. Amply stored with provisions? "Blessed with *all* spiritual blessings in heavenly places *in* Christ," Eph. i. 3. Closed in? "Shut up unto the faith which should *afterwards* be revealed," Gal. iii. 23; Isa. xxvi. 3. Secure? "Preserved *in* Jesus Christ," Jude 1. Invulnerable? "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," Matt. xvi. 18. Landed safe? Conducted to glory, "that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day," John vi. 39. Happy change! The waters assuaged? "Death *abolished*," 2 Tim. i. 10; Ezek. xlvii. 9; Heb. ii. 14, 15. The enemies of God swept away? "That he might destroy the works of the devil," 1 John iii. 8. The family of Noah rescued? The family of God saved! John xvii. 12. The earth no more to be destroyed? "Now *no* condemnation," Rom. viii. 1. The seasons continued? Divine ordinances perpetuated, 2 Chron. vii. 16; Matt. xxviii. 20; 1 Pet. i. 24, 25. The dove found no rest *without* the ark. Neither can we anywhere but in Christ, Mic. ii. 10; Matt. xi. 28, 29; Heb. iv. 3. How delightful the "olive leaf plucked off!" How sweet the assurance of heavenly wisdom applied! "She is *a tree of life* to them that *lay hold* upon her," Prov. iii. 18. "The bow in the cloud"—how beautiful!—"*token*" that God would no more destroy the earth with water. "The rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald"—how splendid!—*pledge* that God will not break his covenant to save his people, nor alter the thing that has gone out of his lips, Rev. iv. 3; Ps. lxxxix. 34. A renovated world? "New heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," 2 Pet. iii. 13; Isa. lxv. 17; 2 Cor. v. 17. Well might Noah sacrifice to the Lord *in gratitude!* "*Thanks* be unto God for his unspeakable gift," 2 Cor. ix. 15; 1 Pet. i. 3—5. As the Divine, however, excels the human, so this Ark excels that. That saved only *eight* persons—this "a great multitude which no man can number," Rev. vii. 9. That from *water*—this from "everlasting burnings," Isa. xxxiii. 14. That only *a temporal* deliverance—this *everlasting*, "having obtained *eternal* redemption for us," Heb. ix. 12; Isa. xlv. 17. That from *some* evils—this from *every* evil, "that he might redeem us from *all* iniquity," Titus ii. 14; Col. ii. 10; Num. xxiii. 21. That rested on Mount Ararat—this on the everlasting hills whither he ascended, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," Eph. i. 21. "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the

mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall *flow* unto it," Isa. ii. 2. There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God, Heb. iv. 9. "Who can be compared unto the Lord?' Ps. lxxxix. 6. "All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto him," Prov. iii. 15. "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," Isa xliii. 1—3; Rev. ii. 11; Phil. iv. 13. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off," Isa. xxxiii. 17. "*And there was no more sea,*" Rev. xxi. 1.

Bingley, February. W. A.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species,—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded walks to B——, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches"—coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with a long journey.

"We hav'n't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbours are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n; and it would cost as much as my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do anything for you?"

"He is a good man; he does all he can; but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman; "I consider that I've got a great reason to be thankful that he never took to bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need be, all willing to

work, and all *clever* to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a halfpenny now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am: as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me: they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a-bed."

"Don't you think you would be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should have had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I've done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.—*Sedgwick.*

A MOTHER TAUGHT.

THERE lived in the east of Scotland a pious clergyman who had presided for a number of years over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness he was suddenly removed by death, leaving behind him a wife and a number of helpless children.

The small stipend allowed him by his congregation had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his family, and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of her husband preyed deeply upon the heart of the poor afflicted widow, while the dark prospect which the future presented filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely fireside she sat—the morning after her sad bereavement—lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son, a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly to her side, and, placing his little hand in hers, looked wistfully into her face, and said, "Mother, mother, is God dead?" Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel did the simple accent of the dear boy fall upon the ear of the disconsolate and almost heart-broken mother. A gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up for a moment her pale features. Then snatching up her little boy, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed, "No, no, my son, God is not dead; he lives, and has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. His promises are sure and stedfast, and upon them I will firmly and implicitly rely." Her tears were dried and her murmurings for ever hushed. The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced.

The congregation over whom her husband had worthily presided generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family not only comfortably, but genteelly. The talents of her sons, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honourable stations in society.

SKETCH OF DAVID BARR.

BY WILLIAM LOGAN.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born at Hamilton, Lanarkshire, in 1819, and died there on Friday, 5th January, 1844, in his twenty-fourth year. When three years of age he met with the following singular interposition of Providence:—His mother had employed an individual to carry in a wagon of coals, and not wishing the larger pieces broken, she came to assist the person to get them into the coal-cellar. They had just got the first large piece inside the cellar-door, and were in the very act of throwing it into the far corner, when Mrs. Barr said, "Stay, until I feel if there's any little odd articles in the corner;" and lo! to her amazement, she found her son David fast asleep! The child had wandered in there from diversion, for the purpose, as he said, "of hiding from mother."

At the early age of fourteen he was admitted a member of the first Relief church, Hamilton, and shortly after was requested by his young friend, John Farrance, to join the young men's sabbath morning prayer-meeting, which he agreed to, and soon became one of its most active members. The reading exercise was in John's gospel, and the first subject David offered any observations upon was regeneration, and they were of such a practical nature as gave decided evidence that the youth experienced the blessed truths in his own soul. At this time he was serving an apprenticeship to the gardener business at Hamilton-place, and the following circumstance will enable the young reader to form an idea of what *he* may be called to endure from ungodly associates in consequence of making a religious profession. A person having charge over the workers was an immoral character, and used every effort to induce our young friend not only to forsake his parents, but neglect the one thing needful; and for the purpose of completing, as he imagined, his Satanic purpose, he followed David to a part in the garden where he attended to private devotion, and seizing him by the neck, dragged him into the gardener's house, and exhibited the praying disciple as a methodist and a hypocrite. This, however, only led him to cling more earnestly to the Redeemer, and in a short time this enemy of all that is good was compelled to leave the situation, and our young friend was in course of time not only looked up to with respect by the workmen, but was appointed foreman of the garden. He also succeeded in establishing family worship amongst the workmen, and induced several to attend the sabbath morning meeting, where at least one young man was brought from darkness to light.

In 1837, David left the church re-

ferred to and joined the Rev. William Barr's, and commenced to study Latin, with a view to the holy ministry. He received great encouragement at this important period from his pastor and the Rev. Peter Brown, to whom he always referred with feelings of lively gratitude. Although he prosecuted his studies faithfully, still his anxiety for the present and future welfare of the human family never abated. The prayer-meetings, for example, visitation of the sick, prisoners in the jail, and sabbath-schools, were regularly attended to.

In 1839 he entered the Glasgow University, attended three successive sessions, and made a very respectable appearance in each of the classes. In 1841 he was elected teacher of the day-school in connection with the Rev. Dr. Struthers' congregation, Glasgow, where his services were highly appreciated, until he was obliged to give up the school on account of ill health. Here, too, his zeal for the glory of God rather augmented than diminished. The senior female class in Dr. S.'s sabbath-school was taught by him, and his plain, *earnest* addresses to the scholars will not soon be forgotten. In addition to these services, he frequently conducted prayer-meetings in the neglected parts of the city, and his expositions of the Bible were always acceptable. The last address he delivered in Glasgow, to about eighty poor people, was from Eph. v. 16, "Redeeming the time." The writer has frequently heard this address referred to by the poor people who heard it. As many of them are still living without Christ, may the Spirit make it instrumental in their conversion!

As Lanark was considered more healthy than Glasgow, he went there, in 1843, as teacher for the Rev. Mr. Borland's academy. He only remained, however, a few months, and returned to his parents in a very emaciated state. Whilst in Lanark, he spent a considerable portion of his leisure hours in visiting the sick and dying; and the rising generation found in him a faithful friend. May their future lives testify that his last efforts for his Divine Master were the most successful! Dr. Beverage was called whenever David reached home, and everything was had recourse to for the purpose of restoring him to health and strength; but disease soon set the healing art at defiance, and in a few weeks all hope of recovery vanished. Although for a time he seemed anxious to be spared, yet he was perfectly willing to bow with submission to whatever the Head of the church might see meet to do. "Holy Father!" he frequently said, "O continue this affliction until thine ends are fully accomplished!" About three weeks before his death we had an interesting private interview respecting his present and future prospects, and the youthful reader may form an idea of what the gospel can do from what follows. "I should have liked," said he, "to have been spared for two reasons:—first, for the sake of my Divine Master's work —*souls are perishing!* Secondly, for those who are related to me by the ties of nature, and I trust, also, by grace. However, from the weak state of this tabernacle, there is little prospect of recovery. It grieves me very much that I cannot collect my thoughts nor compose my mind in prayer as formerly"—(he often requested his mother to assist him to his knees in bed, as he did not "wish to offer lazy

prayers;")—"but however few the words, or scattered the ideas, I generally try to conclude with this,—'Not my will, *not* my will, but thine be done.'" When reference was made to his past labours, he said, "I am quite conscious of many shortcomings both in public and private, still I always felt desirous to do some little for the Saviour so long as health permitted; and oh! I *do feel* the benefit of it now. More might have been done—nay, much more ought to have been done; but it is somewhat refreshing to think that all my strength has not been spent for nought or in vain. Do not imagine, however, for a moment that I am attempting to build upon such things as a ground of acceptance before God: 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to his name be all the glory;' the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ is my only resting-place:—

'Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!'"

As his afflictions were very severe, conversation became a great burden; but from the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Battersby, who visited him regularly, his mind was calm and collected, and he experienced much of that consolation which flows from an interest in the "covenant ordered in all things and sure." He also bore his bodily sufferings with wonderful patience and resignation—not so much as a sigh or a groan proceeded from his lips. It was our mournful pleasure to visit him for the last time on Tuesday, four days before his departure, and we found him very quiet, apparently waiting for the messenger of peace. On approaching the bed, the dying saint with difficulty put out his hand, and whilst repeating Isa. xli. 10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;" his intelligent eye lighted up as it turned towards heaven, showing that he *felt* the truth of the blessed promise. Ere we parted we engaged shortly in prayer, and asked that the Shepherd of Israel might be with him while *walking* through the valley and shadow of death. He again seized our hand with somewhat of his accustomed firm grasp, and said, "Farewell!" Thus terminated ten years of a most intimate friendship. What a difference there is in witnessing such a death-bed, compared with the last moments of scores of young men, and unfortunate females too, who have led ungodly lives!

The day before he died, Mrs. Barr observed a considerable change for the worse, and his breathing continued more difficult until one o'clock on the day following; and then, observing his mother manifesting symptoms of mental sorrow, he remarked, with a heavenly smile upon his countenance, "Mother, don't disturb yourself—I am fine; yes, I am fine"—(a Scottish phrase for well, or happy)—no doubt referring to his state of mind. In about two hours, his mother said in a low tone of voice to his sisters, "I have heard people speak about an easy death-bed, but I never saw one;" when David unexpectedly remarked, "Yes, mother! it's not very easy now; but O! I'm fine!" Shortly before he expired, waving his hand, he said in a louder tone than usual, "Light! light!" and when the curtains were drawn to one side, he took a farewell look of the members of the family, then clasped his hands,

and, raising his eyes towards heaven, the lips were observed to move, but the voice was not heard, and in a few seconds he fell asleep in Jesus,—thus adding another proof to the truth of the poet's language :—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He *enters* heaven with prayer."

In a few days he was buried, and a neat monument is erected, bearing the following inscription :—"David Barr, student, died on the 5th January, 1844, aged twenty-four years. This stone is erected by a few friends who knew his worth, and appreciated his excellences. *'The will of the Lord be done.'*"

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

Our readers at the present time are hearing much concerning Popery. Many of them, however, have very imperfect ideas as to what it is, either as a system of anti-Christianity, or as it prevails in Italy, Austria, Spain, or Ireland. We beg, therefore, to offer them, especially our Sunday-school teachers, a brief sketch of the origin and progress of Popery, with a view to engage them in ardent efforts for the preservation and extension of the pure doctrines and institutions of Apostolical Christianity as contained in the Scriptures.

Popery is the system of religious profession which regards the Roman pontiff as the supreme priest of Christianity, the universal father and bishop of all who profess the name of Christ, and the vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth! Such is the chief peculiar article of belief as held by Roman Catholics, who, therefore, give to the pope the style and title of "HOLINESS." The usual phrase in speaking of that "*spiritual sovereign*," as he is called, is, "HIS HOLINESS!" and "THE MOST HOLY FATHER!"

Protestants of all classes, who acknowledge the Holy Scriptures as the only standard and rule of our religious belief and practice, regard this chief article of Popery as utterly false, and esteem the pope, as the principal and head of a hierarchy, a vast and comprehensive scheme of a *priesthood*, as the most daring and blasphemous usurpation of ANTICHRIST, in opposition to the only "Apostle and High Priest of our profession," our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

How the form and institutions of pure Christianity could have been corrupted, and the system of Popery established by those who professed the blessed name of Jesus Christ, remains now to be declared. This we shall do, first entreating our readers to remember our only standard of truth, the word of God, and that every departure from it must be dangerous error.

Every reader of the Scriptures should remark that the Apostles, by Divine inspiration, foretold a most dreadful apostasy from the simplicity of Christian doctrine, the subversion of the institutions of the Gospel, and the establishment of an ecclesiastical system, a spiritual power, whose domination would be most blasphemous, cruel, and hateful. That priestly usurpation the sacred writers denounce in terms of fearful reprobation, as "THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY," "THE MAN OF SIN," "THE SON OF PERDITION, who exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that

is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God," 2 Thess. ii. 3—7. "Full of names of blasphemy;" and becoming a system of "MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH," Rev. xii. 3—5.

Nothing could be more simple, rational, and worthy of the Divine wisdom and goodness, than the form of Christianity ordained by the Apostles. Their *office* was extraordinary, and in that they could have no successors; but they appointed two classes of ministers to be permanent officers in the churches. The first were BISHOPS, in English, *overseers*, who are called, also, PRESBYTERS, in English, *elders*, on account of their age and gravity; and pastors, ministers, and teachers, on account of their various duties relating to the spiritual interests of the people, Acts xx. 17—28; Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 1—7; Tit. i. 5—7; Eph. iv. 11, 12. The second class were DEACONS, in English, *ministers* or *servants*: their ministry related to the temporal affairs of the churches, especially the care of the poor and widows. Preaching was no part of the deacon's office, though their superior endowments and piety qualified them sometimes to officiate in the spiritual duties of the teacher; and many of the bishops were chosen by the people from among their deacons, Acts vi. 1—8; viii. 12—14, 26—40; Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

Popery cannot endure this representation of the truth of Christ; and even some professing to be Protestants, especially Puseyites, object to it. Talents of the highest order have been employed, and rewards of the largest honours and emoluments have been given, to maintain that *three orders* of Christian ministers were appointed by the apostles, or by their successors, with their sanction: the first order *bishops*, and under them *priests* and *deacons*. In attempting to support this theory, it has been a favourite argument, that, from the age after the apostles, *bishops* of this superior order have existed, and, therefore, it ought to be presumed that they were of apostolical ordination.

In reply, we have only to say, that no such fact being contained in the New Testament, the superiority of bishops cannot be allowed. As to the order called *priests*, our readers will observe that they find *Christianity admits of no priest* besides our blessed and Divine Lord. They need only to be reminded, therefore, that the title is never once used in the New Testament as designating any ministers of Christ; while it is applied to all individual Christians, who, in their worship of God, are "*a holy priesthood*, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," 1 Pet. ii. 5.

On this main principle of Popery—a *pretended* ministerial priesthood in Christianity, the late Dr. Arnold, writing to a friend, a Puseyite clergyman, says, "Newman and his friends repudiate the very name of Protestant, and hold every essential tenet of Popery, though not of Romanism: the *essence* of popery, which is priesthood and the mystic virtue of ritual acts done by a priesthood, they cling to as heartily as the most vehement ultramontane papists. The priest is either Christ or Antichrist; he is either our Mediator, or he is like 'the man of sin in God's temple;' the 'church system' is either our gospel, and St. John's and St. Paul's gospel is superseded by it, or it

is a system of blasphemous falsehood, such as St. Paul foretold was to come, such as St. John saw to be 'already in the world.'"

That eminent clergyman denounces the invention of a priesthood, remarking truly, "Every part of the Scriptures negatively confutes the priestcraft heresy, because that is to be found nowhere, insomuch that no man ever fell or could fall into that by studying the Scriptures."

Probably no authority will be regarded generally with more confidence in explaining the word of God than the late commentator, the Rev. Mr. Scott. On the subject of Christian ministers, that upright clergyman declares that only two classes were constituted by the apostles. In his commentary on Acts xx. 17, Mr. Scott says, "The same persons are in this chapter called 'elders,' or *presbyters*, and 'overseers,' or *bishops* (28 Gr.): it must, therefore, be allowed, that these were not distinct orders of ministers in the church at that time." On Acts vi. 2—6, he says, "It seems indubitable that they (the deacons) were appointed solely to take off the temporal concerns of the church, and not, as deacons, to preach or administer sacred ordinances, except by assisting the elders, presbyters, or bishops, as some think they did, in distributing the bread and wine at the Lord's supper." On 1 Tim. iii. 1, he says, "The same is also proved by the silence of the apostles concerning any other order than bishops and deacons" And on Phil. i. 1, he says, "The pastors of the church were distinguished from the deacons, who managed the secular matters and charities of the church. Much labour and learning have indeed been employed to set aside this conclusion, but with little success, even by the allowance of decided Episcopalians."

Another clergyman, the late Rev. Mr. Goode, in his valuable "Dictionary of the Bible," in the article *Bishop*, says, "Under the New Testament, *bishop*, or overseer, is restricted to spiritual rulers. Nor, when applied to mere men, does it ever signify more than a pastor or presbyter. Nowhere are any but deacons marked as subordinate to bishops, Phil i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. It is agreed by Stillingfleet, Dodwell, and others of the most learned Episcopalians, that the office of bishops above other pastors in the church has no foundation in the oracles of God. During the first three centuries of Christianity the pastors of particular congregations were so called; but in the fourth and subsequent centuries the mystery of Antichrist began to work; and such was the ambition of the clergy in the more noted cities, that they never rested heaping their own devised dignities one above another till his Holiness mounted the summit, as their *universal head!*"

We beseech our young friends to reflect on the statements in this paper, that they may be prepared to resume this subject, so as fully to understand the anti-Christian character of popery.

"DO YOU CALL THAT PRAYER?"

THE late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, was one summer's evening walking along the street, when a party of men going from work passed him; one of them was swearing dreadfully. Mr. Kilpin observed it, but said nothing. When he arrived at home he began to think

how wrong it was to allow a man to pass by using such language and not make an effort at least to convince him of the sin he was committing. It so disturbed him that he could not rest during the night and he began to think if there was any way of remedying the neglect. He resolved to rise early enough in the morning to be at the corner of the street where the man passed, if possible to meet him when going to his work. He did so, and after anxiously watching for a time, he saw the man coming. When he approached, he said, "Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for; am very glad to have met with you." "O sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think." "I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you." "O sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me; I never saw you in my life that I know of." "Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night." "Sir, now I know that you are mistaken—I never prayed in all my life." "Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not here been seen this morning. I heard you pray that God would blast your eyes and damn your soul." The man turned pale, and trembling said, "O sir, do you call *that* prayer?—I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is, to request you from this day to pray as fervently for salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer." The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his conversion to God.

Christian reader, is not *your* rest sometimes disturbed by the recollection of neglected opportunities of doing good. If so, O let your resolution now be to make redoubled effort for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Can you not form a resolution, in dependence upon Divine strength, to make twelve efforts during the next twelve months, one effort a month; and if God own but six, and through your instrumentality six souls are brought to Christ during the year, there will be joy on earth and joy in heaven.

J. W. P.

The Letter Box.

A CALM DEFENCE OF NONCONFORMITY.

To a Friend who had been solicited to conform to the Established Church.

London, Feb. 10, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours, received last week, gave much satisfaction to us all. The temptation to which you so feelingly allude does not in the least surprise me; nor am I at all disposed to blame your uncle for sedulously using his best endeavours to bring you within the pale of the Established Church; for I think his conduct in so doing is only consistent with his avowed and strongly cherished principles, and if, in seeking to strengthen his argument, and to enforce his counsel, he availed himself of temporal considerations, under

his own control, I doubt not, he simply did what he thought was most for your good. I cannot judge otherwise of him. According to his light, he acted the part of a true friend. Friendship, however, is often the vehicle of bad counsel, and the instrument of much moral mischief. But in your case, happily, the affair has had a different issue; it has only strengthened, not destroyed your principles. You have much ground to be thankful for needful support in the hour of danger. You, nevertheless, assuredly act most wisely in determining to fortify your mind against all future assaults from the same, or from any other quarter, and in so doing I shall be glad if, in any way, I can assist you. In musing over your request, and casting about for a brief, popular, calm, clear, consecutive, and conclusive view of the whole subject, I have not been able to recollect anything in which all these qualities are so happily blended as in the *Pastoral Address* of the venerable Mr. Craig, of Bocking, Essex, which I herewith send you. Mr. Craig has, as I believe you are aware, long occupied a highly conspicuous place among the Essex churches, and been signally honoured in his Master's vineyard: these are, therefore, the words of a man of great worth, much wisdom, and large experience. The reasons of his writing will be seen at the outset of the document itself. If you thoroughly digest it, you will have constantly at hand the great points of the case, and, by the help of God, be enabled to withstand the most bewitching blandishments of friendship, and the most powerful seductions of a worldly Establishment of Christianity. Rejoicing in your stedfastness, I remain, with sincere regard your friend in the kingdom and patience of JESUS CHRIST,

J. C.

A PASTORAL LETTER.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS,—Many efforts have for some years been made to induce individuals amongst you to leave our communion—to forsake the place where most of you have been accustomed to worship from your infancy, and where also your fathers worshipped.

I have hitherto forborne to notice these attempts, but a sense of duty now compels me to advert to the annoyance some of you have recently experienced in being told "that you are living in error and sin by attending my ministry—that the number of those who do the same is no justification, as you ought not to live in sin because others do—that your pastor is no minister—that the truth is not preached by him—and that the clergyman of the parish is the only minister whom you should hear," with much more to the same purport.

"You are not living in error," if you hold no doctrine at variance with the word of God.

"You are not living in sin," because you adhere to the church you think most scriptural in its constitution, discipline, and doctrines; but you would be living in sin were you to violate your conscientious convictions in order to please man, or to gain any worldly advantage. It is, I doubt not, quite a new idea to some of you that that is *sin* which you have felt to be *duty!* But if *you* are living in sin, how much more is your minister! The necessity is, therefore, laid upon me of vindicating both you and myself from this very serious accusation.

It is founded on the supposition of our being *schismatics*,—a very ugly word, but we must not be frightened at it. Schism lies at *their* door; *they* are chargeable with causing divisions who require tests and conditions of communion not sanctioned by the word of God. Your pastor could not exercise his ministry in the church of England without expressing in the most

solemn manner his assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. How others can do this he knows not. He judges them not; he brings no charge against *them*. To their own Master they stand or fall. It is enough for him on this occasion to declare that *he* could not, because in his opinion there are many things in the Book of Common Prayer utterly at variance with the word of God.

Were he a minister of the Church of England, he would be obliged to say every time he administered baptism to an infant, "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is by *baptism regenerate*, and grafted into the body of Christ's church, let us give thanks to Almighty God for these benefits, and with one accord make our prayers unto him, that he may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning." Then he would have to address the omniscient Being in these words: "We yield thee most hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it *hath pleased thee to regenerate* this infant with thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for thine own child by adoption," &c. Regeneration by baptism appears to me to be equally opposed to reason, fact, and Scripture.

When I read the above words in the liturgy, or the extraordinary things that have been written with the view of vindicating the use of them, I am forcibly reminded of the remark of the distinguished Matthew Henry, when he had read a portion of Dr. Sacheverell's sermon,—"It gave me occasion to bless God that I am a Dissenter." The Bishop of London most justly says, "That regeneration does actually take place in baptism is most undoubtedly the doctrine of the English Church." Deriving this doctrine from the church of Rome, (as any one will see who compares the rituals of the two churches,) she takes for granted the regeneration of all who have been baptized by her ministers. For, on the one hand, throughout her daily services there is not a single petition that the ungodly part of the congregation may be regenerated; and, on the other, in the collect for Christmas day, *all* assembled in her churches and chapels are taught to consider themselves, in their address to the omniscient Jehovah, as being regenerate, and made his children by adoption and grace. The words to which I refer are these: "Grant that we, *being regenerate*, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be RENEWED by the Holy Spirit." This is not a prayer for regeneration and adoption, which are supposed to have been received, but for the *renewing* of the Holy Spirit." These two facts are mentioned by the late Rev. W. Hurn, in his "Reasons for Secession from the Church of England," as conclusive proofs of her holding this doctrine. On this and other grounds, after a long and anxious examination of the whole subject, he felt compelled, as a conscientious man, to resign his preferment, and leave her communion. It is not, however, a Dissenter, but a Churchman, the Rev. Melville Horne, who says of baptismal regeneration, "I believe it was the great leading error that first corrupted Christian truth. It strikes at everything vital in Christianity, and has destroyed, I believe, more souls than any one single error branded on the black list of heresy."

The regeneration which our Saviour declared to be essential to our entering the kingdom of God is a spiritual change; and although it may be regarded as only the *beginning of spiritual life*, yet it is a change in the mind, in the views, and principles, and feelings, necessarily leading to a change in the whole conduct. It is effected by the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of Divine truth, 1 Pet. i. 28; James i. 18; Eph. v. 16; 2 Cor. v. 17, compared with John iii. 5—7. When our Lord speaks of being "born of water and the Spirit," he means no more than being born of the Spirit, whose influences are compared to water as they purify the soul. Nothing would be more easy than to establish this by a reference to other passages of Scripture. Compared then with the doctrine of the liturgy, how scriptural are *our* views of baptism! We regard it as the outward sign of that purification which all need, and of God's willingness to bestow the Holy Spirit, with all the blessings of his grace; and as intended to bind and

encourage parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—in the knowledge of the truth, whereby, instrumentally, the soul is regenerated, and progressively sanctified.

The rubric directs,—"So soon as children are come to a competent age, and can say in their mother tongue the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments, and also can answer to the other questions of this short catechism, they shall be brought to the bishop to receive confirmation." In administering this rite, the bishop asks them, "Do you here in the presence of God and of this congregation renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in your persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you?" On their audibly saying, "I do," the bishop says, "Almighty and everlasting God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and *hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins!* strengthen them, we beseech thee," &c. Having examined all the passages of Scripture appealed to in favour of it, my most conscientious conviction is, that there is not a vestige of authority in the word of God for the observance of this rite. But is there no danger in it? Here is a number of young people, many of them, we may suppose, without any breach of charity, ignorant and regardless of spiritual religion, although they can do all that the rubric requires. They are taught to consider a bishop as a successor of the apostles, an ambassador of Christ, a special minister of God; and they hear him in the most solemn manner giving God thanks that "*he has given unto them the forgiveness of all their sins.*" There is nothing hypothetical in the bishop's words. He does not pray that they may be forgiven; he does not express a hope that God has forgiven them. His language is as positive as language can be—an absolute unconditional declaration that God *has forgiven them.* We know how prone men are to deceive themselves with false hopes, and to substitute good purposes, professions, and vows, in the place of real repentance, a sincere operative faith, and holiness of life. We know, also, that this is one of the chief hindrances to their becoming truly pious and devoted to God. As the office of confirmation plainly and directly tends to cherish these false hopes, it greatly tends to promote that self-deception which is so fatal to the souls of men.

Were I a minister of the Church of England, I should be required to say over the grave of the most wicked man who died in the parish, equally with the most pious, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of *our dear brother* here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to *eternal life*, through our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." "Almighty God . . . . we give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this *our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world;* beseeching thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thy elect, and to hasten thy kingdom," &c. "We meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, *as our hope is this our brother doth,*" &c.

His neighbours and family attend his funeral. *They* know, the latter too well, what he was; the clergyman also knows what he was. He lived and died an adulterer, or drunkard, or both; or, in other respects, his conduct proved him to be utterly profane, and destitute of all moral principle—one who neither feared God nor regarded man. But it signifies not what his vices were; he is buried in the churchyard, and the minister, to whom the people should be able to look up as an example of truthfulness, has pronounced the above words, in an address to the God of heaven, over his open grave

Other things there are in the Book of Common Prayer which would form an insuperable barrier to my conforming. Let those I have adverted to suffice. Think of regeneration in baptism, of forgiveness at confirmation, and of the certainty of being numbered amongst the dear brethren for whose departure God is thanked, whatever may have been the character of the man up to the time of his decease, and judge for yourselves whether we are "living in error and sin," because we cannot conform to a system the tendency of which is to spread such awful delusion, to cherish false hopes on the most momentous of all subjects. No; we throw back the charge of schism on those who would allege it against us, with the most perfect conviction that they have no scriptural or moral right to do so.

The words of the apostle, "Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them," with other passages of the same nature, (some of which have been lately read to you,) so often brought forward to gratify a party spirit, and to serve a party purpose, have no reference to those who think they have justifiable grounds of separation from another communion, and who are peaceably maintaining what they conscientiously believe to be the doctrines of Scripture and the laws and ordinances of Christ.

You have been recently charged with a "bigoted spirit." I hope none of us will ever deserve it; but that we shall cherish feelings of affection and respect for all good men. But are they free from bigotry who are constantly insisting on theirs being the *only* church in this country? and who speak of us as left to the uncovenanted mercies of God—in no better condition than Jews or Pagans? A charitable hope is sometimes expressed that we may be saved although we are in awful peril! We are happily conscious of no such danger as that which they would represent us to be in. We believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved. We feel confident that if we are not saved in our own church we shall not be more in the way of salvation by joining theirs.

But we are told that we have no right to expect the presence of Christ. Ours is not a church, therefore Christ has not promised to be with us. We have, however, his gracious promise, that where two or three meet together in his name, he will be in the midst of them; and we trust that we have the proofs of his presence in the blessing which attends his word and ordinances amongst us. How many, blessed be God, are adorning their Christian profession by their readiness to every good work; and how many who once worshipped with us have finished their course with joy, after a consistent and holy life!

We must look into the New Testament to discover what church we ought to prefer. In the English Establishment there are archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, rectors, &c. We do not recognise in these titles the mark of an apostolic church, any more than in the services for baptism, confirmation, and the burial of the dead. Many fine things have been said of what has been called "the drapery of religion," and what is most edifying in the manner of celebrating Divine worship, together with the advantages of having ministers of different ranks to correspond with the various classes in society; but they weigh nothing with us, because we do not find any sanction for them in the New Testament; and we have so exalted an opinion of the wisdom of the Divine Head of the church, that we are simple enough to believe every church should be modelled according to his word, and will be most efficient by being brought into harmony with the spirit of the gospel. Some persons are of opinion that there is no form of church-government laid down in the New Testament, but we think the *principles and facts* there stated afford a sufficient guide.

The Greek word translated church simply means an assembly. In the New Testament it is most generally restricted in its application to *religious* assemblies. It either means the whole body of true believers throughout the world, or a particular assembly, or congregation of believers, meeting statedly for religious worship. When a country

is referred to, the plural number is always used, as the churches of Asia, the churches throughout all Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria. When the Christians of a city or town are spoken of, the word is uniformly used in the singular number, and they are described as the church of God at Corinth, the church of the Thessalonians, &c. In Rom. xvi. 23, we read, "Gaius mine host, and of the whole church, saluteth you." 1 Cor. xvi. 19, "Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the church that is in their house." There does not occur in the New Testament one clear undoubted instance of the word church in the singular number being applied to all the congregations of believers in a province or country, as we are accustomed to speak of the Church of England or the Church of Scotland.

The first churches consisted of those only who professed their faith in Christ. None were admitted into them who did not give satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of their profession. Their members are designated as "the beloved of God," "saints," the "sanctified in Christ Jesus," &c. They were necessarily voluntary churches, their members being united and cemented together by the power of truth and love. They had bishops, or pastors, and deacons. These were sufficient to their complete organization according to the apostolic model, Phil. i. 1. Episcopalians have admitted this. Dr. Whately, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin, candidly states in his work on the Kingdom of Christ, that the first churches were congregational, independent of each other, and that the first bishops were the pastors of such churches.

These are the churches, my dear friends, to which we claim a relation. Our churches are formed on the model of the apostolic churches. We are content with the New Testament, and are resolved to adhere to it. We hear much in the present day about Church Principles; allow me to recommend to you an excellent tract, entitled, "A Catechism of New Testament Principles, respecting the Constitution and Government of the Churches of Christ."

We do not believe it to be our duty to belong, as a matter of course, to a church merely because it is established and endowed by the state. Popery was once the established religion of this country, and may be so again. It is the established religion of many countries still. The circumstance of a religion being established does not make that right and obligatory which is not right and obligatory in itself, by the authority of Christ speaking in his word. The principles which make the adherents of the Established Church Protestants, make us Nonconformists. The arguments which justify their separation from the Church of Rome, justify our separation from the Church of England. The Reformers made their stand on the right of private judgment; we take the same ground, we claim the same right. They were prevented from carrying the Reformation further by the interference of the state and the prejudices of the people; we do not admit the authority of the state in religious matters. It is a worldly interference with sacred things. It has controlled, fettered, corrupted, every established church, and been the great hindrance to the spread of pure and undefiled religion. It drove two thousand faithful ministers out of the Church of England in the reign of Charles II., and it has lately compelled nearly five hundred excellent devoted ministers to withdraw from the Established Church of Scotland. The word of God is the sole arbiter in spiritual things, and Christ the only King in Zion. We render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

How deeply should we deplore the arrogant pretensions fallible men advance under the assumed title, that convenient personification, THE CHURCH. The church, to adopt this personification, is continually charging us with errors; but how indignant if we point out her own, as if that were a great crime—continually assailing, and ever complaining of being assailed, although scarcely receiving one reply to a hundred attacks. She blames us for our Dissent, *after setting us the example*—urges all to join her communion, that

the whole nation may be of *one* religion—and asserts that she only is authorized and qualified to instruct the people, and that to her the education of the entire population should be confided; while she is agitated by internal dissensions, and issuing from her pulpits every possible variety of doctrine.

The schisms Paul condemns, 1 Cor. i. 10; xi. 18, every one who reads the Greek Testament ought to know, refer to division of opinion and affection prevailing amongst members of the same church, and not to a departure to the communion of another church. Are there not these schisms at the present time in the Established Church to a most notorious extent? How very many of the clergy are deeply imbued, and others tinged with Puseyism? The Puseyites repudiate the name of Protestants, denounce the Reformation, and would restore everything in doctrine and in the manner of celebrating Divine worship, to as near a resemblance as possible to the Church of Rome; and yet amidst all this discordance of doctrine amongst themselves, by a most gross and unwarrantable perversion of the words of our blessed Saviour from their evident design, we have paraded before us, as a command from him, "HEAR THE CHURCH;" as if He required all the people of this country to regard them as the only and infallible interpreters of Scripture! If this is not the very spirit of Popery I know not what is. Truly such claims would make us smile, did they not fill us with sorrow that men can be so blind or so prejudiced, if they do not intend to deceive, in advancing pretensions which they ought to know, if they do not, have no real foundation either in Scripture or reason.

You have been pitied by one who never heard me preach, because the word of God is not preached to you. Kind, considerate, *Christian* charity, to condemn what has not been heard, and to commiserate a want that has not been ascertained! I suppose it is taken for granted that the word of God cannot be preached to you because you do not hear it in the parish church. The 19th Article of the Church of England says, "The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." I imagine it will not be contended that the Article merely signifies that the Bible is read in the appointed lessons and texts of Scripture preached from, for, if so, you also have the pure word of God, as we read and preach from the same version. "The preaching of the pure word of God" must refer to the explanations given of Scripture, and the doctrines inculcated in the sermons delivered. It follows inevitably—a child who reflects must draw the inference—that the "congregation of faithful men" assembling even in the parish church, "*in the which* the pure word of God *is*" *not* "*preached*," wants an essential requisite of "a visible church of Christ;" for this is declared to be as necessary as the due administration of the sacraments according to Christ's ordinance. Now, I ask, do the evangelical and the Puseyite ministers in the church, whose doctrines and interpretations of Scripture are so opposite, both "preach the word of God?" I have myself heard the most ultra-Calvinism, Antinomianism in fact, and the lowest Arminianism, preached by clergymen in the Church of England. I have heard what I considered the pure gospel, and also what appeared to me anything but the "pure word of God"—sermons, in their doctrine and tendency, "wide as the poles asunder."

But who is to judge, it may be asked, when the pure word of God is preached? We answer, every individual is to judge for himself. The right of private judgment—or popery; there is no firm, consistent standing ground between them. As every one is to give an account of himself to God, every individual should have the free choice of his religious instructor, without let or hindrance; and it is his sacred, paramount duty to his God, himself, his family, and his neighbours, to attend the preaching which he thinks most scriptural and finds most useful. The apostle John exhorts believers, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of

God," 1 John iv. 1; a mode of expression which distinctly recognises the right of private Christians to withhold their attendance on those teachers who taught not the truth, and of that truth the determination is left to their own consciences. The same right is also conceded in the commendation passed on the Jews of Berea: "These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

It has been asserted, that "people should attend the parish church, whatever the character of the sermons may be, on account of the prayers. The church is the house of prayer." Prayer is an important part of public worship, and every place where Christians worship is "a house of prayer." Does the success of prayer depend on the place where it is offered? Is the sanctity of the Temple at Jerusalem to be transferred to places of Christian worship? Does a building become holy because a diocesan bishop has trodden its floor and repeated certain prayers in it? Are we to go back to Moses or the pope? The woman of Samaria said to Christ, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John iv. 20—24. How completely does our adorable Saviour in these words destroy the sanctity of particular places! The Christian church, as exhibited to our view in the New Testament, has no temple but the Lord's people; no priest but Christ, the Great High Priest of our profession—(all real Christians are a royal priesthood;) no sacrifice but that which Jesus once offered, and of which the Lord's Supper is simply a commemoration. In these respects the Christian religion differs from every other the world ever saw, the Jewish as well as Pagan; and in this striking contrast to every other religion is stamped upon it, in the most legible manner, the broad seal of its Divine origin.

Your pastor, according to those who would be your instructors, "is no minister." "He is unauthorized." He is unauthorized to preach and administer the sacraments in the endowed church. This is an authority he never sought, never desired; but he has as legal a right to preach and administer the sacraments to you as the parish minister has to do so in *his* church. The British constitution protects your minister in doing this. Lord Mansfield, a high judicial authority, declared our churches to be established, and to differ from the episcopal church, in reference to the constitution of our country, only in not being endowed. Dissent is no sin in the eye of the law.

Your minister is not unauthorized by the church of which he is pastor, having been unanimously elected to his office by the unbiassed, unsolicited votes of its members. He is not unauthorized by the denomination of Christians to which he deems it an honour to belong, about fifty pastors having been present at his ordination. He is not unauthorized, he trusts, by the Lord Jesus Christ, since he can, by the grace of God, appeal (and he would do so with unfeigned humility and thankfulness) to the many proofs of the Divine blessing which have attended a ministry of more than forty years' duration. He would be ashamed to rest his authority on what is called the "apostolic succession," that mere figment involved in the greatest possible uncertainty in different periods of its supposed descent, and which at best is derived through all the corruptions of the Romish church. The Archbishop of Dublin justly characterises it as removing the church from a rock to build it on the sand. Were it worth anything, we could claim it as fairly as the ministers of the Episcopal Church. If their separation from the Church of Rome does not vitiate their ordination, neither does our separation from the endowed

church vitiate ours. Luther, the great reformer, justly treats the doctrine of apostolic succession with most perfect disdain. It is true we have not *diocesan* bishops, and, therefore, Episcopalians say ours is no church; but we do not believe there is such an order in the church of Christ as constituted according to the New Testament. The apostles, as such, had no successors. They had seen the Lord Jesus, were sent immediately by Christ, and were endowed with the power of working miracles and of conferring that power on others. Let any one now work miracles in proof of his possessing apostolic authority to rule in the church of God as a *diocesan* bishop, and we will yield to him all due submission. The true apostolic succession is the succession of the apostolic doctrine and spirit. God grant that all who call themselves Christians may possess it!

After what has been said, the last statement I have to notice, "that the clergyman of the parish is the only minister you ought to hear," may be dismissed in a few words. Where is the authority on earth that has any more right to appoint the only minister you shall hear, than it has to appoint the only apothecary or lawyer you shall employ?

Religion is a personal affair; it is utterly valueless and unavailing unless it be the result of conviction and choice. We have no cause to be ashamed of our principles; nor should we be afraid on all proper occasions to avow them. They will bear the fullest examination. We have a clear, Divine warrant for them in the New Testament. Instead of living in error, in bearing our testimony on behalf of *the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom*, we are contending for the *fundamental* principle of Christianity. "My kingdom," said Jesus to Pilate, when he stood before him accused of sedition, "is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." This declaration absolutely forbids all compulsion in support of religion, not incidentally—it is its great purpose and design to forbid it, through all time, in all possible circumstances. It is in immediate connection with this declaration, and fully admitting himself to be a king, that our Saviour said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Every one who loves the truth receives my doctrine, obeys my commands, and is of his own voluntary choice subject to me. This declaration of the spiritual nature of his kingdom, and that it is to be extended by *spiritual means only*, in distinction from all coercive measures, is *the good confession* which the apostle says Christ witnessed before Pontius Pilate, John xviii. 36—38; 1 Tim. vi. 13. This is emphatically "THE TRUTH" which we are bound by our allegiance to Christ especially to maintain.

Instead of living in sin—so long as the authority of Christ is invaded by the traditions and commandments of men—so long as the right of private judgment is virtually denied by the assumptions of fallible men—so long as the right of the people to choose their own ministers is superseded by the worldly system of the patronage and sale of church-livings—to be Nonconformists will be our duty.

Blessed be God, a time of greater unity amongst the professed disciples of Christ will come. The prayer of Jesus, "that they all may be one," will be answered. How will this most desirable state of things be accomplished? Not by persecution, great or minor; not by state patronage and acts of parliament in favour of particular opinions and modes of worship, which necessarily involve a species and degree of persecution in reference to those who cannot conscientiously adopt them. These means have been long tried, and have signally failed. There is only one way in which it can be effected consistently with Scripture and the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom—"by the word of truth and the power of God"—by the Holy Spirit inducing all to pay due homage to the inspired volume. It is our duty, therefore, constantly to pray, "Thy kingdom come;" and, at the same time that we cultivate

affection for Christians of every communion, firmly to maintain the great principle essentially involved in that kingdom, and by which it is to be extended—the sole authority of Christ in his church.

I have felt great reluctance to enter on these topics; but they are intended to refute statements and charges with which we of the Dissenting community are in these days constantly assailed. After the studies, experience, and observation of more than forty years, I am more and more convinced both of the truth and importance of our principles. In the anticipation of being soon called to give an account of my stewardship to our common Lord and Master, I have no misgivings that my ministry has been accessory to your living in "error and sin." You know how devoted that ministry has been to the preaching of the gospel, and how very subordinate a place matters of church-government have had in it.

Stand fast, my beloved flock, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free. Search the Scriptures. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good.

I am, your affectionate pastor,

THOMAS CRAIG.

The Fragment Basket.

DEATH THE BELIEVER'S GAIN.—We have sometimes thought ourselves gainers by ordinances that have weakened our corruptions, though but some one limb of them. And how have we rejoiced in it. But death puts an end to *all* together. Kills all at one blow.

Death to the saints is a handkerchief that wipes all tears from their eyes; all sorrow from their hearts. They shall, after death, be sick no more; sad no more; sin no more. They will be free from the very being of sin. And is not all this *gain?*

Is a crown, a kingdom gain? Certainly it is. Especially such a crown, such a kingdom as Christ bestows upon his followers. A crown—not as other crowns, lined with cares and fears; but a crown of righteousness; a crown of glory; a kingdom that shall not be shaken.

Is a paradise gain? Death lets the saints into paradise, Luke xxiii. 43—into heaven.

Is it gain to see God? Certainly it is. Death brings us to that sight. We shall see him as he is—face to face: and that as soon as the eyes of the body are closed.

Is it gain to be with Jesus Christ?—to enjoy him?—to lie in his bosom? This death brings us to, Phil. i. 23. Here we have him with us. There we shall be with him.

Is it gain to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? To be with the saints? With none but saints? and those made perfect? Death sets us down at that feast; to enjoy the food of angels; rivers of pleasure.

Is it gain to have all our faculties enlarged to take in all this happiness? To be filled with, and fitted for, the Master's joy? To be made capable of all this communication of light and life? Now all this will be at the believer's death: as soon as the soul leaves the body.—*Communicated by Sir John Bickerton Williams, from a MS. in the handwriting of the Rev. Matthew Henry.*

A PHILOSOPHER AT SCHOOL.—The late celebrated Dr. Gregory, in a speech delivered at an annual meeting of the Blackheath Auxiliary Bible Society, said,—"More than twelve months ago I went, pursuant to the request of a poor but benevolent-hearted woman in my neighbourhood, to visit an indigent man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled by the sight of a pale emaciated man, a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having *more than*

four years been entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, sir,' replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation (nothing but his lips and his eyes moving while he spake), '*I am not alone, for God is with me.*' On advancing, I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration; for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, *a Bible lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David!* I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance *certain*, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why, sir,' said he, ''tis true, as you say, seven shillings a-week would never support us. But when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I found in this book, *Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure*, and I have never been disappointed *yet*; and so long as God is faithful to his word, *I never shall.*' (This was fully realized. The contributions of different persons and societies not only kept him from want, but furnished him with many little comforts during the remainder of his life; and at his death, his wife and different friends had money in hand, which went far towards defraying the expenses of a decent funeral.) I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy a calamity? '*Not for the last three years,*' said he, 'blessed be God for it,' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration; 'for I have learned from this book in whom to believe; and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will not leave me nor forsake me. And so it is, that often when my lips are closed with locked jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me *to sing his praises in my heart.*'

"This and much more did I hear during my first visit; and in my subsequent visits, (for I am not ashamed to say, that often, for my own benefit, have I been to the cottage of this afflicted man,) I generally found him with his Bible on his knees, and uniformly witnessed like resignation flowing from the blessing of God upon the constant perusal of his holy word. He died with 'a hope full of immortality,' and is now gone to 'the rest which remaineth for the people of God.' And gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage; gladly even would I languish in the same chair, could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God, be always filled with the same 'strong consolation,' and always behold, with equally vivid perception, sparkling before me the same celestial crown."

A FULL CUP STEADILY BORNE.—*Piety of Queen Esther.*—A very trivial elevation is fatal to the piety of many; but the piety of Esther can bear to be raised from captivity to a throne, and is still as ardent as before. O, piety! what art thou? I see thee sweetening the toils and soothing the sorrows of yonder cottager. I see thee throwing an unearthly radiance around the palace of Shushan. Was ever the voice of supplication and prayer heard within its walls till Esther was there? Does Ahasuerus know that his lovely queen prays to God, and prays for him; and that though denied *his* company, she moves a Power that moves his inmost soul? Exclude her from his society he may; walls of adamant may intervene but Esther can still reach him, for she has power with God. How interesting the scene! Queen Esther and her maids fast and pray; they enjoy fellowship with faithful, everlasting love. I wonder not, Esther, that you secure a favourable reception; a prayer, less fervent, moved the foundation of a prison, and threw open its doors; yea, arrested the sun in his course, to help the people, the chosen of God. "If I perish, I perish!" says the patriotic queen. No! Were you to perish, a thrill of joy would pass through the caverns of death; were you to perish, the songs of heaven would cease, and a happy universe would be clothed in sackcloth.—*Smith's Sac. Biog.* (2d edit.)

Poetry.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice! how even creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears;
And there 's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting leaves, and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night;
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung;
And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain,
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd out low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And teints were delicately drawn
In the gray east; when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth, perchance,
As a worn reveller from the dance;
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent glen,
Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
On the wet grass my fever'd brow,
And, pouring forth the earliest,
First prayer with which I learn'd to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And, yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.

N. P. WILLIS.

EVENING-TIME.

At evening-time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night—
The night of death, the grave's repose:
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening-time let there be light!

At evening-time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheer'd the way:
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray,
At evening-time let there be light!

At evening-time there *shall* be light;
For God hath spoken—it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me!
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
—'T is evening-time, and there *is* light!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Children's Gallery.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PERIOD OF YOUTH.

THERE is one thing in regard to the influence of the young upon the church of God which demands special attention. We live in no common times. "Coming events," it is said, "cast their shadows before them;" and he is blind, indeed, who does not see that thick shadows are at present stealing over us. The events will come by and by. Great changes are obviously approaching. There is hardly one religious body which is not more or less in a state of agitation. I refer not to one, or to two, or to three of these bodies, but to the general church of Christ. It seems as if there were sifting times coming—as if Christ had taken his fan into his hand, and was about to purge his floor. All the churches may expect to be sifted, and in all there will be found something wrong. Alas! for the religious body which pretends to plume itself upon its spotless purity. For in every religious body, when tried by the unerring standard of the word of God, there will be found, doubtless, something wanting. Changes of different kinds are approaching. The old are about to retire, the young are starting forward, and upon them a weighty responsibility is devolved. You, we doubt not, will have a battle to fight. We live in troublous times; the conflict between what is truly Christian and what is Antichristian, between light and darkness, truth and error, is rapidly thickening, and if you are spared many years, you will need strong faith and zeal. You will need to add to your faith, fortitude—you will need to be not merely plants, but vigorous trees. Your zeal for the truth will need to be ardent and persevering, like that of a Timothy and Paul. And what an honour would it be if, when your youthful locks shall have become gray with age, it could, at least in some measure, be said of some of you, that, when set for the defence of the gospel, you were "such an one as Paul the aged." Let not this discourage you. Be prepared for whatever may come. Recollect that it is not those who shall live in the period of the millennial glory, when "the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," who shall have the highest places in the kingdom of heaven. Those who shall be on the right hand—nearest to the throne—will be those who have drunk most deeply of the Saviour's cup of sorrow and affliction, and have been baptized with his baptism of tribulation, Matt. xx. 20, 23. Ah, we almost envy those who will live when "the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth!" But why do we envy them? I repeat that the highest places in the kingdom are not theirs. The highest places are reserved for those who have come out of great tribulation, borne for the sake of the truth of God. Theirs are to be the brightest palms, the most brilliant crowns. Much is said, and may well be said, of the blessedness of those who shall live in the latter days of the church, when the gospel shall be long and successfully preached throughout the whole world. But a sublime distinction is conferred on those who are honoured to endure hardness as good soldiers in that glorious war with the empire of darkness and of error which is to usher in the reign of light and righteousness. On them will come the blessing of the "many generations" of that period during which the kingdoms of this world shall be "the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." The veterans in the army of the living God are falling, be it yours to catch the standard which they have borne. The final triumph is certain. Shrink not from the perils of the conflict which must precede it. And may you receive the plaudits of your final Judge, and the crown which he hath promised to the conqueror! How different this crown from the corruptible crown of the earthly warrior! "His glory shall not descend after him."

DR. DAVID RUSSELL.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

JACOB AND JOSEPH MEETING IN EGYPT.

On the approach of Jacob, Joseph makes ready his chariot and hastens to meet him; and what a meeting! Years have not *dried* up nor *abated* the affections of a father; nor the sufferings of a dungeon, nor the honours of a palace, the affections of the son. "Joseph fell on his father's neck, and wept on his neck a good while." And Israel said, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face." Witness this touching scene, ye sons and daughters who despise a father or mother because you *happen* to move in a higher sphere than they. Joseph, the lord of Egypt, who binds the princes at his pleasure, and who teaches senators *wisdom*, thinks it no disparagement to acknowledge the shepherd from Canaan as his father and his friend. Though lord of Egypt, Joseph would rather be the son of Jacob, *the shepherd*, than the son of *Pharaoh the king*. As son of the latter, he would have been born to title, and rank, and honour; but, as son of the former, he is heir with him of the blessings of the everlasting covenant—blessings, in comparison with which all the glory of Egypt dwindles into insignificance.

Joseph settles his father in the fattest of the land, and cherishes him with the richest dainties that Egypt can afford. Time would fail to speak of his conduct at his father's death; of his kindness to his brethren after that event; and of the varied changes he passed through during the eighty years he lived after he was made lord of Egypt. *That* lengthened period of prosperity never withdrew his affections from his father's house and people. He seeks not a resting-place for his bones in the magnificent mausoleums of the kings of Egypt; he seeks a grave among his father's people and in his father's land, Gen. l. 24, 25. Anticipating the morning of the resurrection, he has no wish to be with kings, and rich men, and chief captains: knowing that many of them would have to seek a shelter from rocks and mountains at that event. He wishes rather to sleep with his fathers, who would then arise and sing.—*Smith's Sac. Biog.* (2nd edit.)

BOYS! HAVE YOUR EYES ABOUT YOU.

Walking one day alone on the pier of the Royal Harbour, Ramsgate, my attention was arrested by some masonry works of great strength, very complicated, and beautifully finished, so far as they were complete.

At a distance were many blocks of granite stones of various dimensions and shapes, rough from the quarry of nature, and intended for the building: with great judgment some were selected, naturally possessing, either in size, form, or other peculiarities, an adaptation for more prominent parts; while all the stones required preparation, by the instrumentality of mallet and chisel, for their particular place in the fabric, being unfit in their original rude state.

On the rough stones thus chosen for use the appropriate tools were employed by the skilful hand of the workmen to form them to a model supplied by the architect, whose intelligence enabled him to foresee the precise figure and dimensions which were necessary for their ultimate station. At length, after the lapse of much time, varied positions, and a cutting process, the stones (almost imperceptibly) assumed the likeness of the pattern, and were removed when required, one by one, and each occupied the precise niche in the structure which the master-builder designed it to fill; and so the building advanced.

And there is an edifice fitly framed together now growing unto an holy temple, the foundation of which is Christ the Lord of glory. Believers were rude stones, low in the quarry of nature, devoid of moral beauty, uncomely, altogether unfit for the spiritual building eternal in the heavens; but the Divine Architect has raised them from their grovelling condition, appointed them an appropriate place in the noble structure above, prepared them for it by adapting the discipline

of his providence to their temperament and character, and thus, by skill divine, the Spirit marvellously produces the great result, likeness to Him who is the perfection of every excellence, and at the appointed time the soul is borne away as a polished stone, to raise and beautify that spiritual living temple above, the topstone of which shall be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it. T. T. S.

LESSONS OF THE STARS.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

ANNETTA FRANKLIN had a fine perception of the beauties of nature. She was a great lover of flowers, and took great pains in their cultivation. The forest and mountain scenery which surrounded the place of her nativity delighted her. A thousand sources of enjoyment were open to her which are closed to those who have not an eye for the beautiful in God's handywork She was a Christian, and always turned from a contemplation of the beauties and sublimity of nature to their great Author, and, in view of their glories, could exclaim with Milton, "Thyself how glorious!" and in view of an humble consciousness of the love of holiness in her heart, she could exclaim with Cowper, "My Father made them all!" Alas that so few of the young should follow her example!

Of all the works of her Father, she thought the stars were the most beautiful. It might be said with some degree of truth, that she admired all the other works of God, while she *loved* the stars. They were to her the gems of the material universe. Often at eventide in summer she would sit in the midst of the garden and watch them as they came out, one by one, counting them till the increasing darkness of the sky caused them to appear so rapidly as to put all attempts at counting at defiance. Sometimes in mid-winter she would wrap herself up warmly, and go out and gaze for a long time on those bright stars.

It was not the mere gratification of the sight that she sought: this will appear in the sequel.

One evening—it was a calm summer evening—there was no moon—the sky was cloudless, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy—there was now and then a little breath of air stirring, just enough to show that nature was alive. Annetta had stolen unobserved from the parlour, and had seated herself in the garden, and was watching her old friends, as she used sportively to call them. A cousin who was visiting in the family came in search of her, as she said, though she very well knew where to find her.

"Annetta," said her cousin Elizabeth, "what do you see in the stars that makes you look at them so much? I have heard of persons being moon-struck—you must be star-struck, I think."

"There is no harm in looking at them, is there?" said Annetta, making room for Elizabeth to sit by her side.

"No, if we don't waste too much time upon them."

Elizabeth had been taught that all time was wasted that did not in some way contribute to pecuniary profit. She had been *taught* this, but she did not fully receive the doctrine, though it had its influence on her mind.

"I do not think," replied Annetta, "that the time is wasted which is spent in admiring and reflecting on the works of our heavenly Father. What more beautiful objects than the stars has he given us to admire?"

"They are beautiful to be sure, but one has seen them hundreds of times."

"You have seen your mother and sister hundreds of times, yet you love to see them, don't you?"

"There is some difference between my mother and sister and a star."

"I know there is; and yet there is, or should be, a likeness too. The most pure and glorious created beings are compared in the Bible to stars. The righteous shall shine as 'the stars in the firmament.' The glorious Redeemer is called 'the bright and morning star.' We ought to be like the stars, and I think that contemplating them is a means of becoming so."

"We ought to be like the stars!—what an idea! How can we be like the stars?"

"Well, perhaps the language I used is not very accurate; I will express myself differently. The stars teach us many lessons which it will be wise for us to learn."

"I should like to know what. Let me hear one of the stars' lessons."

"Their steady, constant radiance reminds me that I should always be cheerful—that I should always meet my fellow-creatures with a pleasant countenance. Sometimes I feel gloomy and depressed; then when I look up and see the stars shining brightly, cheerful, as it were, I feel that to be in harmony with God's universe I must be cheerful too. You say I am always cheerful. It is owing in part to the stars, or rather to the Maker of the stars," added she in a lower and reverential voice.

"You mentioned only a part of the lesson," said Elizabeth; "The stars don't shine all the time—the clouds often obscure them; so we ought not to be cheerful all the time—there now."

This was spoken in a tone of triumph, as though there could be no answer to what she had said.

"I beg your pardon," said Annetta, "you do not read the lesson right. They do shine all the time: the clouds and tempest seem to try to prevent their shining, but in vain. When there is an opening in the cloud you see them shining on. They teach us that the clouds and storms of adversity should never disturb the serenity of our souls—that we should ever be cheerful—should 'rejoice evermore.'"

"Have you got to the end of the lesson?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh no. As the stars shine with a pure and steady light, they remind us that the light of our conduct and example should be pure and steady; that we should not be affectionate to our friends to-day, and indifferent to-morrow; benevolent to-day, and selfish to-morrow; engaged in devotion to-day, and wedded to the world to-morrow. We should let our light shine steadily—should act consistently."

"We don't always feel in the same manner, and hence cannot always act in the same manner. I know that what you have pointed out is desirable, but it is not possible. I like lessons that can be put in practice."

"So do I. I know it is difficult to attain the consistency I spoke of; yet every Christian has a right to say with the apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

Elizabeth made no reply, for she felt that she was not a Christian, and hence could not adopt the words of the apostle.

After a little pause Annetta proceeded: "The stars not only shine with a pure and steady light, but they are always in the same place—or rather, we always know where to find them. So should it be with us. Now there are many persons of whom it is said, 'we never know where to find them.' They are unstable—now following this, and now that. There is no dependence to be placed on them. We should so act, that on all occasions, and on all subjects, people may know where to find us."

"Go on," said Elizabeth, "you will set the stars talking before long."

"The stars remind the Christian of his bright home beyond those azure depths—of the glorious company of the shining ones which he shall meet with there. If there is any material thing which can make us think of the purity and serenity and glory of heaven, it is the stars. Oh, may we be so happy as to reach that glorious place!"

The fervour of Annetta's voice as she uttered these words showed how deeply she was interested, how firmly her affections were fastened on that better country.

Elizabeth was silent. As we have said, she was not a Christian. She felt that she had no title to that place of which her cousin spoke with such rapture. A tear stood in her eye.

"There is one thing more," continued Annetta, "which the stars remind us of—the star of Bethlehem. The sweetest thoughts I have ever had have been when watching some bright particular star, I have been led to think of the star that guided the shepherds to the Saviour—and of that *bright and glorious shining Star*, which alone can guide the wandering sinner to a home above."

Elizabeth was melted to tears. She threw her arms around Annetta, and exclaimed, "Oh that I had your feelings!—I should then be happy."

A WORD TO CHILDREN.

A MISSIONARY at Cuddalore, in India, was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, came and asked for one. At first Mr. Guest refused, for tracts were precious things; but the child begged so hard, Mr. G. gave him one called, "The Way to Heavenly Bliss." About a fortnight after, the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you read the other?" "Yes," said the child, and standing before the missionary and several heathen who were gathered round, he repeated the whole tract from beginning to end. This was like the little Basuto boy, "putting his books into his head." Where are yours, dear children? Only on your shelves? Ah, if so, we shall almost be tempted to wish they were far away, where they would be to the little heathen children as food to the hungry. Remember this truth, "where much is given, much will be required."

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

THE sad event of the funeral ceremonies of a bride being performed on the same spot where a short time previous the marriage ceremony had been celebrated, affords a remarkable evidence of the uncertainties of human life. Harriet Williams was married to Nicholas Pike, July 29th, 1845, and in just eleven weeks from that hour, her funeral service was performed on the same spot, viz., on Tuesday, Sept. 11th, 1845, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Harriet was nineteen years of age, beautiful, pious, and highly accomplished. From a Sabbath-school scholar she had become a teacher, and was tenderly beloved by her little pupils, and all who ever had the pleasure of her acquaintance; indeed it was touching to behold the sobbing of

those little children, together with a widowed mother, over an only daughter, lying in her coffin, liked a crushed flower, crowned with her bridal wreath. Miss Williams possessed the finest feelings of sensibility, which she often breathed out in poetic and prose compositions, in which were always blended the purest love to God: and melancholy though it may be to peruse her neat journal, there arises a sweet incense from every page which checks the struggling wish for her return. Harriet frequently met her young friends in prayer, when she addressed the throne of grace in the most touching tones. She lived, as it were, to gain the pinnacle of human happiness but to step into heaven, and turned almost immediately from the affectionate embrace of a husband to that of her Redeemer.

SHE is gone!
The young, the beautiful, the bless'd—
Gone to her rest,
Where shadows ne'er gather, nor sorrows come,
To darken the sky of the spirit's home,
Far, far away!

She is gone!—
Wash'd in the blood of Jesus, her friend,
Hers without end;
Whose name was the sweetest she breathed while here,
Whose cause was the dearest of all causes dear
To her warm heart.

She is gone!
On the morn of her bridal-day,
Borne, borne away!
Ere her husband had come, with tearful eye,
To take his last look, and see *her* die—
His Harriet!

She is gone!—
From her mother dear, whose love she knew
Was ever true;
Whose spirit is nearing the blissful shore
Where her child hath gone, but an hour before,
To welcome her!

She is gone!—
From her brother's sight, whose clinging heart
Can scarce depart
From the one he loved through each changing year,
From the one who in death is still more dear
Than when in life.

She is gone!
Oh! many friends are weeping now!
And young hearts bow
Over the cherish'd memory of their dead.
Their faithful teacher, who had often led
Their thoughts to God.

She is gone!
Farewell! sweet Christian, fare thee well!
Where angels dwell
Is now thy home! With sainted ones unite,
And echo through that world which hath no night,
Redeeming love!

Albany, Oct. 13, 1845. B. F. ROMAINE.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

DO YOU PRAY FOR YOUR MINISTER?

Almost every person at the present day seems to know the duties of ministers, and many are ready to complain whenever ministers fail of conforming to their views and of fulfilling their expectations. That ministers must decide for themselves in regard to ministerial duty in its different branches, is evident to all; and yet in all such decisions as individuals, they manifestly ought to seek the best good of the people with whom they are connected. Their studies and labours in kind and in amount should correspond to the state of the people, with a view to their being in the highest degree useful to them. The relation between a minister and people is a relation of reciprocal affection and obligation. As the servant of the Lord, having the pastoral oversight of the flock, a minister is seeking the good of the flock in his preaching and inculcation of the will of God, and he is called to stand in a relation to them and they to him of reciprocal kindness and good will. He has no separate interest from their welfare, and he is solemnly bound to proclaim to them the messages of the gospel as he finds them, and faithfully to instruct them in the duties of religion and in the way of salvation. The greatness of his work, the weight of responsibility under which he acts, and a sense of his own insufficiency, lead him to feel his need of wisdom and grace from above, and it greatly encourages his heart when he knows that his people are daily praying to God for him. While it is his duty and his privilege to bear them daily before God in the arms of prayer, he feels his own soul cheered in hope, his labours are not in vain, if a spirit of prayer is excited in them for him, and in behalf of a blessing on his labours among them. The trials and the discouragements of the ministry are many, which prove occasions of need to ministers of a remembrance in the prayers of their people. They are not infallible—they are liable to err; in circumstances of trial they may not always know how to act; and even while they keep in view the spiritual good of their people, their course may be such as to cause some to stumble and fall.

It greatly strengthens a minister's heart to have his people pray much for him. He ought not to be forgotten by them; he ought not to be left to struggle alone in his work and under his trials; he needs the prayers and co-operation of his people to sustain him. If any one in the Christian ministry could be all alone without the prayers of the church in sustaining the labours of the ministry, we should say it must have been the great apostle Paul, and yet this apostle asked for the prayers of his brethren in several different connections: thus, in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, he saith,

"Brethren, pray for us;" also, in his Epistle to the Romans, "I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea, that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed." And again, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, "Pray for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel." Such were the requests of an inspired apostle; but how much greater occasion have uninspired ministers at this day to be remembered in the prayers of their people! The relation of ministers to their people is essentially the same as in the apostolic age, the duty of prayer is as binding, the privilege of prayer is as great, and the reasons for prayer as weighty. If the holy apostle and his inspired associates could say to the people of God, "Brethren, pray for us," how much more occasion have common pastors and ministers to come forward with the request to their respective people, and to say, "Brethren, pray for us!" All who have an interest at the throne of grace, and who have access to the throne of grace, who are praying souls, should be encouraged to pray for those who are called to minister to them in the name of Christ in things pertaining to salvation. The relation of ministers to their people calls for their prayers—their success greatly depends on the prayers of their people for them. It was remarked by an eminently devoted as well as successful pastor, that he "always knew when his church had prayed for him by the freedom and fervour which he had in preaching." No doubt many a pastor has similar experience from the prayers of his people, and larger measures of grace have not only been experienced in his own soul, but have followed his preaching in the souls of his people.

Christians that are not satisfied with the ministers who are known to be sound in the faith, and who are men of exemplary piety, should ask themselves whether they pray for their minister as they ought. One way to bring a Christian's feelings right in respect to his minister is, to be much in prayer to God for that minister. Prayer removes prejudice from the mind—it goes to suppress hard thoughts, and to restrain the speech, and to promote watchfulness, and to shape the conduct and conversation in conformity to the object sought in prayer. Complaining Christians would do well to pray more for their pastors and to complain less. In prayer they will find their complaints removed; and by prayer they will be led to see their minister growing in his measure of usefulness. Christian reader, forget not to pray for your minister. If you would have him useful, and have him filled with the Spirit, you must pray for him! If you would think well of him and kindly toward him, you must pray for him! See that you do not fail in this one duty, so intimately connecting you and your pastor, so essential to his usefulness and your usefulness, to his happiness and your happiness. A pray-

ing pastor and a praying church will not easily be separated, nor rent asunder by division.

ADELPHOS.

SATAN A SIFTER.

HE sifted Peter as wheat. And it was not the first nor the last business of that kind that he has had a hand in. He has been prowling all the world over with his sieve; never far nor long from any place where there was anybody to sift. There are two uncomfortable things and several comfortable things about this agency of his which I shall take the liberty to mention.

1. It is a sorrowful circumstance that the people of God *should need sifting at all.*—The seed sown was good, and the sower did his work well; but, in spite of all, the crop is not what it ought to have been. It cannot be taken directly to the granary; it is not fit for it without a separating process.

2. It is sorrowful *that there is not a more respectable character to do the sifting.*—But the disciples will not more than half do the work if left to themselves. It requires so much self-denial to penetrate the depths of one's soul with Divine truth, explore its hidden recesses, and rigorously and impartially judge one's own spirit, that many are backward to do the thing thoroughly; and the disciples are too timid or too indulgent to do it for each other. Hence, rather than there should be no sifting, which would spoil the crop, Satan gets something to do. He has a bad name, and would be kept out of the vineyard, were it not that somebody must use the sieve. Better there should be *such* a sifter than to have no sifting.

Now for the consolations:—

1. The sifting is *well done.* There has been no complaint since the world began that any disciple Satan got fairly into his sieve did not have thorough work done with him. There is no mistake about Job's case, and none about Peter's. If he does not find out what manner of spirit a man is of, and make the man himself and all the world know too, I have given him more than his due. That old sieve of his—he has got the hang of it completely. He has shaken so many of the saints in it that he understands the business perfectly. I never knew any one that had been in the sieve that had a word of disparagement of Satan's skill in the use of it. They hated the old scavenger most cordially for his rough usage, but they had to give in that they had been well sifted.

2. The sifting *did the saint good.* If he had not needed it he would not have had it. There was pride to be humbled, covetousness to be rebuked, love of the world to be quenched, spiritual stupor to be broken up—some of these things, or all of them, were needed to make him a better disciple. Sifting was the thing; and fiend though he was that used the sieve, yet good was accomplished.

The process, though painful, was humbling and purifying. In the end character was elevated, and spiritual joy and usefulness augmented.

3. *The church too got a blessing* out of the sifted disciple. She gets a blessing by everything that makes any of her members wiser and better. Her light, beauty, and strength, is that of individual members; and Satan never gave one of them a good sifting without doing the church a kindness. If his sifting showed there was no wheat at all, and caused the breaking off of the unfruitful branch, that was a blessing; and if the sifting showed there was wheat, and led to its increase, that was a blessing. I should like to see a man who should deny that the sifting Peter had was not a blessing to the church.

4. *And a well sifted disciple is a blessing to the world.* His light shines. His character is more fragrant and beautiful, and more effective in producing valuable impressions upon the minds of sinners.

5. There is one comfort more about the sifting business, and that is, that Satan never does any work of this kind for the people of God that does not *turn out for his own confusion.* It is no benevolence in him to use his sieve; and he never got a saint into it whose piety he did not mean to shake out of him. Look at Peter once more. The old sifter thought that he could give him such a tossing, that if he could not spoil his Christianity utterly, he should, at least, so bewilder him that he would discern the truth less clearly, and use his spiritual weapons less skilfully. But what strength, after that sifting, did he bring to his bow, and how surely directed were his arrows! Satan sifted his timidity and worldliness out of him, and transformed a feeble and irresolute disciple into one with a lion's heart. He thus caused one who had previously emitted sparks only to send firebrands into his own camp. Disciples can learn from all this how to buffet Satan.

"I AM BUT A DROP."

Hence you reason that there is but little or nothing for you to do in promoting the cause of Christ. This is your plea for inaction.

But your insignificance, if real, may have been all of *your own creation.* But for your slothful and criminal neglect of precious advantages, you might have been, not as now, a pitiful drop, but a river, rolling through Zion its powerful and fertilizing flood. God laid upon you this high privilege, and furnished you with all the means necessary for attaining it. With deep grief and godly sorrow ought you to make the exclamation, that you are but a drop; and do it, not as excuse for continued inaction, but as humbling confession, followed by such an increase of love and zeal as to show that the days of your spiritual infancy are over.

But perhaps you make the plea—for thousands do it—to *avoid certain self denying duties.* You are but a drop, and can do nothing. Will the next fair opening for a successful enterprise for gain find you lying concealed and inactive under this plea? Will you be so sunk in insignificance that you can add nothing to increase the interest of the next scene of social pleasure to which you may be invited, and so must decline? Have you retreated from all the important engagements and occupations of life because conscious imbecility has bound you hand and foot? Will you wield the strength of a giant and show the swiftness of a racer in worldly enterprises, and then, when the high and glorious calls of duty summon you, retreat, and ignobly hide yourself behind that pitiful fig-leaf of an excuse, "I am but a drop!" Is this manly? Is it the part of a rational being?

Suppose you are really but a drop, that you have been shrivelled into actual insignificance by your own fault, or that Providence has assigned you only a limited sphere. Then no more is demanded of you than a drop can perform. God is not unrighteous in his demands. He does not require the increase of ten talents when he has bestowed but one.

But a drop, and but a single one, can be a blessing. A drop falls upon a parched and drooping flower; it lifts up its languishing head; its beauty and strength revive; it is rescued from death and hastens to maturity, and gladdens the eye and refreshes the taste with its precious fruit. To cheer just such a drop as you, consider, also, that animating exclamation of an apostle, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" By little things have the most grand and glorious events been brought to pass. A single passage of Scripture, a single sentence of a sermon, a little tract, a single act of Christian piety—such agencies as that have humbled the loftiness of man, broken his heart, changed his life, and made his destiny glorious. You are but a drop! But God can make you shine as a star in the firmament of heaven for ever, if you will act worthy of your station. There is nothing insignificant in the creation of God, least of all *yourself,* a rational being, and an actor on the important scenes of life. But a drop *has something to do.* Every drop of rain that has ever fallen from the skies had an errand, and executed it—had a work to do, and did it. So it is with you. Your insignificance does not do away responsibility. You have just as really a part to act, as a subject of the government of God, as the angel Gabriel, or the apostle Paul. Be a drop, in the humbling sense of your own unworthiness. It is well to regard yourself as less than the least of all saints, and unworthy of the same. God gives grace to the humble.

But be not a drop to take the attitude of nonconcurrence in all the means and ways of doing good around you. Enter into them as one that feels there is a great work to be done and but a little time for doing it. Let no pretence fetter your zeal and enterprise in

promoting the Saviour's glory. If you have been but a drop in the feeble measure of your influence hitherto, let tears denote your pious grief over it. But be such a drop no longer. Let there be such a change, that saints and angels shall rejoice over it; and fidelity till death will give you, not drops merely, but the full cup of enjoyment in the realms above.

"ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD."

1 Cor. xv. 58.

Two thoughts may be suggested:—

1. *We are to abound in good works.* We should engage in every good work—every work which can truly claim to be the work of the Lord. I cannot particularize here. The matter must be left with your own conscience, and you must be governed by the word of God and by the relations you sustain. You have only to inquire of this, that, and the other enterprise, Is it a work of God? Will it show my love to him? Will it evince my faith in Jesus Christ? Is it required by the relations I sustain? Will it promote the good of my fellow-men? Then engage in it with all your heart. Make it your aim to be useful—to glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are his. Abound in good works. Go about doing good. Use your time, your talents, your influence, your property, everything, in extending the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and in well-directed endeavours to bless the world.

2. *We are to be diligent and persevering in good works.* We must abound always in the work of the Lord. It is not enough to do a good thing now and then; we must keep doing. It must be our great and constant aim to do good—not only on the sabbath, but through the week; not only in the winter, but in the summer—day after day, and year after year, we must be engaged in the work of the Lord. We are not to wait till the opportunity presents for doing some great thing; but we are to do the first good thing that offers, and then the next, and the next, and thus on through life, carrying our religion with us wherever we go, and letting it be seen in whatever we do. Every Christian is to do all the good he can right around him, fill up the sphere in which he moves to the glory of God and the good of men, and instead of waiting for the millennium to come, he is to do what he can to hasten its coming, endeavour to make a millennium right around him, and be the centre of an influence which shall be felt to the ends of the earth—a light which shall extend its heaven-born rays to the darkest portions of this ruined world! O how much good may one Christian do, who, like Harlan Page, is always abounding in the work of the Lord, warning sinners, encouraging saints, and praying with all prayer without ceas-

ing! And how much might a single church do! And how much might be done by all the churches on the earth! O how soon might the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose! Let the church awake, arise, and shine, and the world would soon wear a new aspect—nations would be born in a day—and the angels of heaven would never cease their songs of rejoicing over repenting sinners till the whole world were converted to God! W. J. M.

WASHINGTON TURNED PHYSICIAN.

"It must be, my child!" said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone I may be better. Go, Henry, my dear: I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done."

The boy, a noble-looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and, throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the side-walk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly at him, and the longer he waited the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster resolution to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or, if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

Everybody seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning-walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him, he felt all his fear vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled, but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread all over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder: "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed I

was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father and the sickness of my mother have driven me to the necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city, but he became bondsman for a friend who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has until now managed to support herself and my little brother by her labour, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do. But night before last mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that"—(here the tears poured faster than ever)—"I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintance and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame, and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

The tears and the simple and moving language of the poor boy touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice; "is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house in this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully shaking his head. "I had money to pay neither for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars; take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude; he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labour, a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in misery and want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if ——."

Here emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent stranger; "think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little Prayer-book from the hand of the child who sat with her on the bed, and tearing out a blank leaf,

"I have no other paper," said she; "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and went away.

Scarcely was he gone when the elder son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us—it will make us rich for several days—it has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself now, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child; "come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may he still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spake to me with a kindness and a compassion that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back: he took it up, and as he read it through, again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension of she knew not what.

"Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it than she exclaimed, "It is Washington!" and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable employment; and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, they placed in respectable situations, where they were able not only to support themselves, but to render the remainder of

their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but is only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

HOW TO PRAY WITHOUT A BOOK.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

HAVING made an appointment to call and see a man in Ch—l-court, at about six o'clock in the evening, in order to have some conversation with him respecting the doctrines of Rome,—accordingly, at that hour, accompanied by brother R., I went. The man, however, remained out later than usual, and did not meet me; but while we waited I drew the wife into conversation about her own spiritual condition, and was surprised to find, that while her husband was an Irishman and a Papist, she, although looking and speaking very much like the Irish, was a native of Yorkshire, and when young had frequently attended a Wesleyan chapel. She has, however, little or no knowledge of scriptural truth, though she adheres firmly to what she believes to be Protestantism, and will not go to the Romish worship with her husband. There has several times been a struggle between them as to the place at which the children should be baptized; and in the course of this dispute some of them have been baptized twice, being taken first by the mother to the Established Church, and then by the father to the Popish chapel. This woman appeared to possess good natural abilities, and a quick apprehension; but not knowing how to read, and having mixed for a number of years with scarcely any but her husband's country people, she has remained unimproved, and also imbibed a good deal of their superstition. She told us that she would not say the prayers her husband said, but used her own. On her repeating them, however, at my request, there appeared to be merely a verbal difference, the sentiment being the same; and if such prayers are commonly used in Yorkshire, it proves that there is a great deal of Popery existing there under the name of Protestantism. One of these prayers was that to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, etc., etc., and another was the Creed; and somehow she had got the Hail, Mary, amongst them; but I never saw a person so illiterate who so quickly understood the reasoning brought against these prayers: in a few minutes she saw the absurdity of the Ave Maria; for after I had told her how unscriptural it was, and had begun to show her that it was inconsistent with reason also, from the fact that the Virgin could not be present to hear the aves of the Irish, the Italians, and the South Americans at the same time, she then went on by herself, carrying out my idea further, and ended by declaring that she would never offer that prayer again.

When spoken to about offering prayer of her own conceiving, instead of the erroneous forms she had been using, she said, "It was certainly the best, but she could not tell how to go about it," and seemed to wish I would give

her a correct form, instead of the one she had resolved to abandon. We told her we could give her a written form; but I said, "See now, how easy it will be for you to pray without if you try. We will suppose it is the end of the day;—now you kneel, and you are going to speak to God;—you call upon him—Oh Almighty God! then what further shall you say? Why, think of the many good things you have received through the day, and which have been bestowed on your husband and children, and offer up your thanks. Again: think of your sins, and seek for pardon through Jesus Christ. Then think of your wants,—grace for your soul, and support for your body, and ask for these things. Then you love your husband and children; well, it is easy to think of mercies and blessings they need, and humbly ask the Lord to grant them. Then you wish to be taken care of during the night,—ask for that, and all the rest, to be given you for Jesus Christ's sake." We retain a lively and pleasing recollection of the interest and satisfaction which the woman's countenance and words bespoke while I was thus showing her the more excellent way of praying. When I ceased speaking she said, "Well, I never thought of doing that way, and yet it is easy enough I see;" and although she seemed a little diffident as to her success, she again declared most earnestly her determination to commence an immediate alteration in her mode of praying, and also promised to attend the means of grace. This is one of the daily recurring cases, which show the great importance, and even the absolute necessity, of personal contact and oral instruction for the poor.

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. II.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

Our former paper shows the importance of knowing the early history and progress of Popery, and also the true scriptural character of Christian ministers, as testified by clergymen of the Church of England. Every one will, therefore, desire to be informed how the apostolical institutions became perverted and corrupted. This we have seen hinted as to the conduct of the bishops in the greater cities: but a full solution will be found in the statements of the apostle Paul, who declares, so early as A.D. 54, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work," 2 Thess. ii. 7. This was the *origin* of Popery. How it was working we learn from several of the epistles of the apostles, who complain of false teachers, and of their ambition and pride perverting the minds of many profesors of the gospel. Instances are referred to by Paul and John. See Gal. i. 6, 7; ii. 4; 2 Cor. xi. 14, 15; Phil. iii. 2, 18; 1 John ii. 18, 19; 2 John 7.

The most remarkable instance, which shows the *working* of this mystery of iniquity, in the apostolic age, is seen in the conduct of Diotrephes, a proud and haughty churchman, probably near to Ephesus. Respecting his case Mr. Scott the commentator remarks, "It seems that he [John] had written to the church, to induce them to help on their journey, and assist in a manner becoming their profession the persons before mentioned, ver. 5, 8; but Diotrephes (probably a pastor of the church, whose circumstances, or ambition, or eloquence, concurring with

ambition of pre-eminence, had acquired for him an undue influence over his brethren,) would not own his authority, or pay any regard to his counsel. He refused to entertain or countenance those evangelists or missionaries whom the apostle had recommended, and even forbade others to do it; and when they regarded the apostle's authority more than his prohibitions, he proceeded to excommunicate them for so doing."

At an early period in the second century this principle of ambition became extensively exhibited, especially by a new class of terms applied as titles to the Christian ministers. The people were ready to give due honour to those who laboured for their salvation, particularly to their worthy bishops, and to the elders of the churches, who took the lead in their religious meetings. The titles applied to the Jewish priesthood were appropriated to the Christian teachers; and after this mode of speaking the bishops began to be called *chief priests*, the active gifted elders in the churches were called *priests*, and the deacons were called *Levites*. Nothing could be more gratifying to the pride of ambitious men than this style of address, and the adoption of the titles led to serious abuses.

Dr. Mosheim, in his Church History, remarks on this policy,—"The Christian doctors had the good fortune to persuade the people that the ministers of the Christian church succeeded to the character, rights, and privileges of the Jewish priesthood; and this persuasion was a new source of honour and profit to the sacerdotal order. This notion was propagated with industry some time after the second destruction of Jerusalem [A.D. 135] had extinguished all hopes of seeing their government restored to its former lustre, and their country arising from its ruins. And accordingly the *bishops* considered themselves invested with a rank and character similar to those of the *high priests* among the Jews, while the *presbyters* represented the priests, and the *deacons* the *Levites*."

Priestly ambition advanced through the second century, and generally prevailed. Dr. Mosheim remarks, "Towards the conclusion of this century Victor, bishop of Rome, took it into his head to force the Asiatic Christians, by the pretended authority of his laws and decrees," to observe the time and custom of Rome in keeping Easter. They refused compliance with his commands; and "Victor, with much arrogance," as Milner observes, "as if he had felt the very soul of the future papacy formed in himself, inveighed against the Asiatic churches, and pronounced their excommunication."

Popery advanced greatly in the third century through the ambition of the bishops in the more populous cities,—Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, and Carthage. Dr. Mosheim says they aspired "to higher degrees of power and authority than they had formerly possessed. The bishops assumed, in many places, a princely authority. They appropriated to their evangelical function the splendid ensigns of temporal majesty. A throne, surrounded with ministers, exalted above his equals, the servant of the meek and humble Jesus; and sumptuous garments dazzled the eyes and the minds of the multitude into an ignorant veneration for their arrogated authority."

Constantine the Great became the patron of Christianity early in the fourth

century, and loaded the bishops with wealth and honours. Rome being the imperial city, the bishop of the Christians in it was distinguished by a sort of pre-eminence over all other prelates, and possessed superior wealth and influence. The episcopacy became newly organized under this first Christian emperor. "The prelatical government became modelled," as Dr. Haweis states, "after the imperial into great prefectures, of which Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople claimed superiority, whilst a sort of feudality was established, descending from *patriarchs* to *metropolitans*, *archbishops*, *bishops*, some with greater, and others with less extensive spheres of dominion."

Popery, thus promoted, became connected with, and established by, the civil power, and the spirit of the hierarchy prevailed, to the almost extinction of the genuine spirit of Christianity. "This pernicious example was followed," as Mosheim remarks, "by the several ecclesiastical orders. The presbyters, in many places, assumed an equality with the bishops in point of rank and authority. Those more particularly of the presbyters and deacons who filled the first stations of these orders carried their pretensions to an extravagant length, and were offended at the notion of being placed upon an equal footing with their colleagues. For this reason they assumed the titles of ARCHPRESBYTERS and ARCHDEACONS."

The Letter Box.

FROM the abundant materials kindly forwarded by our friends this month we select the following, as good examples of what is wanted. The first, from an esteemed brother, tells an awful tale:—

MY DEAR SIR,—The WITNESS and the FRIEND are both publications I am thankful to introduce to the people of my charge, and find them eminently adapted to the purpose for which they are intended. At least 150 are monthly in circulation here, and the number is progressively advancing. You invite co-operation, and deserve it, and, I doubt not, often find more than you need. If the communication I venture to forward you should not be adapted to either Magazine, reject it without any scruple. I send it for the FRIEND; but it is at your disposal to do with it as you please, if you think it at all adapted to your object.

Yours, &c. W. W.

THE BACKSLIDER.

I had just left my home, on a Monday morning, with the view of making a few pastoral visits, when I was accosted by a soldier, who very politely inquired if I could tell him where the Presbyterian clergyman lived. I informed him that I had no doubt I was the person he wanted, when he took off his cap and handed me a note which he brought from the doctor of the fort. I read it in his presence, and found it contained a pressing request that I would go the same day, if practicable, to see one of the invalids in the hospital, whose time was rapidly drawing to a close. I requested the soldier to say that I should attend without delay.

Knowing the writer of the note to have a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his patients, I waited upon him on my way to the sick man's ward to ascertain the state of the patient's mind, and to learn something of his former character. He told me he had been for many years a professor, and a class-leader formerly among the Wes-

leyans, and deservedly stood high in repute among them. Some years ago, he said, when he himself was dangerously ill at Gibraltar, he frequently sent for this man to pray by him, and his prayers were truly edifying. He had been an instructor and a comforter of many; but unhappily, through the love of strong drink, he had several times backslidden. He was at that time in one of those states, and was frequently seen alone, and apparently miserable. He was seldom intoxicated, but constantly tippling. The dangerous disorder under which he was then suffering was in great part the result of the habit. "When I called upon him this morning," said the doctor, "I told him his case was alarming, and that he might not live many days; would he allow him to send for Mr. W—. He replied, not to-day, but, perhaps, to-morrow he should be a little better; but knowing the peril of his disorder and the danger of delay, I sent for you at once."

With the possession of these painful facts, I hastened to the sick-ward, and found the poor, unhappy man in agonizing suffering. He was perfectly sensible, and listened to all I had to say, but made no answer. I addressed him as a sinner and a backslider; I warned and exhorted, invited and encouraged; spake of the all-sufficiency of Christ to save the chief of sinners; but I could elicit no sentiment, and draw forth no feeling. I at last inquired if he would wish me to pray with him. He answered, "Yes." I took his case to the throne of grace, and pleaded earnestly with God on his behalf; but on my speaking with him again, I found no further response to anything I said. His pain increased, and death was evidently advancing apace; but while his medical attendant was standing by his bedside watching the progress of disease, I crossed the room for a few minutes to converse with another patient in the same ward, and on my return to the bed of this unhappy backslider I saw him in two or three minutes breathing his last—entering an eternal state, and rushing into the presence of his God and Judge without a single testimony to his state—without a confession or a prayer—with no expression of a single hope to lighten up the dark valley through which he was passing. I shuddered at the sight, for it was unlike anything I had ever seen before. The silence he maintained throughout his last moments was to me awful in the extreme. I remembered, as I saw him close his eyes in death under these affecting circumstances, all which I had just heard respecting his former professions, and of his wish to defer the visit of his minister until to-morrow, and of the curse of intemperance, that could give such a finish to the life of a professor.

Can anything read a louder lesson to backsliders, and a more awful admonition to the lovers of intoxicating drinks? Less than habitual drunkenness will ruin both soul and body, and one false step in a professor's life may lead to this ominous silence in death. "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." W. W.

Guernsey, March 9, 1846.

The next communication, from a worthy deacon in the country, turns upon a point of propriety under the most solemn circumstances, and is well deserving of consideration.

ON PROPRIETY AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

SIR,—Having read the WITNESS from its commencement with much pleasure, and, I trust, profit, and greatly admiring the faithful manner in which you have exposed the sins and failings of professing Christians, whether from your own personal knowledge of them, or from having them pointed out to you by others, I beg to call your attention to one of these failings. As a deacon of a Christian church, I have had an opportunity of witnessing what I consider a fault in the professed followers of Christ, though I am willing to believe it has not so been viewed by those who practise it, or, I doubt not, it would at once have been abandoned by them. I trust by thus making it

known through your widely-circulating Magazine, and thereby bringing it before the members of our churches, that if by them it should be viewed as a fault, it may at once be corrected.

The practice to which I refer is that of wearing *gloves at the Lord's table*, and partaking of the elements with them on, which to me appears a very unseemly practice. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of fashionable life to know if it is usual at a friend's table to partake of the social meal with gloves on; but whatever may be the prevailing custom at our own tables, I think it should be dispensed with at the sacramental table. The failing now noticed is generally practised by the female portion of our church members, although the other sex are not altogether guiltless of it. I am sometimes called upon to fulfil my duty as a commissioner at a small Debtors' Court, to hear and to decide cases brought before that Court, and generally it is necessary to administer an oath either to the plaintiff, or to the defendant, or to both; but the officer administering such oaths never allows parties to take the Gospels into their hands with their gloves on. Now, Sir, if such deference is paid to the Gospels, surely the same deference should be paid to the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of our adorable Redeemer!

Wishing you, Sir, prosperity in the great work you are engaged in, &c. &c.

March 5, 1846.

We avow strong sympathy with the above complaint. On the same ground we have an aversion to ministers preaching with gloves on. It always seems to us to bespeak either a fop or a formalist. We should prefer a man who could say with Wesley, "I preach not in any easy and fashionable way, but till I am wet through and through;" or like the famous American farmer, Gilbert Tennant, the friend of Whitfield, who preached much in the open air, and in the hot weather stript to the shirt, and laboured to harvest souls as he did to harvest corn. We never yet beheld a judge on the Bench, or a counsel at the Bar, performing their respective functions with gloves. The Scotch have an old proverb, Mittened cats catch no mice.

The third letter, as being from a worthy minister of another denomination, has yielded us much satisfaction.

"THE PENNY" AND THE PUSEYITES.

My dear Sir,—You will excuse this liberty in trespassing on your time, when it is only to inform you of the circulation of your Magazines in this neighbourhood. Of your Penny Magazine seventy-two copies per month, and the Christian Witness ten copies. This circulation may appear trifling, when placed by the side of reports from other places, except you take into consideration the circumstance that there is not a *member of a Congregational church for nearly twenty miles from this place*. The quality of the matter, and also the quantity for the money, of your Magazine, are fully appreciated by the miners of ——. Only three copies of the Christian Witness found their way here last year; and this increase of circulation must solely be attributed to the Christian people at once perceiving the adaptation of these Magazines to their pockets and desires. Being a Primitive Methodist minister, you will not think it strange that I should push the circulation of our own two Magazines; and it will give you pleasure to know that their circulation in my circuit this last twelve months has *more than doubled*.

We want good books for little money. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light. Is it from ignorance, thoughtlessness, or selfishness that the masses of the Christian

people are prohibited from reading the majority of those excellent works which the warm hearts and splendid minds of Christian men produce? You reviewed favourably Reed's work "On the Advancement of Religion the Claim of the Times." I procured it, and it warmed my heart and quickened my mind, so that I preached with more life and power. I procured three other copies for the class book-clubs which I have established, but the price, Sir, limits its circulation. We want Christian writers and Christian publishers for the Christian masses. Our connexional book-rooms might do much here if they understood their mission.

We sympathize with you in your late contest. The article which gave rise to it yielded general satisfaction to your friends here. The Rev. ——, curate of —— parish, in his visits, met with the first number of the PENNY MAGAZINE, and the holy indignation of his Puseyite spirit was agitated to the extent of constraining him to visit his parishioners, house by house, to warn them against your wicked designs, for he said they little knew what sort of people you were in London who get these things up. His success must have been galling to his Jesuitical spirit, for the good people very innocently brought out his *own scurrilous tract on the Dissenters*. The examination was unfavourable to himself and his mission.

With right good will I sincerely desire your prosperity and success in providing cheap Christian books for the masses of our Christian people, &c.

March 10, 1846.

The fourth letter, penned in the kitchen, possesses no ordinary value. The modest and very intelligent writer deprecates its publication, but we really should be wanting in our duty towards this very important class if we were to withhold a plea so earnestly, so persuasively, and so discreetly urged. We may this month have received not less than *Two Hundred* letters, many of them of great value, but not one has so deeply touched and interested us as this, which we may designate

HINTS FOR HEADS OF FAMILIES.

HONOURED AND REV. SIR,—Hoping that you will not be offended at a servant for intruding, I have ventured to address you both to thank you for all in my humble station for the insertion of that valuable article in your CHRISTIAN WITNESS for December, entitled "Christian Conduct to Servants;" and at the same time to beg your attention to another most grievous burden under which too many of us really sigh and groan, even in this professedly Christian country, and even in very many professing families—I mean the *little regard now paid to the Christian sabbath*, especially for cooks. How many are kept toiling in their kitchens until quite a late hour, and then, too weary to attend to anything properly, they come into a place of public worship just in the evening only, and into the sanctuary of Him who has said, "I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people will I be glorified." Does it not appear more like an offering of the lame and blind than an humble or free will-offering? I am well aware that there are many necessary duties which cannot be dispensed with on that day, and that our blessed Saviour himself, by his own example, warranted all needful work either for the sick or infirm, and even to animals, but many make that a plea for requiring of us what is *utterly uncalled for*; while others say, that, under the Christian dispensation, we are not required to pay any regard to the commandments, though I have never yet found such a sentiment from Matthew to Revelation; nor do I suppose such an excuse would be taken for either a thief or a murderer in one of our courts of justice; and I cannot see any reason why one of the commandments should be thought of less importance than another; and what is worth notice,

many who care not for our *sabbath rest*, take care that we shall observe those words, "*with all diligence six days shalt thou labour.*" As to our obligation to the law, if I read my Bible aright, although I know that the ceremonial was fulfilled and done away with by our Saviour's sacrifice, yet, in respect to the Moral Law, he himself says, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it."

But I am afraid that I am intruding too much on your time and patience, or that you will think me censorious and fault finding, which I should be very sorry to do upon any account whatever; but knowing that there are so many suffering this dreadful evil, I much wished to call forth your sympathies and the aid of your powerful pen in this holy cause of delivering servants from sabbath bondage. I particularly wish it to be understood, that, by the good providence of my heavenly Father, my own lot has been cast for nearly three years with those who "call the sabbath a delight," and cannot now complain much of this evil on my own account, though I have formerly suffered much from it; but I still cannot help feeling for my companions, and also the conviction on my own mind that sabbath-breaking is like a clog and a stumbling-block to the cause of Christianity both in our own country and abroad, and I much fear, also, in the eyes of God's ancient people; and this induces me most earnestly to beseech you that, both in your ministerial, and especially in your editorial labours, you will endeavour to stem, if possible, this torrent of evil.

Sir, having, I fear, taxed your patience to the utmost, I ought now to conclude; but I must first assure you of my gratitude for the publication of the CHRISTIAN WITNESS, having, as I humbly hope, derived great benefit from its pages from the first of its appearing; and that God may bestow his blessing both on writer and readers is the earnest desire of yours, a humble and much obliged SERVANT.

N.B. As I am only a poor servant, I should rather not send my name, but will do so if needful, provided it is in strict confidence; and I do hope, dear sir, you will not publish my ill-written letter on any account, but that you will take up our cause only with your own well-known abilities.

*** We wish the "People" to take this letter as a token and pledge to every class among them that the ear of their "Friend" will be ever open to their cry; that whoso among them are able to plead their own cause like this Cook, in person, shall have the opportunity of so doing, and that they who cannot, have only to give their "Friend" the facts, and they may rely upon his most earnest and honest advocacy. While we shall not be sparing in the enforcement of their *Duties*, we shall not be less emphatic in the assertion of their *Rights*.

Our last letter is one which contains excellent counsel to those among whom we ought to have at least *Fifty Thousand* readers,—viz., Apprenticed Youths.

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Your father has just communicated to me that he has arranged your apprenticeship with a friend of his carrying on an extensive manufacturing business in the populous town of Manchester. This intelligence has awakened in my mind many and varied serious reflections: it has carried me back to the day when, with my father, I left my home to enter, as you are about to do, upon the busy scenes of life,—to the feelings which swelled my bosom,—to the ardent hopes, and glittering expectations that buoyed up my spirit, and gave the joyous smile to my countenance in the prospect of leaving for a long while, perhaps for ever, that home in which I had experienced nothing but happiness, under the most tender care of most solicitous and affectionate parents. I can therefore sympathise with you in your feelings, having felt the same myself. And now will you allow me, in a friendly and affectionate way, to offer you a few counsels, which I

have gathered from my own experience. When you first enter upon your duties at your new situation, you will find them exceedingly strange: many difficulties will present themselves,—obstacles of a very troublesome kind will meet you; and it is not unlikely that at the close of the first day,—that is, if you apply yourself closely to it,—you will be heartily sick of your duties. Such was the effect in my own case. But you must not despair. I will tell you how I did. After the business of the day was over I sat down tired, and began to think; I felt great inclination to give up the matter entirely, but I was ashamed to; my hopes had been so high, and my spirit of determination (as I thought) so strong, that I knew, to give up at a day's trial, would not only be inconsistent with those feelings, but show that I was deficient of that energy of mind without which nothing great or good can be accomplished. I resolved to persevere, to "try, try, and try again." In a short time the duties of my post became quite easy to me, so much so, that the work which used to be done by two, I did unassisted. You will be introduced to new companions. The young men of the establishment will form at first the extent of your acquaintance. One or more of them will, in all probability, become your more intimate friends: they will exert a powerful influence upon your general character, conduct in business, and the employment of your leisure hours. Take care that you admit to your friendship those, and those only, who display steadiness, good sense, and piety. Beware of the volatile, the careless, the swearer, the filthy speaker, the smoker, the drinker, the idler. Associated with such, you will be in great danger of yielding to them in their practices. Oh how I tremble for you when I consider the seductive influence they exert, the pestilence—the moral filthiness that is sometimes to be found in these establishments, among young men who lay claim to respectability and gentility! Be sure, my dear young friend, as you would be respected, happy, preserved from sin and disgrace, to fortify your soul by religion. Remember the God of your parents: study his word, at least once a day, with devout care and attention; pray for his Holy Spirit, and let your prayers be sincere and frequent.

Always remember the obligation you are under to serve your employers faithfully, "not as a man-pleaser, but as in the sight of God." Be honest in the very smallest matters, and never compromise. Let your conscience rule you, and seek to have your conscience enlightened. Never approve or perform any of those dishonest business practices which some employers not only tolerate but command. Refuse temperately but firmly, and you will inevitably triumph.

On one occasion an order had been received by my employers which was countermanded in a post or two afterwards; the second partner in the firm came to me with a persuasive smile, and said, "Mr. ——, reply to this letter, and say that the goods were shipped prior to the receipt of the letter countermanding the order." "I cannot, Sir," was my reply. "And why not. Sir?" was asked, with angry hastiness. "Because the goods are now in the porter's yard, and it would therefore be a lie on my part, Sir." "I hope you will always be so particular," he remarked, turning on his heel, and leaving me. From that time I had more frequent, intricate, and confidential matters entrusted to me. When I left I received a present of a sum of money, and my successor was received by my recommendation.

Avoid the common practice of smoking cigars in the street, or elsewhere. Smoking is not only a filthy but a seriously evil habit. Many a young man has commenced a carcer of folly and dissipation with the first cigar. The smoker almost invariably becomes the tippler—the dram drinker. The gin shops are frequently visited, and then the theatre is frequented. In these places company is met with, which inveigles youth, by throwing around it the "strange woman's snare;" and the mind of the young man, who promised fair on the onset, is thus prematurely affected. Beware of the cigar!

Avoid the crowded street at night.

There are dangers which lurk there in abundance; dangers of a fearful kind. Love the home, supply yourself with books of interest and instruction: the sciences will repay your attention: the arts may occupy your leisure hours: painting and poetry may employ you profitably; for remember the trite saying of the memorable Watts, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Keep up a correspondence with home. Let your letters be frequent, and of a cheerful kind. If you forget home, you are not unlikely to forget the teachings of home. Your mother's tender advice given with tears in her eyes, and an anxious heart, as you left for the city; your father's kind counsels, given with the anxiety and the energy of a father's love, will not do you much good if you forget home, or think of it but little and hastily.

Do not fall into the foolish and hurtful practice of what is called "fashionable dress." Be content with plainness and neatness. Gaudiness of attire begets a proud heart and lofty thoughts, and sometimes ends its influence in driving the subject of it from a happy home and a comfortable situation to disgrace and wretchedness.

And now, my dear friend, let me beg you to ponder the counsels here given, to be cautious in all your actions, to avoid every appearance of, or real evil; to give your heart to God in the outset, and pray for his help; then shall you go through those scenes unscathed, become honourable and respected among men, and approved and blessed by God.

May God bless you, my dear friend.

Yours very sincerely,

J. P.

Bristol, March 2, 1846.

The Fragment Basket.

How to Give.—At a missionary meeting held amongst the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.

2. We will all give as God has enabled us.

3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money. "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying,

"Dare! take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again,

"No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it not according to de last."

And he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and, with a smile on his face, very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer.

Christ Crucified.—Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity. It is that which cures the soul of all its maladies and distempers. Other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent; this settles and composes them. Other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceits and opinion of themselves; this leads to humility and

sobriety. Other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them; this alters them and makes them better. So transcendent an excellency is there in the knowledge of Christ crucified above the sublimest speculations in the world. —*Stillingfleet.*

THE DYING FARMER.—There lived near the village of L—— a farmer who was notorious for his wickedness, and who made it his delight to ridicule all sorts of Christians, but especially Dissenters. This man was at a neighbour's house conversing as usual and glorying in his sins, when he was taken in a fit. His friends removed him to his house, medical aid was called in; the doctor pronounced the case hopeless; the farmer felt he must die, and that the awful realities of eternity were at hand. He desired to see a Methodist preacher that lived at the village. The son despatched a horse and gig immediately for the preacher, who, having arrived, was shown into the room of the dying farmer. On seeing him, the farmer exclaimed, "*Too late! too late! too late!*" In ten minutes after he breathed his last with the words "*too late*" on his lips.

GATE OF GLORY.—When Mr. Venn asked Mr. Grimshaw about the state of his mind, he replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it." At another time he said to his housekeeper, "Mary, I have suffered the last night what the blessed martyrs did; my flesh has been as it were roasting before a hot fire; but I have nothing to do but to step out of my bed into heaven." An old friend calling to see him in his illness, Mr. Grimshaw took hold of his hand at parting, and said, with true simplicity, "The Lord bless you, Jerry—I will pray for you as long as I live, and if there be such a thing as praying in heaven, I will pray for you there also."

JOY IN SORROW.—In the very midst of the heaviest trials, when the blank produced by the removal of earthly pleasures is most oppressively felt, the people of God have often the most exquisite experience of their own peculiar joys—the joys that true religion yields to the soul. The darker the cloud the brighter are the hues of the bow of peace. The bitterness of the cup of sorrow gives additional sweetness to the cup of blessing.—*Wardlaw.*

HEAVENLY HENRY'S RULES.—The title by which Philip Henry was commonly known was the "Heavenly Henry." Reader, should not you like such a title?

He gave four rules to be observed in our converse with men. Have communion with few. Be familiar with one. Deal justly by all. Speak evil of none.

He said there were four things which for the world he would not have against him. The word of God. His own conscience. The prayers of the poor; and the account of godly ministers.

He used to say, "He that hath a blind conscience which sees nothing, a dead conscience which feels nothing, and a dumb conscience which says nothing, is in as miserable a condition as a man can be in on this side hell."

QUESTIONS—Dr. Cotton Mather's, for every day in the week.—Lord's day morning: What shall I do as a pastor of a church for the good of those under my charge?—Monday: What shall I do for the good of my own family?—Tuesday: What good shall I do for my relations abroad; or what good shall I do to my enemies? for it was his laudable ambition to be able to say he did not know of any person in the world who had done him an injury but he had done him a kindness in return. —Wednesday: What shall I do for the church of God, and for the general interest of religion in the world?—Thursday: What good may I do to the several societies to which I stand related? —Friday: What special subjects of affliction or objects of compassion may I take under my care, and what shall I do for them?—Saturday: What can I do for the interests of religion in my own heart and life?

WISHING FOR DEATH.—Some people wish for death in a passion, when nothing would be more dreaded than his actual approach. Some wish for death in despair—such as have arrived at the suburbs of the bottomless pit. Some wish for death to get rid of the troubles

of life: this proceeds from a discontented spirit. Whose afflictions and trials were greater than Paul's, (read 2 Cor. xi. 23—33,) yet did he cry out for death to come and relieve him? Or, when in the prison, and feeling the weight of his iron chain from day to day, did he long to depart merely to be freed from those trials? No: a nobler object led him to wish for death, "having a desire to depart, and *be with Christ*." "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give me in that day." So Melancthon wished to die, because he should come to the light, 1 John i. 5. Because he should see God, 1 John iii. 2. He should then contemplate the Son of God. Because he should understand those mysteries he could not comprehend in the present life. Also, why are we created such as we are? and what are the two natures in Christ Jesus; and that he should sin no more, and be no more exposed to the vexations and rage of the divines? Thus the evils of life were last in the catalogue; for though it be one ingredient of the blessedness of heaven that we shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, and feel no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying; yet it is not the chief, for the believer would be willing almost to endure these for the pleasure of having Christ's hand wipe away the tears they produce.

FORBEARANCE.—The late Rev. Mr. Clark, of Frome, was a man of peace. He was one day asked by a friend, "How he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" He answered, "By letting the angry person always have the quarrel to himself." If this maxim were followed, it would be a vast saving of expense, of comfort, and of honour, to thousands of the human race.

THE PUNCTUAL HEARER.—A woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early? answered, very wisely, "That it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others."

THE PIOUS LABOURER.—A gentleman of very considerable fortune, but a stranger to either personal or family religion, one evening took a solitary walk through part of his grounds. He happened to come near to a mean hut where a poor man lived with a numerous family, who earned their bread by daily labour. He heard a voice pretty loud and continued. Not knowing what it was, curiosity prompted him to listen. The man, who was piously disposed, happened to be at prayer with his family. So soon as he could distinguish the words, he heard him giving thanks with great affection to God for the goodness of his providence in giving them food to eat, and raiment to put on, and in supplying them with what was necessary and comfortable in the present life. He was immediately struck with astonishment and confusion, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that purchased by severe labour, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and family, and I, who enjoy ease and honour, and everything that is pleasant and desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver!" It pleased God that this providential occurrence proved the means of bringing him to a real and lasting sense of religion.

SAFETY OF THE SAINTS.—This is our comfort, that of all whom the Father gave to Christ, he will not lose one. However the joy of faith may decline, the grace itself shall never totally fail, having for its security the Father's covenant love, which is from everlasting to everlasting; the blessed Mediator's intercession, and the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, who, when once given, is a fountain of living water, springing up in the believer's heart to life eternal. Not that I am always on the mount: there are seasons when the Lord is as one that hideth himself: but he only bides himself; he never forsakes the sinner he has loved: and, blessed be his name, he has engaged that the regenerate soul shall never totally forsake him; else, there would never be a saint in heaven.—*Toplady*.

Poetry

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there—
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief—
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song:
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or wither'd bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is rung wherever angel ministers tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

The Children's Gallery.

RACHEL MORRIS.

RACHEL MORRIS, the subject of this brief notice, was born at Walkden Moor, near Bolton. She came to reside in Manchester in the beginning of the year 1839, in the capacity of domestic servant. Two members of the family into which she entered were connected with the Mosley-street Congregational Sunday-school.

Permission was given her to attend one part of the sabbath, of which she gladly availed herself, and she was placed in the first class, amongst a most interesting circle of young women. She was at that time well disposed towards religion, and had been associated with another denomination of Christians, but was almost totally ignorant of the great vital doctrines of our holy religion—such as the nature and extent of human depravity, the necessary restoring and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. She knew that she must be saved by the Lord Jesus in some way, but did not understand that his death would free her from condemnation, and his perfect righteousness be imputed to the believing penitent. When these comforting truths were explained to her, they seemed just what she wanted. It was truly delightful to instruct her, for she drank in religious teaching as the thirsty earth drinks in the refreshing showers. Possessed of such feelings as these, it will be no matter of surprise that she valued very highly her sabbath-school. Her attachment to it and her teacher could scarcely be exceeded. A member of the family in which she lived had the happiness of being her Sunday-school teacher, and can bear ample testimony to the efforts she would make in order to be in her place at the opening of the school. Nothing but sickness was allowed to keep her away. When she had been in this situation about a year and a half she was persuaded by a relative to return home and learn the art of weaving. This change did not meet her expectations, and she was, in consequence, exposed to hardships and privations to which she had long been a stranger.

It was during this interval that she caught colds, which, as was afterwards discovered, had laid tenacious hold upon a system predisposed to pulmonary consumption. After remaining about a year in this unfriendly situation, she applied for re-admission into the same family in Manchester she had lived with before, into which she received a hearty welcome. Supposing it possible that by the change of circumstances she might be changed towards the school, an offer was made to her of attending chapel instead of school, if she preferred it, as she had been doing for some time. But her immediate reply was, "O no!—there is no place like my Sunday-school. I have never been happy since I left my Sunday-school. I believe I have shed tears every day since I left you." Thus her attendance was resumed, and her advance in the knowledge and love of religion soon became very apparent.

In June, 1842, the effects of the colds before alluded to, manifested themselves in a violent cough and general debility. These for awhile yielded to medical treatment, but it soon became matter of sorrowful apprehension that she was likely to be taken away in the morning of her days. These symptoms became more frequent and violent, notwithstanding the best medical assistance was procured, and everything done by the family in which she was so much beloved, to stay the rapid steps of death. But God had otherwise willed it, and by the opening of the following year symptoms of decided consumption developed themselves.

As mention has been made of her great love to the sabbath-school, it will not be out of place to relate here a little circumstance so much in character with it. The anniversary meeting of a very important and efficient benevolent society connected with the schools is held in the January of each

year. Before the special business of the meeting commences the members and friends take tea together. It was one of the highest delights that could be offered to Rachel if she was allowed to make herself useful on these occasions; and, had it been needful, she would have worked day and night rather than not have time to be present. Just before the last of these meetings she lived to see, her cough had become very violent, and she, too, was very unwell. She was advised to have a blister applied to her throat, as the cough had been almost quieted by it a short time before; but Rachel manifested a reluctance quite unusual with her. When asked her reason for it, she said, "If you put me a blister on I cannot go to school on Wednesday." Her desire was, therefore, granted, on condition that it should be tried after the meeting; but she failed to derive any benefit from the application. Neither this nor any other means resorted to could arrest the progress of this determined disease. She accordingly waited at the table of her teacher, and this was the last act of service she was ever able to perform. In a fortnight from this time her medical attendant recommended her return home, as no hope of her recovery was entertained.

It would be difficult to describe the anxiety she now felt about her soul. Nothing would satisfy her but an assurance of her pardon and acceptance with God, through Jesus Christ. She could not rest with a doubt upon her mind. Never will her teacher forget the expression of her beautiful countenance when pointing out to her the free invitations of the Saviour to all who feel their need of him as she did. She seemed as though she could not doubt, and yet scarcely dared to hope.

In this state of mind she left the family and went home; but as it was in the neighbourhood of Bolton, it prevented that frequency of intercourse which was much desired on both sides; she was, however, visited several times by members of the family, and a correspondence kept up by post. The first visit her teacher made was deeply interesting—such was the dear invalid's joy that it was like life from the dead. Part of their conversation shall be related:—

"Well, Rachel, what do you think of your health? Do you think you shall recover?" She answered in a perfectly composed, but very serious manner, "I believe I shall very soon die." "And how do you feel when you think of death?" She replied, "Quite easy—quite happy." "What! Can you feel quite easy and happy when you know that you are a guilty, a condemned, a helpless sinner, who has to do with a God of infinite holiness and justice, who will not clear the guilty?" She answered, "Yes, I feel all that, and still I am not afraid to die. My Jesus has taken the fear of death away. He has died for my sins, and taken death's sting away. I can now sing, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" The teacher added, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Yes; that is it," she replied. "But you did not feel this blessed truth some time ago, Rachel?" "No, I did not, but I learned it in my Sunday-school." "Then you think you have received some good in the Sunday-school?" With a face bright with joy, and a warmth of feeling peculiar to one of her temperament, she said, "I shall praise God to all eternity that ever I went to that sabbath-school. I felt anxious about my soul when first I attended it, but did not know what I must do to be saved. Now I know that my blessed Jesus died for me."

Conversation of this nature filled up the time. When about to leave, her teacher said, "Rachel, what message will you send to the class?" She said, "Give my love to them, and tell them I long to sit with them in the class once more, and then I should be satisfied." "Well, Rachel, this message shall be faithfully delivered to them; and, now, what advice will you send?" She said, "O, tell them to seek an interest in Jesus while in health. A sick-bed is not the place to make sure of pardon. When I felt my poor body sinking, I became so anxious about my soul that I have spent whole nights wrestling with God in prayer for a sense of pardon, and now I know that

Jesus can and will save me. O tell them not to put off this matter to a sick and dying bed; it is quite enough to struggle with the poor body." Thus teacher and pupil parted.

In two or three weeks information was sent that her end was approaching rapidly. Her teacher again hastened to her bed-side. Since their last interview what fearful advances had death made over the frame! Nevertheless, at the sight of her visitor, Rachel's soul seemed to rise above her prostrated body; and, although for awhile she was so overcome as to be unable to speak, life and joy beamed in her expressive countenance. At length she exclaimed, "O how glad I am to see you! I cannot tell you what I feel.' Her teacher said, "Well, we will talk about that. Are you still triumphing over death?" "O yes," was her answer; "the prospect of eternal glory grows brighter and brighter every day. Louder and louder I can sing, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' I wish you could be always with me, always talking to me. I have no pleasure in any but the people of God, who will speak to me and pray with me." Then alluding to her teacher's mother, who had died about a month before she left her place, and to whom Rachel had paid the most kind and devoted attention, she said, "I did not think that I should so soon follow my dear mistress to heaven. As soon as I have seen my blessed Saviour, I shall look for her among that happy crowd."

There is little doubt that the poignant sorrow which this faithful and affectionate servant experienced at the death of her aged mistress in some measure accelerated her own, as she was then in a sinking state of body.

On being asked if she were ever distressed with doubts, she answered "No. Only one night, as I lay awake, the thought came into my mind that if all were right I should feel higher, livelier joy, and for awhile I was much distressed; but as soon as I prayed to my blessed Jesus it went away, and I became as happy as before." "Yes, Rachel, you have a firmer, surer ground of hope than degrees of feeling. You have the invitations and promises of God in Christ, and you have accepted and made them your own." She replied in a very emphatic manner, "Yes, I have, I know I have." Such continued to be her happy and enviable state of mind during the short interval of life which yet remained. The last name, except one, which was upon her lips was that of her teacher. Just before she expired, she looked upwards, while more than mortal joy radiated her countenance, and said, "I see my Jesus ready to receive me." And his was the last name her dying lips uttered.

Thus died this excellent young woman—this bright example for Sunday-scholars and domestic servants.

What does Rachel say to every Sunday-scholar? What was her message to her own class from her dying bed, uttered with her dying lips? "O tell them to seek an interest in Jesus while in health." Could she address you now, it would be in language and with an earnestness known and felt only by a resident of the world eternal—still the burden of her message would be, "O seek now an interest in Jesus, by all that is blissful in heaven—by all that is woful in the abyss of the lost."

THE BOY AND THE HORSE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I send the following for a corner in the *Penny Magazine*, having heard it from the lips of the teacher himself. Being some time since at Cowes, a teacher was in the afternoon addressing both teachers and scholars—urging teachers to persevere, scholars to imitate. His remarks were made in allusion to one who had formerly been a scholar among them. The speaker said business had called him, on a certain day, some distance into the interior of the island, (the Isle of Wight,) and being on horseback, he gave his horse to a respectable looking lad to hold, whilst he went into a house to transact some matter of business. On coming out he offered the lad a few pence for his services, which were respectfully refused; and in reply he said, "My lad,

I must request your acceptance of the trifle, for I never expect people to serve me for nothing."—(But hear this, my fellow-teachers, ye who are sometimes fearing you are labouring to no purpose, here was a rich reward on earth for this teacher; and he could scarcely restrain his feelings when he recited it in the sabbath-school in my hearing.)—The lad firmly replied, "I cannot take your money, sir, for I owe you a much larger sum than I shall ever be able to repay. I have not forgotten you, if you have forgotten me: it is to your kindness, united with that of my other friends, that I owe my present comfortable and happy situation. You took me into your school when an outcast; you clothed me when naked; you were fathers and mothers to me when my parents were dead; and can I now take money from you for such a trifling service as this? No, sir; you must excuse me; and may God bless you for your kindness to me!"

The teacher said he had forgotten the boy's features, he was so much improved. He was, he said, a helpless boy, whom himself and a few more friends, who felt for his forlorn situation, had taken by the hand, clothed and educated for some time in their sabbath-school, until an opportunity offered of placing him in a situation to procure his own living by his industry, and here he witnessed the fruits of their care. And then from this token of gratitude in the youth he directed the attention of his hearers to a debt of the same kind, but of a superior order, which we all owe to One who has never ceased to provide for us, his family here below, everything we need. I think his remarks were calculated to make a lasting impression on those who heard him.

Should this brief sketch meet your approval, it is at your service. One word more, sir, on the *Penny Magazine*. My order of sixty, alluded to in my last, has now reached seventy-eight, and I am persuaded it will not stop there. May you reach the haven of a QUARTER OF A MILLION, and then spread your sails for a HALF MILLION!

I am, &c.,

GEOFFREY RANDALL.

LESSONS OF THE WATCH.

For the Christian's Penny Magazine.

I WAS alone in my chamber the other day, when I took out my watch to ascertain how time progressed, and, being in a meditative mood, the timepiece as it lay in my hand suggested thoughts something like the following. A watch is certainly in many respects like man's mind, and if we examine its different parts we shall find a striking analogy between the two. First of all, look at the inside, the works. Are they not emblematical of the mind? How beautifully arranged are the different parts, and how suited to produce the desired effect! So, also, is the mind in its natural and right state—formed by God in perfect symmetry and beauty—just such a mind as man requires, and exactly adapted to produce the effects desired by its Maker. Again; how one part of the mechanism depends on the other. Be one wheel, or even one tooth, absent, all goes wrong; and, too, how much care must we take with them; what a slight touch injures them; what a trifle ruins them! And so the mind is a beautiful piece of mechanism, composed of various dispositions, affections, and passions, each depending on the other. If one function be misused, all suffer for it; if one be improved, the whole benefit from it. And what care is necessary to keep the mind in good order—the least thoughtlessness often injures it, and just paying no attention to it, without actually trying to work its harm, often ruins it. But enough concerning the works; we will now shut them up in the case, and at the same time shut up the mind we are contemplating in its case—the body. Our attention is now attracted by the ticking and by the hands. The works cause both the ticking and the motion of the hands: if they are in good order the ticking is regular and the hands also perform their functions properly; and by both is the state of the works ascertained. This applies to the mind. It exercises a direct influence over our conversation and actions. If our minds are well disciplined and in good order, then will our conversation be sound and good, and our actions also will be

in the right direction—well timed and well performed. And by both our conversation and actions can the state of the mind be infallibly told. How true, thought I, is this! See you a lad flippant and senseless in his conversation, that lad's mind is like a flower-garden full of weeds; and see you a lad acting unworthily of himself, that lad cannot govern his own mind. One thought more suggested itself to my mind—the watch cannot go on unless it is daily wound up; and so, unless the mind is daily fed with food proper for it, that is, unless we supply it with materials on which to exercise and sustain itself, it will decline, and its motions will eventually stop. These were my meditations; and, need I say, I rose from my reverie a benefited man?

C. H. D.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO TEACHERS.

For the Christian's Penny Magazine.

Some few years since a pious and judicious fellow-teacher in the Sunday-school at P—— was taken ill, and, after a very long affliction, departed in peace to everlasting glory. I frequently called upon him during his lengthened illness. On one occasion I found him considerably dejected. On inquiring the cause, he replied, "Although I have been so many years a Sunday-school teacher, I have no satisfactory evidence that I ever was the successful instrument of leading one youthful mind to God." It was evident to me, that, though he died peacefully reclining on that hope which the gospel of Christ inspires, the fear that he had not been useful spread a shade around his dying pillow.

I knew him to be a regular attendant and devout teacher, and therefore endeavoured to persuade him that he had, doubtless, been useful, though he knew it not. He admitted that it was probable, but he wanted, he said, some decisive evidence of it.

A few weeks after his death I paid a visit to a friend at H——, eight miles from P——, and, spending my sabbath there, like most Sunday-school teachers, I suppose, I went to the school. On my first entering, I recognised a youth of the name of G—— B——, about nineteen years of age, who was a former scholar at P——. By some conversation with him I found that he was not only a regular teacher in the school, but also a member of the church. After teaching, and prior to the worship, we took a short walk, and I inquired by what means he had been led to devote himself to the Lord and to the work of Sunday-school teaching. "Sir," he replied, "it was by the kindness, the faithfulness, and the prayers of Mr. M——," (the name of my departed friend,) "that I was led to think, to pray, and, I trust, to give myself to Christ." I felt almost overwhelmed. We went immediately to the house of God, but I confess that it was some time before the solemn worship of the sanctuary could banish from my mind my departed friend and his ignorance of this fact. How much the knowledge of it would have rejoiced his heart! Well he knows it now, and with it, perhaps, the wise and gracious reasons for which he was kept in ignorance of it while on earth. O ye doubting Sunday-school teachers, do you know whither your charge is scattered? While you are saying, we have no proofs of usefulness, perhaps they, through your instrumentality, are pious and useful. The seed sown, though hid, will not perish; for the promise runs, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Kingsbridge. N.

JUVENILE ZEAL.

A little girl, in Gloucestershire, used to subscribe one halfpenny per week to an Auxiliary Missionary Society; but by the failure of employment where she had been used to work, she found herself unable to continue her subscription; yet, being unwilling wholly to decline her contribution, she devised the following method:—The farmers being in the habit of allowing the poor to glean in their potato-fields, she went one morning, and with no small labour

procured a basketful of potatoes. These she carried to the collector who used to receive her subscription, and begged him to accept of the potatoes instead of money. The collector objected that he never received anything of this sort for a subscription, and that he could not accept them, for they belonged properly to her mother. The child went home much disappointed, and told her mother the whole. The mother returned with her daughter to the collector, and requested him to accept the potatoes, saying, "Sir, I was once a poor blind papist; but now, blessed be God, I know the value of the gospel, and wish everybody to know it too; and I thank God I have a child who feels this concern for the poor heathen." About this time a neighbour came, and wishing to gratify the good woman and her child, purchased the potatoes, and gave the full value of them to the collector. When Dr. Williams related this little anecdote at an anniversary meeting at Bristol, a person rose and said, "And I am the person who bought the potatoes." P. B. B.

LONG LIFE.

LIFE'S waning hours, like the sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise;
Oh rouse thee and live! nor deem that man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.

L. H. S.

THE DYING CHILD.

"My father, through the valley's shade
Will you not go with me,"
The dying boy with faintness said,
"And my protector be?"

"My son! my son! I must abide
The time which God hath set;
Life's toils my path must still betide,—
Mine hour is not come yet."

"O mother, you have always bless'd
Your little boy—will you
Go with me in the shades of death,
And help my passage through?"

"My child! I would, but cannot go;
God hath not call'd for me;
But Jesus waits for thee, I know,
And he will go with thee."

"Yes!—father!—mother!—yes, I see—
The valley now is light;
My Saviour walks along with me,
And heaven appears in sight!

"How sweet the music that I hear!
Bright angels bid me come!
A little while, and I'll be there;—
I'm almost—I am—home!"

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dew might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore where they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not;
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For He who careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

MARY HOWITT.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

"These three"—beautiful sisters they are! The first trusts; the second desires and expects; the third loves with all her heart. They have a common Father, who is the common object of their different emotions. They dwell together in sweet and holy concord. The tie that binds them together is strong and enduring as life. They constitute the three-fold cord that binds the soul to God and heaven. What power can break that cord? Faith justifies the soul at the bar where the law condemns. Hope lifts it above the dark and dismal shadows of mortality. Love animates it to run the heavenly race till it shall win and wear the incorruptible crown. Faith without Hope and Love would be but a dull and passionless trust. Hope and Love without Faith would be but the wild workings of an empty dream. Faith, working by Love, purifies the heart, and with Hope for her standard-bearer, achieves the most substantial victories over the world. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for;" that is, it gives a subsistence, imparts a reality to the objects of Hope, without which the life of the Christian would be an uncertain conjecture. It evidences to the mind the "things that are unseen," and thus assures Hope that her expectation of those things shall not be in vain. Nay, when her sister begins to droop, the steady tones of her cheerful voice reanimate and encourage her, for "against hope she still believes in Hope"—firmly believes, in spite of every discouragement, that the objects of Hope will be accomplished.

Survey, now, the stature of these sisters—their attitude, countenances, motions—and you will confess their heavenly birth, you will be charmed with their divine features. Behold the firm step, the majestic gait, the fixed, yet serene gaze of the elder sister. At every step she treads upon the thrones and principalities of earth; she spurns the pomps and pleasures that enchant and enslave the earthly, for she "walks with God." Her fellowship is with the kingly Mediator who reigns on high. She beholds "with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and is changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Look now at the other, on whose face, radiant with life and joy, that glory is reflected. See her ethereal form, her elastic, vivid, changeful movements. All is bright before her. She forgets the things that are behind, and is wholly taken up, deeply enraptured with the visions of beauty and blessedness that unveil themselves beyond the horizon of time. The desires of her soul follow hard after God. Thither the warm current of her emotions flow. Thence is all her expectation. By her side is her still more beautiful companion, her countenance beaming with benevolence,

her mantle flowing as with the light of heaven, her eye suffused with a tear, for she is still on earth, though aspiring to heaven. All that is lovely she loves with an unfaltering passion, and that affection overflows in pity and compassion for the alienated and the lost.

Leaving personification, let us advert to that precious sentiment of inspiration which concludes one of the most eloquent descriptions even of inspiration itself: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Not the longer in duration, for when shall faith, or confidence in an electing, a redeeming, a regenerating God cease from the bosoms of the elect, the redeemed, the regenerated hosts of heaven? When shall they cease to trust the everlasting grace that saves them to all eternity? At what point of glorified felicity shall a shade of distrust intrude into the hearts of the holy? Or when shall hope intermit her warm pulsations in the souls of the just? Will they not desire the glory beyond? Will they not expect it? These are the living elements of hope—desire and expectation of future good. The perfection of hope will be theirs, for no cloud will intervene to dim its brightness. But love will have a wider range there as here; for all excellence, all holiness, whether in God, or saints, or angels, will be its object. Then will the glowing thought, "God is love," kindle the fire of a perpetual devotion on every little altar in every mansion prepared by the Lord of glory. Love will be the element in which all holy beings will move. It will be the habitation of the saints, for "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." So, "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." The inspired writers dwell with peculiar emphasis and powerful emotion on this grace. They ascribe to it properties that may well excite the wonder of the contemplative mind. It is something that "passeth knowledge," yet is as real and demonstrable as if perfectly known. It possesses an undying vigour and vivacity, for it is a fruit of the Spirit. It has a universality as wide as moral being. It is diffusive as the light, being not only "shed abroad in the heart," but through all heaven. It pervades the very essence of faith and hope, and is to them as the atmosphere in which they breathe. Glorious grace! dwell thou in my heart *through all the generations of the ages upon ages of eternity!* Amen. Eph. iii. 21.

J. N. D.

THE END OF CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

BY DR. SPRING.

When the great Ruler of the world was pleased to accomplish his purposes of mercy towards sinful man, he saw fit to do it in a way that expressed the mysterious fulness of his own eternal nature.

God is one in nature and three in persons. A fundamental article of the Christian religion is, that one of these three Divine persons became incarnate. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

When "the fulness of time" was come, "God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, made under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that they might receive the adoption of sons." His birth was humble, away from home, and in a manger; but it was announced by angelic voices, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!" Behold the wonder!—the immortal Deity clothed with the nature of mortal man—the Everlasting One born in time—the God Omnipotent swathed in the bands of infancy, and lying in a manger! This was the beginning of the Saviour's sorrows. Had he any sense of loftiness to be subdued, any honest pride of character to be wounded, any inbred sentiments of virtuous exaltation to be mortified, it would be in view of such mysterious humiliation as this. No pomp of earth was there; no show of worldly magnificence; no regal splendour; though there slept on that pallet of straw One "who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS." Judah's crown and sceptre might have belonged to his honoured parents, and he should of right have been born in the palace of David. But this were ill fitting One who came to pour contempt upon the pride of man, whose "kingdom is not of this world," and who, before he assumed this low attire, foresaw that he should put it off only on the cross.

The tears that flowed in Bethlehem, often flowed in after life. In his infancy he was sought as the victim of Herod's sword; in his youth he was often obliged to retire from the observation of men, that he might not provoke their rage. But while for thirty years he avoided the scenes of active and public life, his great work of suffering and redemption, in all its parts and consequences, was always present to his thoughts. Wherever he went, and in whatever he did and said, he conducted himself like one who felt that he had a great work to perform, and was assiduously hastening it onward to its final catastrophe. He knew what others did not know—that the hand of violence would cut him off in the midst of his days; and in view of his coming sorrows could often say, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" In this respect, as well, indeed, as in every other, he differed from all other men. Socrates, though he addressed himself to his fate with great calmness, and spake of it with wonderful tranquillity, and drank the hemlock with unshrinking firmness, did not anticipate his destiny from the beginning of his career, nor even many days before its close. Those there have been who have undertaken enterprises

of great toil and peril; but the suffering was doubtful, and many a gladdening though, perhaps, deceptive hope was immingled with their fears. But the Saviour was apprised of his career of suffering, as well as of its close of agony, from the hour he quitted his Father's bosom. In the eternal "council of peace" he "gave his life a ransom for many." All his arrangements were directed to this one end; his eye and his course were single; and the farther he went in it, the more "stedfastly did he set his face to go to Jerusalem." Nothing could divert his steps from that melancholy way of tears and blood. To every solicitation his reply was, "The Son of man *must* go up to Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed."

SAVING FAITH.

Simply as a saving grace, faith has but the same excellence with all other precious saving graces. As it is the fruit of the Spirit, it is more precious than gold, and so are all other graces. In this sense they all shine with equal glory, and that glory transcending all the glory of this world; but then consider faith *relatively*, as the instrument by which the righteousness of Christ is apprehended and made ours, and in this view it excels all other graces. This is the grace that is singled out from among all other graces to *receive Christ*, by which office it is dignified above its fellows. As Moses was honoured above the many thousands of Israel when God took him up into the mount and admitted him nearer to himself than any other of all the tribes might come, so faith is honoured above its fellow-graces in being singled out and solemnly anointed to this high office in our justification. It is that precious eye that looks unto Christ as the stung Israelites did to the brazen serpent, and derives healing virtue from it to the soul. It is the grace which instrumentally saves us. As it is Christ's glory to be the door of salvation, so it is faith's glory to be the door-key that opens that.

What shall I say of faith? It is the bond of union, the instrument of justification, the spring of spiritual peace and joy, the means of spiritual life and subsistence, and, therefore, the great scope and drift of the gospel, which aims at and presses nothing more than to bring men to believe.

It is the *bond of our union* with Christ: that union is begun in our spiritual quickening, and completed in our actual receiving of Christ: the first is the bond of union on the Spirit's part, the second a bond of union on our part. Christ "dwells in our hearts by faith." Thus it is a door opened to let in many rich blessings to the soul, for, by uniting us to Christ, it brings us into special favour and acceptance with God, makes us the special objects of Christ's love and delight, and draws from his heart sympathy and a tender sense of all our miseries and burdens.

It is *the instrument* of our justification. Till Christ be thus received by us we are in our sins—under guilt and condemnation; but when faith comes, then comes freedom: "By him all that believe are justified from all things." It apprehends or receives the pure and perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus, wherein the soul, how guilty and sinful soever it be in itself, stands faultless and spotless before the presence of God: all bonds to punishment are, upon believing, immediately dissolved, a full and final pardon sealed. O precious faith! who can sufficiently value it?

FLAVEL.

TWO WORDS, OR THE RESURRECTION.

A MAN of intelligence, but of a very sceptical turn of mind, had many conversations with a minister, and was always stumbling at the doctrine of the resurrection as a vexation and plague to his reason. He stumbled at that stumbling-block, being disobedient. His friend did not succeed in reducing his scepticism: the evil proceeded not so much from particular difficulties and incredibilities in the mystery before him, as from the disease of the heart—a proud, self-relying dependence, not upon God, but upon his own reason.

At length they were separated. The clergyman did not meet his sceptical friend for years. Meanwhile the grace of God came into his heart, and he was converted, and became as a little child. All scepticism departed, and now he listened only to God.

The first time they met after this great change, the minister said to him, "Well, my dear sir, and what do you think now of the doctrine of the resurrection?" "Oh, sir," said the former sceptic, "two words from Paul conquered me,—'Thou fool!' Do you see this Bible?—(taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, fastened with a silver clasp,)—and will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" The clergyman read, deep engraven on the silver clasp, "Thou fool!" "There," said his friend, "are the words that conquered me; it was no argument, no reasoning, no satisfying my objections, but God convincing me that I was a fool; and thenceforward I determined I would have my Bible clasped with those words, 'Thou fool!' and never again would come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries but through their medium. I will remember that I am a fool, and God only is wise."

How striking, how affecting was this! Ah, this is the way to come to God's word. Let every man put this clasp upon his Bible, "Thou fool!" and let him enter it, to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him, just as a little child, remembering the saying of David, "*The entrance of thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple.*"

THE SILENT POWER OF TRUTH.

A SWEDE, after receiving a good education, became a wanderer in the world. At one time he was a soldier, at another a sailor, and at length, having, while intoxicated, sustained an injury

he became a patient in an hospital. A tract visiter entered the ward in which he lay, and observing that he was asleep, quietly laid a tract upon his bed and went away. That man was an avowed infidel. When he awoke he saw the tract and read it. It related to the evidences of Christianity, and the Lord made it the means of removing his unbelief. He became a new creature; and when he left the hospital, he experienced the power of vital Christianity, and felt an earnest desire to do good. Observing that there were many seamen in the port who were his countrymen, and that they knew but little of the English language, he collected small companies of them together, and read, and sang, and prayed with them. Afterwards he obtained the use of a floating Bethel on sabbath mornings, and sometimes added exhortation to other exercises. But he longed to hear the gospel preached there by some minister from his native land; for this he prayed, and, as he had opportunity, made known his wishes to his fellow-Christians. His prayer was answered, and now there is a church in the ship, with a Swedish clergyman for its pastor.

Here the reading of a single tract was blessed. Such has often been the case, and this even when the person to whom it was given had cast it aside unread. A man having received a tract used it in filling up the space between the inner and outer sole of a shoe. Some time afterwards another man sat down on a sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe, but when he had cut away the old leather he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God; his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest until he found it at the cross of Christ.

"THIS MAN'S RELIGION IS VAIN."

"*This man's religion is vain.*"—It is "vain" in the case described, because it is partial. And so it is in other cases. There are many illustrations of a partial religion. *That* is, which is merely intellectual, which possesses the understanding only — which lies in knowledge simply, and has to do with doctrinal truths and distinctions. This belongs to a class whose cast of mind leads them to inquire, reason, and speculate. They are fond of investigations. In the spirit of doctrinal discrimination they love to build their systems with skill and defend them with strength. *Their* religion is "vain," because partial. It does not go far enough. It stops before any vital work is begun. There is, indeed, importance in knowledge. No religion is of worth without it. Christianity *is* concerned with our intelligent powers; and they are the best Christians who are the best instructed in Christian truth. But to stop with knowledge, with what the understanding only receives, is to make your religion a mere idea, a very heartless affair. What says the word? "He that loveth not, *knoweth* not God." To know God savingly is to know him approvingly, with love. If, then, you have knowledge without love—if you look at religious acquisitions simply as

intellectual attainments—if you think of heaven only as a place for pursuing speculative inquiries, then is not your religion partial and enslaving?

And this kind of religion discloses its own defects practically. It lacks humility. It begets intellectual pride. It swells the mind with vain glory. It is prayerless too. Its ideas are too much abstractions—too separate from what is really spiritual and practical to sustain a spirit of devotion. Such a religion must be "vain."

J. D. C.

INTERESTING CONVERSION.

THE way of the Spirit of God in effecting the conversion of men is sometimes truly wonderful, while the riches of Divine grace are magnified and the human heart humbled. Some years since the pious and devoted Dr. Malan, of Geneva, visited Edinburgh. One evening during his stay there, among others, a licentiate of the church of Scotland was present, of whom Dr. Malan had inquired personally, if he possessed the love of Christ. The young gentleman opposed the Doctor's views with great heat of argument, and at length begged of him to go into a private room, that they might converse together with more freedom. When they had shut the door, the youth proposed prayer. "No," said Dr. Malan, "I will not pray *with* you, for I am convinced that you know not the love of Christ; but I will pray *for* you;" and they knelt in prayer. The argument was then continued for a great length of time, but such was the effect of Dr. Malan's address, that when they returned to the company the young man was in great agitation, and did not conceal his excitement. When he went to his lodgings, instead of retiring to bed, he sat down to write a refutation of Dr. Malan's views with a clearness and power of argument, as he thought, such as he could not command in conversation, and he continued writing till four o'clock in the morning. Then, when he arose and looked at his manuscript, and ran over his train of reasoning, a sudden flash of conviction, a light like that which shone on the mind of Paul in his way to Damascus, poured upon him, that he had been fighting against God, and was, indeed, a guilty, wretched, perishing sinner. He threw himself upon his knees, imploring forgiveness through the blood of Christ, and that very hour obtained peace in his Redeemer. When he arose, and looked at his watch, he found that it wanted but little of the time when Dr. Malan was to take his departure in the morning's coach. He hurried away, and finding him at the door of his lodging, just ready to set out, embraced him as his spiritual father, declaring that he had never known Christ till that morning. That same individual is now a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

REFORMATION AMONG BOATMEN IN GERMANY.

THE coal-mines on the banks of the Ruhr give employment to nearly 1000 barges, and to each they reckon four sailors. A large number of these live in Malheim, and have generally been considered among the most rude, ignorant, and wicked of the lower classes. About two years ago, one of these,

named Wolf, pre-eminent in all these evil qualities, became thoughtful, and his conscience reproached him for his wicked life, and his cruel treatment of his wife and children in his drunken fits. He had very little knowledge of the truths of Christianity, for he could not read; but he was afraid of the judgment of God, and that he must be eternally lost should death overtake him in his sinful state. While under these severe conflicts of mind, he revealed himself to his brother-in-law, a man also in humble life, but a pious man, who told him that he knew a Physician who could cure him. "Oh! where does he live?" cried Wolf, "for I will gladly walk ten miles this night yet to find him." The brother-in-law now preached to him Christ, and pointed him out as the only Saviour and Physician of sin-sick souls.

Wolf returned home to his family; and his wife told me, he fell upon his knees, and, in agony, cried long and earnestly to the Saviour for help and deliverance from the torments of his mind. His prayer was heard, and he found rest in Christ. He began to learn to read, that he might be able to feed on the word of God. He now appeared, among his former companions in wickedness, a changed man; and his heart was so full of love to the Saviour, for the peace which he had found, that he began to preach to them with a power and energy which astonished them, and the Holy Spirit confirmed his testimony.

The holy fire spread from boat to boat, and the eyes of many were opened on their sinful and lost state. Drunkards, thieves, and abandoned characters were made penitent; and it was a joyful sight to behold them shedding tears under the sound of the glad tidings, and their weather-beaten countenances beaming with delight while joining in the praises of their Saviour. And now their huts, which were formerly habitations of riot and wretchedness, are changed into clean and comfortable dwellings, where peace and temperance reside. They now began to assemble in numbers for reading the word of God and prayer. Hundreds have been savingly affected; and last winter these meetings were frequented by many from the neighbouring country, and also by the poor of Malheim. The narrator was present at one of them, in which there were from 400 to 500 of these humble Christians.

The magistrates have openly acknowledged the improved state of morals among the lower orders, to whom this awakening seems to be exclusively confined.

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. III.

BY THOMAS TEMPSON.

ROME having become nominally Christian, by the emperor Constantine professing the religion of Christ, the way was opened for the triumph of imposture under his sacred name. This was soon effected by various means, under the direction of the hierarchy, now first brought into union with the state. Under the imperial countenance, and after the example of Constantine, magnificent *basilicæ*, or churches, were erected in principal cities, richly adorned with pictures and images, and re-

sembling the heathen temples in their form and furniture. Wealthy men were encouraged to build places for worship, to which they were, under this "church and state system," allowed to appoint the ministering "priests," according to the custom when they were *heathen*. And this is the true origin of what is called among us "church patronage," and one of the chief means of impeding the progress of religion, and of perpetuating priestly bigotry and intolerance in the British empire.

Hence another evil of Popery arose; as Dr. Haweis truly says, "Instead of the people choosing their own bishops and presbyters, they were no more consulted. The presbyters wholly depended on bishops and patrons. The bishops were the creatures of the patriarchs and metropolitans; or, if the *see* [that is the station of the prelate priest] was important, appointed by the emperor. So 'church and state' formed the first inauspicious alliance; and the corruption which had been plentifully sown before, now ripened by court intrigues for political bishops of imperial appointment, or at the suggestion of the prime minister."

As a natural consequence of this priestly political system, the chief bishops now excluded the people from all share in the administration of ecclesiastical matters, and engrossed the rich possessions and revenues of the city churches. The emperor Constantine, removing the seat of his government to his newly-built city, called after his own name Constantinople, Rome became a far more favourable field for prelatical ambition. Aspiring and irreligious men were everywhere seeking "preferment," as the appointment to lucrative offices in the churches was called, and this they sought by the most scandalous means. To such a height did their contests arise, as Mr. Bowers, in his "History of the Popes," states, that at the election of Ursinus and Damasus, A.D. 366, by opposing parties, to the bishopric of the Roman Christians, the clerical adherents of Damasus being armed, *one hundred and thirty-seven* persons were killed in the church itself, besides many others on different days. The bishops commonly contended with each other, in the most shameful manner, concerning the extent of their respective jurisdictions: and imitated, in their manner of living, the arrogance, voluptuousness, and luxury of magistrates and princes. On this account a pagan prefect of Rome said, "Make me bishop of Rome, and I also will be a Christian." It was under the crafty pontiff Damasus that a monarchical form of government was set up in the churches of the Western Empire, on dismembering East Illyricum by the decree of the emperor Gratian, A.D. 379; and on this decree were founded the early appeals and decrees of the Papacy.

It cannot be expected that "priests" and "prelates" made in such ways would bear their "sacred" offices with all the exemplary "meekness and gentleness of Christ;" but while it is admitted that some might be referred to as preaching the essential truths of the gospel, and exhibiting much personal holiness, the church dignitaries generally were examples of the most insulting haughtiness. One instance may be given in the conduct of Martin, bishop of Tours, who died A.D. 397. He is famous in the Popish calendar as St. Martin, the first of the saints whom

the Romanists idolized by praying to him. He is called by Dr. Waddington, now "dean of Durham," "one of the most venerable prelates of that age," and "a man comparable to the apostles." This proud priest suffered himself to be waited on at a supper by the wife of the emperor Maximus, in the quality of a servant, the emperor consenting to her request, that she might enjoy such imagined honour in thus demeaning herself. Gibbon states that "at the table of the emperor, this bishop received the cup from an attendant, and gave it to the presbyter, his companion, before he allowed the emperor to drink: the empress waiting on Martin." Such was the awe that these usurpers of the prerogatives of God had created in the minds of the most eminent persons, leading them to believe that their salvation depended on their following them as the vicars or representatives of Jesus Christ.

This same haughty ecclesiastic is referred to by Dr. Mosheim as exhibiting the spirit of the priesthood in that age; and he says, "The vices of the clergy were now carried to the most enormous lengths; and all the writers of this century, whose probity and virtue render them worthy of credit, are unanimous in their accounts of the luxury, arrogance, avarice, and voluptuousness of the sacerdotal orders. The bishops, and particularly those of the first rank, created various delegates, or ministers, who managed for them the affairs of their dioceses, and a sort of courts were gradually formed, where those pompous ecclesiastics gave audience, and received the homage of a cringing multitude. The office of a presbyter was looked upon of such a high and eminent nature, that Martin, bishop of Tours, was so audacious as to maintain, at a public entertainment, that the emperor was inferior in dignity to one of that order."

Popery making thus its shocking advances *publicly* in "the mystery of iniquity," as "the man of sin," it will not be imagined that the manner and state of Christian worship agreed much with the simplicity of the gospel. The whole system had become corrupted. Such a dreadful state of things could not have existed in the light of the Scriptures. But we obtain most satisfaction from the testimony of St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, the most famous bishop, preacher, and doctor of divinity in that age. He was born, A.D. 354, and died, A.D. 430. He says, "They despised many of the commands of the sacred Scriptures, and that superstition had universally so prevailed, that if any one had touched the ground with his bare foot during the week in which he was baptized, he was more severely rebuked than if he had been drunk; and that the Christian religion, which God in his mercy would have to be free, and to consist of very few burdens, that the condition of the Jews of old was much more tolerable than that of Christians, because the Jews had been subjected to a bondage of the law of God; but that, in the place of this, Christians were brought under bondage to human inventions!"

Corruptions of the most pernicious kind were thus introduced into the public worship of God; and at the close of the fourth century the religion of the pagan Greeks and Romans differed very little in its external appearance from that of the Christians. Both of them had a most pompous and

splendid ritual, calculated to blind the imagination of the multitude. Gorgeous robes, tiaras, mitres, wax tapers, crosiers, processions, lustrations, images, gold and silver vases, and many such circumstances of pageantry were to be seen equally in the Christian churches and in the heathen temples. Here also began those corrupt and superstitious ceremonies in the Lord's supper which led to the monstrous and blasphemous absurdity of transubstantiation, with most of the other enormous errors of Popery.

The Letter Box.

DISTINCTIVE PRINCIPLES OF CHURCH POLITY.

To the Editor of the Christian's Penny Magazine.

SIR,—I am very thankful to you for all the instruction I have received from your valuable magazine. I have taken a deep interest in all the pieces you have given us concerning the church of Christ. I was very much instructed by the excellent Address of Mr. Ely on the Voluntary Principle, which I never fully understood before, and Mr. Craig's Address has greatly fortified my mind concerning the Church of England. I should very much like you would give us information, as full and distinct, on the subject of Congregational Principles, which, I fear, I do not understand so well as I should, and I think many of my acquaintance are much in the same situation as myself. If you could do this at your convenience, you would confer a great favour upon me, and, I have no doubt, upon many others. Thanking you for all your past services,

I remain,
Your very obliged servant,
EUSEBIUS.

We are much pleased with the letter of Eusebius, and most readily meet his laudable wishes by presenting him with the views which are held on the subject by the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH POLITY.

The Congregational churches hold in common with the entire church of God all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which, derived from the New Testament, have been taught everywhere from the apostolic age, and so denominated catholic, or universal. In them they have fellowship with all the faithful,—with "all who in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ their Lord." On questions of *church polity*, however, they have been compelled, in the exercise of their own judgments upon the language of the New Testament and the records of primitive Christianity, to adopt principles distinctive from those maintained by other ecclesiastical communities; and these are briefly set forth in the following particulars.

I. Congregational church polity is distinguished from all sorts of Prelacy, Roman, Oriental, Anglican, and Wesleyan, by the principle that all Christ's servants in the ministry of the gospel *are equal in rank*.

The pre-eminence of one servant of our Lord to another appears to be inconsistent with the genius of Christianity; for he has said, "The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion

over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; but it shall not be so among you," Matt. xx. 25, 26. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," Matt. xxiii. 8. The apostle Peter assumed not this superiority—"the *presbyters* who are among you I exhort, who am also a *presbyter*. Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the *oversight* (ἐπισκοποῦντες, discharging the duty of *bishops*) not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being *lords* over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock," 1 Pet. v. 2, 3. The identity of the terms *presbyter* and *bishop* is obvious on the very face of the apostolic writings, the *bishops* being called *presbyters*, and the *presbyters*, *bishops*. In Acts xx. the same persons who, at the 17th verse, are termed elders, or *presbyters*, are in the 28th verse called overseers, or *bishops*. In his epistle to Titus, Paul, after having declared it to have been his design, in leaving the evangelist in Crete, that he should ordain *elders* in every city, at once proceeds to enumerate some of the principal qualifications by which they should be distinguished, and in the midst of the recital he says, "for a *bishop* must be blameless," &c., Tit. i. 5—7.

As prelatical superiority is unscriptural, so it is found to be *useless*. In those communions where such gradations are acknowledged, peace is not secured by the concession, but rather discord. The evils arising from ambition, pride, and tyranny, the natural fruits of such ascendency, are far more destructive to the interests of true religion than the differences of opinion which equality produces. Diversity of judgment may be silenced, but cannot be prevented by an appeal to authority.

II. Congregational church polity is distinguished from Episcopacy and Presbyterianism by the principle—that the only organized church it owns is a *particular church or congregation of believers* statedly meeting in *one place*. A provincial or national church, including many particular churches, and governed by general officers, has no place in the Congregational system. "The plan pursued by the apostles seems to have been," says Archbishop Whately, "to establish a great number of small (in comparison with most modern churches) distinct and *independent* communities .... occasionally conferring with the brethren in other churches, but owning no submission to the rulers of any other church, or to any central common authority, except to the apostles themselves,"* whose office was extraordinary, and but for a limited time.

This may be confirmed by an appeal to the New Testament. Look to the superscription of the epistle to the church of Corinth. Corinth was in the province of Achaia. In that province there were other churches besides that in the city of Corinth. If, then, a provincial church had existed, the epistle would have been addressed to the church of Achaia. But, in truth, the independence of the church at Cenchrea, the port of Corinth, and but a few miles distant from that city, is distinctly recognised by the apostle, Rom. xvi. 1. He also speaks of "the *churches* of Galatia," Gal. i. 2; "the *churches* of God in Judea," 1 Thess. ii. 14; and John speaks of "the *seven churches* which are in Asia," Rev. i. 11.

Church history fully sustains these interpretations. Mosheim, in his Commentaries on the affairs of the Christians, says, "Although all the churches were, in this first age of Christianity, united together in one common bond of faith and love, and were in every respect ready to promote the interests and welfare of each other by a reciprocal interchange of good offices, yet, with regard to government and internal economy, every individual church considered itself as an independent community, none of them ever looking, in these respects, beyond the circle of its own members for assistance, or recognising any sort of external influence or authority. Neither in the New Testament, nor in any ancient document whatever, do we find anything recorded from whence it might be inferred that any of the minor churches were at all dependent on, or looked up

* Essays on the Kingdom of Christ, ii. § 20, p. 129.

for direction to, those of greater magnitude or consequence: on the contrary, several things occur therein which put it out of all doubt that every one of them enjoyed the same rights, and was considered as being on a footing of the most perfect equality with the rest."* "The passages already alleged sufficiently prove," says Bishop Kay, "that in Tertullian's estimation all the apostolic churches were independent of each other, and equal in rank and authority."†

Gibbon has truly said, "The (Christian) societies which were instituted in the cities of the Roman empire were united only by the ties of faith and charity. *Independence and equality* formed the basis of their internal constitution. * * * Every society formed within itself a separate and independent republic; and although the most distant of these little states maintained a mutual as well as friendly intercourse of letters and deputations, the Christian world was not yet connected by any supreme authority or legislative assembly."‡

III. Congregational church polity is distinguished from the fore-mentioned systems by the principle *that all church power resides in the church itself, and not in the church officers:* and resides in each particular church, directly and originally, by virtue of the expressed or implied compact of its members, and not habitually or by virtue of any authority derived by succession from some higher body, ecclesiastical or clerical.

"Of the design of our Lord to establish what should be emphatically a *social religion*, 'a fellowship,' or 'communion of saints,' there can be," says Archbishop Whately, "I think, no doubt in the mind of any reflecting reader of our sacred books. Besides our Lord's general promise of 'coming unto, and dwelling in *any man* who should love him and keep his saying,' there is a distinct promise also of an especial presence in any *assembly*,—even if 'two or three—gathered together in his name.' Besides the general promises made to prayer—to the prayer of the individual 'in the closet,' there is a distinct promise also to 'those who shall agree together touching something they shall ask.' And it is in conformity with his own institution that Christians have, ever since, celebrated what they designate as emphatically *the communion*, by meeting together to break bread in commemoration of his redemption of his people. His design, in short, manifestly was to adapt his religion to the *social* principles of man's nature; and to bind his disciples, throughout all ages, to each other by those ties of mutual attachment, sympathy, and co-operation, which, in every human community and association of whatever kind, are found so powerful."* The archbishop then proceeds to consider how much is implied in the constituting of a *community*, and what are the inherent properties and universal character naturally and necessarily belonging to any regularly constituted society as such, for whatever purpose formed. And he concludes that it belongs to the very essence of a community that it should have *officers, rulers*, and *power* of admitting and excluding persons as *members*. These principles of common sense were acted upon by the first churches, under the immediate direction of our Lord and his apostles. They elected their officers, Acts vi. 2—6; received their members, Acts ix. 26; Rom. xiv. 1; dealt with offenders, Matt. xviii. 17; Gal. vi. 1; excluded the impenitent, 1 Cor. v. 4, 5; and restored those who repented, 2 Cor. ii. 6—8. Dr. George Campbell therefore truly says, "The different congregations, with their ministers, seemed in a great measure independent of one another. Everything regarding their own procedure in worship, as well as discipline, was settled amongst themselves." "It appears plainly from the sacred narrative," says Archbishop Whately, "that though many churches, which the apostles founded, were branches of one *spiritual* brotherhood, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the heavenly Head,—though there was 'one Lord,

* Vol. i. cent. i § 48.

† Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries, p. 236.

‡ Decline and Fall, chap. xv.

* Essays on the Kingdom of Christ, ii § 1, p. 54.

one faith, one baptism,' for all of them, yet they *were each a distinct independent community* on earth, united by the common principles on which they were founded, and by their mutual agreement, affection, and respect; but not *having any recognised head on earth, or acknowledging any sovereignty of one of those societies over others.*"

IV. Congregational church polity is distinguished from *strict independency* by the principle of *the communion of churches.*

It has been already shown that the first churches, though independent, were united by the ties of faith and charity. This was seen in their mutual salutations, Rom. xvi. 16; 1 Cor. xvi. 19; 1 Pet. v. 13; in their consultations by delegates or messengers, Acts xv. *pas.*; 2 Cor. viii. 23, 24; Phil. ii. 29; by pecuniary contributions, Acts xi. 29, 30; 2 Cor. viii. 9; 1 Cor. xvi. 1—4; and by their letters of commendation, Rom. xvi. 1, 22; 2 Cor. iii. 1; Col. iv. 10.

The Rev. D. Turner remarks that "every such *particular* church is to be esteemed a part of the *universal* church, or general body of Christians called by that name; and whether there be a few or many of them at the same time in the world, (if really churches of Christ,) they have all the same common Head, faith, laws, powers, privileges; and therefore, though differing in lesser matters, and not authoritatively subject to one another, *may* and *ought* to hold the communion of saints with each other, as the means of preserving and cherishing the common unity of the universal church.—'keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' not only in respect to themselves, but all true Christians throughout the world. Their being formed into distinct communities being only intended for their better edification, and not for the supporting opposite interests and little ecclesiastical factions, as too many imagine."*

"Union of churches," says Mr. Haldane, "is highly important, and must take place, in as far as religion prospers amongst them. If they are guided by the word of God, they will have the same end in view, and consequently must be united. But in order to union in religion being beneficial, it must be *voluntary.* As love is the perfect and only bond by which the members of a single church are connected, this is sufficient for uniting different churches. Love alone can produce useful co-operation amongst them. Considering the relation in which they stand to each other, it is highly important that by mutual good offices they should cultivate brotherly love. This may be done by their giving and receiving advice; by their praying for each other, especially when anything difficult or important occurs; by their joining to promote the spread of the gospel; by their sending messengers to one another as we find the apostolic churches did, 2 Cor. viii. 23; by their communicating to each other's necessities, and by many things similar. Such correspondence is calculated to have the happiest effects, while it allows the most perfect liberty and independence to each church."* It is much to be lamented that some churches, actuated by a spirit of ultra-independency, have fallen into a morbid jealousy of their liberty, and by refusing to unite with sister churches have lost these advantages.

Dr. John Owen recommends that "those churches which do walk in express communion, would frequently meet in synods to inquire into the spiritual state of them all, and to give advice for the correction of what is amiss, the due preservation of the purity of worship, the exercise of discipline, but especially of the power, demonstration, and fruit of evangelical obedience."†

V. Congregational church polity is distinguished from that novel scheme which *would supersede the pastoral office and a stated ministry.*

It is doubtless true that every Christian man who understands the truth should teach it; especially that truth which is essentially connected with salvation. Still the sacred writings always distinguish between the minis-

* Compendium of Social Religion, chap. ii.

* A View of Social Worship, &c. p. 167.

† True Nature of a Gospel Church, chap. xi.

ters and the believers in general, between the pastor and the flock, the teachers and the taught. "To all the saints which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons," Phil. i. 1. "Let him that is taught communicate to him that teacheth in all good things," Gal. vi. 6. "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," 1 Cor. ix. 14. "If all were teachers, where were the taught? If all were pastors, where were the flock? If the body were an eye, where were the hearing?" The gifted brethren in the church at Corinth possessed remarkable and miraculous powers, and the apostle Paul has given directions for the exercise of their special and supernatural endowments, 1 Cor. xiv. 31; but these are not possessed in the present day.

"It does not follow," says the learned Neander, "that all the members of the church were destined to the ordinary office of teaching: there is a great distinction between a regular capability of teaching, always under the control of him who possessed it, and an outpouring (like prophecy or the gift of tongues) proceeding from a sudden inspiration, and accompanied with a peculiar and elevated, but transient state of mind. On such transient excitements, care for the maintenance, propagation, and advancement of clear religious knowledge could not be made safely to depend, any more than the defence of the pure and genuine apostolic doctrine against the manifold false tendencies of Jewish or heathen feelings, which had already thus early begun to threaten the true church. Although all Christians must be taught only by one heavenly Guide, yet regard to the weakness of human nature, which is destined to keep the treasures of heaven in earthen vessels, made it requisite that persons should never be wanting in the church who were peculiarly qualified constantly to set strongly before their brethren their relation to the common Guide and Redeemer of all; to impress it on their hearts forcibly; to show them how everything ought to be viewed in connection with this relation; and to warn them against everything which threatened to withdraw them from this fundamental principle of Christian life. Such a capability of expounding pre-supposed a certain cultivation of the intellect, a certain clearness and acuteness of thought, and a certain power of communicating its impressions to others, which, when they were present, and penetrated and animated by the power of the Spirit of God, became the *χάρισμα διδάσκαλιας, the gift of teaching.*"* For this reasonable and Divine ordinance, the Congregational churches plead; regarding "the maintenance of the Christian ministry in an adequate degree of learning, as one of their special cares, that the cause of the gospel may be both honourably sustained and constantly promoted."

VI. The Congregational church polity is distinguished from the system of the *Baptist* churches by the principle that believing parents have the right to dedicate their infant children to God in baptism; by the principle that water is to be applied to the person, and not the person to the water; and by the principle of free communion with all who make a credible profession of being Christ's disciples, irrespective of the mode of baptism.

1. God ordained and established the families of the earth, and connected with that economy his truth and worship for two thousand years. The family of Abraham was favoured with a rite of purification, observed not only by the fathers, but performed on their infant sons. Jehovah was "the God of all the families of Israel," and in Christ "all the families of the earth are to be blessed." Wherever the gospel is received by the head of a family, "salvation has come to that house." Thus "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife (who believes), and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband (who believes); else were your children unclean, but now are they holy," 1 Cor. vii. 14. As Jesus saves his people from their sins, so baptism with the element of cleansing is a proper symbol of that spiritual purification, as circumcision was under the patriarchal and Levitical economics. The

* History of the Christian Religion and Church, vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

apostle Peter, therefore, exhorted the inquiring multitude, "Be baptized every one of you, &c. For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off," &c., Acts ii. 38, 39. As if he had said, The reason why you, parents, should be baptized, is because the promise is to you; but the promise is to your children also, and therefore they should be baptized too." Thus Lydia was baptized, and *all her household*. The jailor at Philippi, and *all his*, Acts xvi. 15, 33. Paul baptized *the household* of Stephanas, 1 Cor. i. 16. Justin Martyr, who wrote about forty years after the apostolic age, says, "Several persons amongst us, both men and women, of *sixty or seventy years old*, who were proselyted or *made disciples* to Christ in or *from their infancy*, do continue uncorrupt," &c. Now they could not be proselyted or made disciples from their infancy, without being treated as such, that is, being baptized. Matt. xxviii. 19. *Sixty* or *seventy* years from the time of Justin carries us back almost into the middle of the apostolic age, the period at which these aged Christians were so discipled.

2. Baptism is the introductory ordinance of a religion that is destined to prevail in every part of the world. Hence it must be a rite *universally* practicable,—in the Arabian desert, or near the polar circle, as well as in the temperate regions, or in a city abounding with water. It is to be administered to persons of both sexes, in all circumstances, and of all ranks. Hence it must be *readily* performed. "The yoke of Christ is *easy*, and his burden light." The sensitive female, the sickly or the aged convert, will not find it to outrage her delicacy, nor to endanger her health. Such, we conclude, was the primitive baptism. Water was applied to the person; for, under the Mosaic law, all the rites of purification and consecration were so performed. "He sprinkled *with* blood," &c. "Almost all things purged *with* blood," &c. "*With* my holy oil have I anointed him." "I shall be anointed *with* fresh oil." "I will sprinkle clean water upon you," &c. "I indeed baptize *with* water." "Ye shall be baptized *with* the Holy Ghost." How? He fell upon them—was poured forth—shed forth, &c. The multitudes who were baptized by John in the wilderness, and by Peter on the day of Pentecost, did not anticipate the reception of baptism, and were not prepared for it by immersion. The circumstances under which Paul was baptized, Acts ix. 9, 18, 19, when in the house just recovered from blindness, and faint with abstinence and grief, lead us to conclude that water was applied to his person, while those in which the jailor at Philippi was baptized, render it still more certain that the rite was so administered. It was at midnight, and in a prison, just as an earthquake had shaken the edifice, and while his own soul was torn by emotions still more violent. The quantity of the element employed cannot determine the right observance of an ordinance. The Lord's *supper* conveys the idea of a *meal*, yet we take the smallest quantity of bread and wine. Why may not the use of the smallest quantity of water, as the sign of cleansing, be accounted baptism?

3. That man, we maintain, makes a credible profession of discipleship to Christ, who observes all things that are made plain to his mind from the New Testament. This is the case with those who observe baptism in either mode, and therefore, neither should exclude the other from the Lord's table. "He who is accepted of Christ should be accepted of his brethren."

"HOW DOES 'THE PENNY' GO ON?"

THIS is the question which is ever and anon presented to us, and we are never tired of hearing it. For the encouragement of our friends, we shall allow a few words to each of four or five worthy correspondents, as a specimen of our daily communications.

"Previous to the existence of your CHRISTIAN WITNESS, the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE was our most popular periodical—(I speak as a bookseller:)

it was the Magazine for which we had most subscribers, and the arrival of which was most longed for. It may gratify you to know, that, excellent as that work is, we have got far more subscribers for the WITNESS, at the least 150.

"On observing the first notice of the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE, I told my young man to order 150 copies, not knowing whether any, or how many, would be inquired for. Having written fully early, it was found that inquiries were beginning to be made about the publication. I ordered the number to be changed to 500. On getting them they were disposed of in a week. We got another 500, and they went in a week; and another 500, and off they went like the rest. We ordered 1000 at once of No. 2, but found we had to make it up to 1500, and this is the regular number of copies we now get monthly. You are such a man for the million, you look for and expect such great things, your calculations go so far beyond those of other people, that, possibly, you are not greatly taken, after all, with my account of things, for as much as I think of them. Well, your articles, both from their quality and their cheapness, do deserve the most popular encouragement, and I rejoice to find, not for your sake only, but for the sake of the church of Christ and the world, that they are appreciated."

"I rejoice to tell you that the circulation is steadily advancing *here*. The demand has very much increased since I have been able to obtain a fresh supply of the back numbers, so that we have now had down *one hundred and eleven* copies of the number for each month; and we have not *done* yet. My order for *next* month will be at least *one hundred and twenty-five*, with back numbers also up to the same figure; and I most earnestly wish that the whole neighbourhood may become deluged with them. The *seed* is good; God grant that the *soil* may prove fruitful! May the dews of Divine grace plenteously descend!

"Many persons who in all their lives have never taken in a periodical of any kind before are taking *this*. Ay, and with avidity and thankfulness too. And no wonder. It is cheap—it suits the pocket; it is tasteful—it pleases the eye; it is simple—it is appreciated by the head; it is energetic and warm, both in style and substance—it makes its way to the heart.

"One of my beloved young friends, a member of my church, and a tract distributor, in her enlightened zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls, has evinced a very lively interest in the Magazine, and has secured no fewer than *seventeen* subscribers from the beginning in her district alone, with a prospect of further increase.

"In the meantime, the circulation of the WITNESS, which had somewhat fallen off, is increasing again; and we have at least one EVANGELICAL more than last year; and all this in a scattered rural district and population, where the word of the Lord has hitherto made but little progress, and where the cause and friends of the Redeemer are still very limited in extent, number, and influence."

"In the first place, our good minister warmly recommended it from the pulpit on the Sunday morning and evening—and I think this is as it should be; for if the ministers—the leaders of the people—do not bring it before their notice, we cannot expect the undertaking to succeed. In the next place, he brought it before the school, recommending the teachers to endeavour to obtain subscribers from their respective classes, and at the same time telling them not to give up the WITNESS. Being thus made acquainted with the work, its design, and price, we set to work, and were successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. Some obtained ten subscribers, others six and eight, and so on. I obtained more than thirty, and have increased the number since. We had formed a Tract Society about this time, and it was suggested by some of the distributors that the FRIEND should be taken by us for *loan circulation*; but from the stirring article on the State-Church, some members opposed its being lent by the society, because, as they said, it was sectarian

in its spirit. To get over this, we determined to obtain as many subscribers in each district as we could, which has turned out the best plan; for in some we have nine, in others twelve, in others ten, eight, and six subscribers; in most of the districts we have some. In the village stations the circulation varies from fifty to one hundred and twenty in different places. The total number we receive is about three hundred. Shopmen have an excellent opportunity of furthering your object; and as I have tried it, and found it answer, a word to them would be useful. By always keeping a few spare numbers, I offer them to any person who may be likely to take them, especially servants and labourers, &c. I have sent a few copies to a neighbouring town, where I had reason to believe they were not circulated. Though we have done something by way of commencing, we are resolved to do more yet; and if all would do their utmost, we should soon see on the covers of the FRIEND, I hesitate not to say, *Monthly circulation, one million!* Believing, as I do, that it is pre-eminently calculated to raise the poor, both in their moral character and piety—to lead them to think, and to undermine the strongholds of Satan, I trust that our *young men* will not only endeavour to circulate it, but join their prayers with those of others, that it may prove a blessing to the millions, and be eminently instrumental in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom."

"In order to bring it under the notice of those for whom it is primarily intended, we gave about 250 of the number for January to the children in the Sunday-school. Our school contains upwards of 400 children; but as in numerous cases we have three or four belonging to one family, we concluded that 250 would furnish each family with at least one copy. The gift was accompanied with a recommendation of the MAGAZINE, and a statement that any of the children, or their parents, wishing regularly to subscribe for it, would have the opportunity of doing so. The result is that we have a monthly circulation amongst our children of nearly 120 copies. What number may be taken by the members of the congregation generally, I have no means of knowing, as they are ordered through the medium of the different booksellers; but we think the number stated above, finding their way amongst the parents of our Sunday-school children, is, to say the least, encouraging. As an humble individual I would take this opportunity of expressing my conviction of the admirable adaptation of the MAGAZINE for the class of readers for whom it is specially designed. And without giving an opinion respecting the Appledore tract, or the expediency of its insertion in the January number, I cannot but say that I look upon the MAGAZINE as an admirable medium of conveying right views on church polity, and of placing our own distinctive principles before the mass of our people. The portion devoted to the interests of Sunday-schools, and the instruction of young people generally, I think an excellent feature of the publication."

"Our minister first recommended the new MAGAZINE and the WITNESS from the pulpit, which he did in a stirring address, at the same time urging the people not to give up their old friend the EVANGELICAL. Next I set my wife to work, to go amongst the people and solicit orders, which she did with hearty good will, carrying in her hand a specimen number. The orders being entered in a little memorandum book kept for that purpose were then taken to the bookseller, and transferred into his order book, with particular instructions to supply all the parties with the back numbers from the commencement, that they might have the book complete, and to keep on supplying them until ordered to stop. This done, away went the little memorandum-book again with its column for the PENNY, and its column for the WITNESS, having room also left for the old friend of the widows, the EVANGELICAL; and wherever we meet with a friend who has not yet become a subscriber, we urge upon him at once to give us his name, which we take care again to transfer to the bookseller as before. And we find that if the

people can thus have the bread brought to them and actually put into their mouth, without the trouble of ordering or fetching, they will eat, and eating they soon begin to relish; and now we see them by scores not waiting for the bookseller's basket, but sending their children or going themselves to fetch the favourite MAGAZINE as soon as ever it makes its appearance.

"By these means we have increased the circulation of the CHRISTIAN PENNY MAGAZINE five to one, and the number of WITNESSES and EVANGELICALS have increased likewise."

These, we repeat, are specimens of our correspondence; and cold must be the heart which could remain insensible to the power of such a spirit of generous confidence, of cordial benevolence, and of zealous co-operation. Such communications breathe new life into Editorial bosoms: they rejoice the heart, while they give further expansion to its charities, and nerve the arm of toil for more vigorous exertion to benefit mankind.

The Fragment Basket.

THE VOICE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—Dear Friend,—Can you answer the question, "How shall man be just with God?" or "Wherewith shall I come before God?" Do you know how God can be just, and yet justify or absolve a sinner from guilt, and declare him so righteous as to be entitled to the heavenly inheritance? He is a righteous God, and cannot look upon sin. He cannot justify any creature as a subject of his government, but with respect to a true and perfect righteousness: and all that are justified in his sight must have a righteousness truly theirs. Are you still a guilty sinner; or can you plead that you have become effectually interested in such a righteousness, so as to be justified from all things?

We read in the sacred Scriptures that Jehovah justifies the ungodly that believe in Jesus. Justification, then, is of his free grace and gift; but where is the righteousness in this transaction? Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth: when his perfect obedience or righteousness is imputed or accounted to them that believe—that is, *by faith alone. Dost thou believe?*

Has this question ever come to your heart; and have you been able to reply, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief?" Have your eyes been opened, and your conscience enlightened to perceive the filth and guilt of sin as unfolded in the curse and sentence of the law, from which duties or virtues can never deliver you? Has your mouth been stopped, as of one thoroughly and sensibly guilty before God,—the work of the law being effected in you? And, when helpless and hopeless, have you listened to the sovereign grace of God, calling you to believe, and giving you the assurance of justification unto life, through the Lord Jesus Christ himself; as the ordinance of God who has set him forth in the sacred Scripture as Mediator, to recover and save lost sinners?

Have the Divine promises of the gospel been the means employed by the Holy Ghost to communicate Christ and the benefits of his mediation to you? Is it to the grace of God you ascribe the cause,—grace reigning through righteousness—that you enjoy the pardon of sin, as the effect of this blessed fellowship?—*Dr. Massie.*

A NEW CREATURE.—When I felt forgiveness of sins (said Mr. Haliburton) I was much exercised with and troubled for sins of infirmity and daily incursion; of this I shall give a more distinct account.

1. When God manifested himself, his enemies fled before him; they received a stunning stroke, and vanished

away at the brightness of his appearing. He, for a time, bore down corruption, chained up Satan, and kept me from any the least disturbance from them. 2. It was some time before my stronger enemies appeared again; presumptuous sins did not soon approach me; I first found the remaining power of sin only by invasions of sins of daily infirmity, particularly deadness in prayer. 3. Hereupon I began to be much discouraged, neither understanding my present state, nor the provision made for this case in the covenant of grace, by daily application of the blood of atonement. 4. When my sound expectation was disappointed, I at first assayed to humble myself distinctly for each of these transgressions; but finding my whole time would not suffice for this, I was obliged to go with them all at once and plunge into the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. I took a view of myself, defiled by innumerable evils, and under a sense of them cast myself on the glorious atonement, and relied for the cleansing me from them all on that blood which cleanseth from all sin. 5. To clear this matter yet further, I observe, that the light which first discovered this precious redemption, though variously clouded, yet was never quite lost. A child of light is never in total darkness. He has indeed a summer's sun, that shines longer, brighter, and warmer; and his winter's sun, which shines more faintly. He has fair and rainy days; he has a changeable intercourse of day and night; but light more or less there is still.—*Haliburton.*

THE RIGHT USE OF THE EYES.—An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who admired these virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than making a proper use of my eyes." His friend urged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatever state I am I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to prepare for my journey there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself Thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end; and how very little reason I have to repine and complain! 'I will lift up my eyes to the hills around Jerusalem, the place where God delighteth to dwell, whence cometh my aid: my help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'"

TRUTH.—Truth is the glory of Time, and the daughter of Eternity—a title of the highest grace, and a note of Divine nature. She is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith; her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will is in his wisdom, and her work to his glory; she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angels' worship, the virgins' fame; the saints' bliss, and the martyrs' crown. She is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise. She is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honour of trade, and the grace of labour. She hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart; she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes her rest but in the resolution of goodness. Her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears. Her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villany. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in

the wonder of her worth:—she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shows the glory of Christianity. May God enable the reader to embrace her with all his heart.—*Written by N. Breton, in* 1616.

GROWTH IN KNOWLEDGE.—If I wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the beauties of a palace, I may feel that I need to examine it again and again. At an early period, I made a rough sketch, but the resemblance was extremely imperfect, the proportions were ill taken, and many beauties overlooked. Better informed admirers were satisfied that I saw and could relish the excellencies of the building, while they told me I had much pleasure in reserve from continued observation. I have found it to be so. The palace is by no means altered since I first beheld it; but I have seen it in various states of the weather, in different lights, at different distances, from different quarters. Through the gracious condescension of the prince, I have even been allowed to draw near, and, in common with many others, to measure, though still very imperfectly, the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of it. I do not despise the first rough sketch. Blessed be the master who taught me to draw it. I confess, however, that I seldom compare it with the original, without feeling that it needs some touches of correction or improvement. I see excellent drawings made by others, which I greatly admire, and acknowledge to be superior to my own. These afford me many an important lesson, but still they are not my standard; *it is the object itself that is the model to us all.* And when any delineation of it, whether by others or myself, is found to vary from the original, there can be no dispute, whether the pattern or the copy requires alteration.—*Greville Ewing.*

THE RED INDIAN.—"*Now* is the accepted time."—An Indian and a white man being at worship together, were both struck with conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after brought to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man was for a long time under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair; but at length he was also brought to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his *red* brother, he thus addressed him:—"How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "Oh, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you. There came along a rich prince; he propose to give you a *new coat*; you look at your coat, and say, 'I don't know, my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer.' He then offer me new coat. I look on my *old* blanket: I say, 'This good for nothing;' I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for some time; you loth to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none, therefore I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

HOIST YOUR COLOURS AT ONCE.—"Captain R—— was one of those sensible men who know that, by an instant avowal of their real characters and feelings, as disciples of the Lord, they shall save themselves much probable embarrassment, and avoid many snares. He could not agree with some, who, in order not to startle or alarm prematurely such as they hope, nevertheless, to do good to, hold back the distinguishing badge of their service, and to the worldly become as worldlings, that they may gain the worldly,—a very dangerous and mistaken parody on the apostle's proceeding with regard to others. He never lost any time in committing himself, that he might the sooner be actively engaged; unreservedly throwing himself on Divine help, and the wisdom that cometh from above."—*Judah's Lion.*

LIVING ON CHRIST.—The grace that leads to Christ previously comes from Christ; if I live *on* him, I feel that I am enabled to live *to* him: there is nothing will teach me to live above the world but living upon Christ.

NEARNESS TO GOD.—I cannot express the good of keeping up a good correspondence and connection with God; let me live near him, and I am sure to live far off from sin.

Poetry.

"NOT NOW."

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day—
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say—
"I am content to die; but O, not now;
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow:
I am content to die; but O, not now!"

"The spring hath ripen'd into summer-time:
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime;
O, must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps the lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone.
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow:
I am content to die; but O, not now."

Summer is gone, and autumn's sober hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn:
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream—
To watch in silence, while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam.
Cooler the breezes play around my brow:
I am content to die; but O, not now!"

The bleak winds whistle—snow showers, far and near,
Drift, without echo, to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and cold and drear
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends—"O, laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd:
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud!
Spare me awhile, raise up my drooping brow,
I am content to die; but O, not now!"

The spring is come again, the joyful spring:
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing—
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond, familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow:
Why didst thou linger? thou art happier now!"

The Children's Gallery.

JOSEPH SAMS.

One of the most remarkable characters of the present day, I recognized at Darlington, in the person of my old schoolmaster, Joseph Sams. I well remembered him, because he caned me twice at school for running errands for him; but since then he had made a great journey into the east in quest of biblical MSS., and here he was, no longer swaying the pedagogic sceptre, but surrounded by quaint and curious books. In listening to his narrative, I forgot the canings, and felt quite ready to run another errand for him, even at the risk of a third rap on the knuckles. He had been in Egypt, mounted one of the pyramids, and wrote a letter thence home; went up into Upper Egypt, and the Lybian Desert; across the Red Sea, where the Israelites crossed it, and followed their track along the wilderness, verifying, as he went, the different locations. He came to Marah, and found to his cost that the waters were still bitter, thus, as he said, the more completely proving the truth of the Mosaic account—the sweetening of the waters, by the miracle of the time, being only effected for the temporary purpose of the Israelites, and the well being left again to its natural influences.

He mounted Horeb and Sinai; went on into Palestine; visited Jerusalem, and every spot around it that had been trodden by and illustrated the history of Christ; swimming twice across the Jordan, and bringing a bottle of the water with him, part of which he has yet, having, however, given a few phials of it away. He then returned into Egypt the way that the sons of Jacob went to buy corn during the famine. He kept a journal, which he has, however, never published; and all this he did long before so many people were running hither and thither, making no more of going to gather dates in Syria than a citizen used to do of going to get a cucumber in his suburban garden; and what Wilkinson and Rossalini have since made very familiar to the reader were here locked up in Joseph Sams's journal.

I found him in his Armenian cap, and looking considerably eastern. He told me that he has an exhibition-room in London, where he keeps the curiosities collected in his travels, including mummies, and other relics of times that seem to belong rather to dreamland than to reality. He has there two signets of the Pharaohs, taken out of their tombs; one of great value, for which he has been bidden a hundred guineas. He related much concerning the modes of Egyptian burials, as that every profession and rank had their distinguishing signs buried with them: a warrior, some of his weapons; a king, his signet; a baker, some of his bread, of which he had a piece, of an equal date with that which Sarah baked for the sages under the oak of Mamre—a loaf of which now must be rather toughish nibbling. In a farmer's coffin was put wheat; and he had some as old, or older, than that with which Joseph filled the sacks of his brethren.

Such are the singular circumstances of life. He went back, and talked of the old school-days—of teachers and scholars that were familiar to us both. What a vacuum! What numbers had gone a longer journey than to Jerusalem or Egypt! And here were we, after more than thirty years, met—not to act over again the running errands, and the canings for it—but to talk of sitting on the top of pyramids, in the tents of Arabs, traversing the wilderness of Sin, swimming in the Jordan, eating figs in Bethlehem, and smoking in the convent of Mount Carmel—just as if these famous places lay somewhere about the Land's End or in the Channel Islands.—*William Howitt.*

INSECTS.

In the open air and clear sunshine of a spring morning, while listening to

the joyous singing of the birds, I turned my eye upon a piece of water, and viewed, through it, the various things it covered. The sun darted his glowing beams uninterrupted on this spot. The smooth bottom began to elate itself in bubbles, and quickly after to send up parts of its green coat, with every rising bladder of detached air. These plants, which were continued in long filaments to the surface, soon reared their leaves and benumbed branches towards the cause of their new life at the surface. The dusky floor whence they had arisen being now naked and exposed to the sun's influence, disclosed myriads of worms, cheered by the warmth of the sun, unwinding their coiled forms in wantonness and revelry. Whole series of creatures began to expand their little limbs, and creep or swim, or emerge above the surface.

In contemplating this scene I could but persuade myself that the source of the Egyptian enthusiasm, all that had given rise to their fabled stories of the production of animals from the mud of the Nile, was now before me.

While I was ruminating a little creature, of a peculiar form and singular beauty, emerged from the mud. It soon began to vibrate its leafy tail, and to work the several rings of an elegantly constructed body, and to poise six beautiful legs, as if to try whether they were fit for use. Numbers of others followed it: in a few minutes all that part of the water seemed peopled by this species only.

A number of these newly animated beings clustered together under the leaves of a tall plant, part of which was immersed in the water, and part above its surface. One of the insects, allured by the warm rays, rose higher up the plant, came boldly out of the water, and basked in the more free sun-beams under the open air. It had not stood long exposed to the full radiance of the sun, when it seemed on the point of perishing under his too strong heat. Its back suddenly burst open lengthwise, and a creature, wholly unlike the former, arose from within it. A very beautiful fly disengaged itself by degrees, and left behind it only a thin skin, that had been its reptile covering. The newborn inhabitant of the air would now have been suffocated in an instant by the element in which it had before so long lived and enjoyed itself. It carefully avoided it; first, trying its recently disentangled legs, it crept to the summit of the herb, to it a towering pine. The sun, which at first seemed to create it, in its reptile state, out of the mud, now seemed to enlarge its wings. They unfolded as they dried, and gradually showed their bright and perfect silky structure. The creature now began to quiver them in various degrees of elevation and depression; and at length, feeling their destined purpose, launched at once into the wide expanse of air, and sported with unrestrained jollity and freedom.

"Happiest of thy race!" said I, "how would thy brother insects envy thee, could they imagine what was now thy state, safe from the danger of the devouring fish, delivered from the cold wet elements, and free as the very air in which thou wantonest!" I had scarcely finished my ejaculation, when a cloud obscured the sun's face; the air grew chill, and hail came rattling down upon the water. The newly animated swarms of reptiles it contained instantly abandoned the transient pleasures they had enjoyed the last half hour, plunged to their original inactivity in the mud again, and waited in tranquillity a more favourable season. They were now safe and at their ease; but the little beautiful fly, which I had before thought an object of their envy, was destroyed by the first falling of the frozen rain, and floated dead upon its watery bier.

I ruminated again, and determined never to be insolent in prosperity,—never to triumph over my friend or neighbour because some favourable event had happened to me; hoped I might ever after remember that the poor fly neither knew how his peculiar good fortune came about, nor foresaw, in his enjoyment, to what ruin he alone was exposed.—*Sir John Hill.*

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

EVENING, when the busy scenes of our existence are withdrawn, when the sun descending leaves the world to silence, and to the soothing influence of twilight, has been ever a favourite portion of the day with the wise and good of all nations. There appears to be shed over the universal face of nature, at this period, a calmness and tranquillity, a peace and sanctity, as it were, which almost insensibly steal into the breast of man, and disposes him to solitude and meditation. He naturally compares the decline of light and animation with that which attaches to the lot of humanity; and the evening of the day, and the evening of life, become closely assimilated in his mind.

It is an association from which, where vice and guilt have not hardened the heart, the most beneficial result has been ever experienced. It is one which, while it forcibly suggests to us the transient tenure of our being here, teaches us at the same time how we may best prepare for that which awaits us hereafter. The sun is descending, but descending, after a course of beneficence and utility, in dignity and glory, whilst all around him, as he sinks, breathes one diffusive air of blessedness and repose. It is a scene which marshals us the way we ought to go; it tells us that, after having passed the fervour and vigour of our existence, the morning and the noon of our appointed pilgrimage, thus should the evening of our days set in, mild yet generous in their close, with every earthly ardour softened or subdued, and with the loveliest hues of heaven just mingling in their farewell light. It is a scene, moreover, which almost instinctively reminds us of another world. The one we are yet inhabiting is gradually receding from our view; the shades of night are beginning to gather round our heads; we feel forsaken and alone, whilst the blessed luminary now parting from us, and yet burning with such ineffable majesty and beauty, seems about to travel into regions of interminable happiness and splendour. We follow him with a pensive and a wistful eye, and, in the vales of glory which appear to open round his setting beams, we behold mansions of everlasting peace, seats of ever-during delight. It is then that our thoughts are carried forward to a Being infinitely good and great, the God and Father of us all, who, distant though he seem to be, and immeasurably beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, we yet know is about our path, and about our bed, and careth for us all; who has prepared for those who love him scenes of unutterable joy; scenes to which, while rejoicing in the brightness of his presence, the effulgence we have faintly attempted to describe shall be but as the glimmering of a distant star.—*Dr. Drake*

GOOD LIVING.

A GENTLEMAN of good estate was not bred to any business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably. He had no relish for the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvements of the mind; he generally spent ten hours out of the twenty-four in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many more were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since his paternal estate fell into his hands. One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He set himself to compute what he had consumed since he came of age. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of

fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast—and of the smallest fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me with fine flour for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine,—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God or man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and a worthless liver! There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but what hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eaten, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety than I have. Oh! shameful waste of life and time."

He carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain useful knowledge when he was more than thirty years of age. The world were amazed at the mighty change, and beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy that had transformed him from a brute to a man. He lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian. He died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.———But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write "miracle" upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate age, whose lives have run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness?—*Franklin.*

THE RAINBOW.

It is well known that the rainbow is produced by the refraction of the sun's light in drops of falling rain, and that it never appears but when it rains in the sunshine. It is the sign of God's covenant with man; and we ought to consider it as an illustrious symbol of the Divine mercy and goodness to confirm our belief and confidence in God. "Look upon the rainbow," says the son of Sirach, "and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; it compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

It is a bow of no hostile intention,—a bow painted in variegated colours on the disburdened cloud. How vast is the extent—how delicate the texture of that shadowy arch! Elegant its form, and rich its tinctures; but more delightful its sacred significancy: while the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes, in radiant dies, what the angels sang in harmonious strains, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." It is the stamp of ensurance for the continual welfare of this present world, and a comfortable token of a better state and happier kingdom,—a kingdom where a rainbow is represented as surrounding the throne, Rev. iv. 3, to intimate that storms should beat no more, but an eternal and unbounded spring of joy and felicity bloom for ever.—*Fawkes.*

THERE IS A GOD WHO MADE ALL THINGS.

"Even a child is known by his doings," Prov. xx. 2.

What does this mean?

Suppose you go with your parents to visit a family who are particular friends of your parents. The two families have not met for many years, and you were never there before.

You reach the end of your journey, and find the family made up of the father, mother, and two little girls. They are all dressed in black, and tell you, with tears, that they are sorrowing for an only son, who has just been buried. They tell you he was a lovely boy, of about fifteen years of age. Their hearts were set upon him,—their hopes

concerning him were high and strong; but in an hour he was cut down by death, like a beautiful flower, and is gone away for ever from this world.

You never saw this boy,—you never knew him; all that you know is, that this was his home, and that his new-made grave is upon yonder green hill-side; but you look around from day to day, and admire many things you see.

You go out and see a little pond full of ducks, old and young. "What a beautiful pond!" you say. "My son," says the weeping father, "planned that pond, and he got the eggs and raised those ducks. See! they are coming to have you feed them under the tree where he used to feed them!"

You pass over a pretty foot-bridge. "My son made that bridge," says the father.

A little further down the stream, you find a dam across the brook, a waterfall, and a mimic mill, all in motion, to add to the beauty of the walk.

You see a little boat moored by the side of the pond, just large enough to play upon that little basin of water.

You turn back, and look into a little yard, where are all kinds of fowls.

The father comes up, and you are not surprised to hear him say, "My son did all this!"

You go into the garden, and find one corner dressed with great care and neatness. It has flowers, a grape-vine, and many roses in full blossom. At once you know that this was *his* corner.

You now turn back to the house, go up stairs, and there you find a little room fitted up with shelves and books. The walls are hung with drawings and maps; the little table has papers and books on it. There is a small bed, a stove for cold weather, a box for the wood, a flute on the shelf, and everything in beautiful order. The dog lies in one corner, on an old cloak, and will hardly leave the room. Do you need to have the father come and say, "This was my son's room?"

The little girls ask you to go and see their treasures. There are their small book-cases, one for each; their little tables—their stools and boxes. They tell you their brother William made them all before he died.

Can you not now, children, understand my text?—"Even a child is known by his doings." Can you not now mourn with these parents who have lost such a son, and these sisters who have lost such a brother?

The mother places her feet upon the stool which *he* made for her comfort; the father walks with the cane which *he* bought out of his small purse; the animals are fed and sheltered in houses which *he* built for them. Do you wonder that this family are in deep sorrow? Have you any more doubts that such a son was living there than if you had seen him, and seen him do all these things? Do you not begin to love him for what he has done? Certainly; for "even a child is known by his doings," and you judge of him by what you see.

Now it is exactly in this way that we know there is a God.

We have never seen him, seen his shape, nor heard his voice; yet it is just as certain that there is a God as if we saw him every moment. Indeed, you could not see God with your eyes, for he is a Spirit. When you look at a man, it is not the soul, the spirit, the *man*, which you see, but only the house—the body in which the soul lives. The body moves, or speaks, or does something. And if God should show himself to you, it would be a body in which he dwelt, and not God himself. So that when you see what God has *done*, you are just as certain there *is* a God as if you saw him doing the things.—*Todd.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHOICE.

A QUAKER, residing in Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual New Year's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts: choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now

came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness, "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labour and industry?" "As you say the book is good I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING MR. TODD'S FIRST LECTURE,

"*Is there any God?*"

A mimic mill was on the stream,
A pond sent up a cheerful gleam;
The ducks upon the surface play'd,
The poultry by its margin stray'd;
A windmill clatter'd on the shed—
The martens near their younglings fed,
Or, perch'd upon their little roof,
Beheld their insect food aloof;
An orchard there with many a shoot
Too young to yield its pleasant fruit;
A little rake upon the wall,
A little cart a child might haul;
A little shed, the chicken's home,
Whence from their parent they would roam;
A hive within a fragrant bower,
A well-wrought plat with many a flower;
These were the things that met the eye,
But *he* that made them was not by.
Within the house, a little stool
That show'd a nicely-handled tool;
A little bedstead, and a nut
Into a basket neatly cut;
A little table and a chair—
But *he* who made them was not there.
The parents said it was their son,
Who all these various things had done;
Had built the mill, the pond had made,
Had rear'd the ducks that on it play'd;
Had made his sisters many a toy,
And built that house, the martens' joy;
Had nursed those trees and made them thrive,
Had made the bees their curious hive;
Had dug the plat and rear'd the flowers,
To cheer the summer's sultry hours:
Had made the cart in which might ride
His little sisters side by side.
Their books the little sisters brought
Their brother's hoarded pence had bought,
They show'd the shelves their brother made,
With minerals and dried plants array'd.
Within the door these lines appear'd,
Doubly by William's death endear'd—
"Remember Him who made the stone
To shine with colours of its own;
Who made the plant the eye to please,
And made the eye the plant that sees.
May you be gems of heavenly dye,
And plants to bloom above the sky."
Children, this youth you never saw,
But could you not his portrait draw?
Say, was he gentle, kind, and good,
Or selfish, and of surly mood?
Did useful skill his hand employ,
Or was he but an idle boy?
Think you he sought his God in prayer
Or was *this* world his only care?
He 's gone; but still in actions lives—
Then read the lesson that he gives.
Whence comes the green that clothes the fields?
And whence the food that nature yields—
Adapted to each different taste,
And in each proper region placed?
Whence comes the fur that warms the bear,
That on the icebergs makes his lair?
The fat in which the whale is roll'd,
To screen him from the arctic cold?
Whence comes the beauty that we see
In every flower and every tree?
Who taught the nightingale to sing,
And gave the jay his painted wing?
Who made the eye, shall He not see
The wonders he has spread for me?
Nature declares there is a Power
Around and in us every hour—
Who knows our wants, sustains our frame,—
Whose kindness, every hour the same,
Calls for our gratitude and love,—
Bids our affections soar above
The transient forms around us strown,
And cluster round his holy throne.

G. F. M.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

"HAVE YOU FOUND CHRIST?"

It is an obvious remark, that all the communications of the gospel which relate immediately to Him who is the Saviour, the *only* Saviour of the world, ought to be supremely interesting and precious to every person in possession of a corrupt but an immortal nature, who is continually proceeding towards the grave, and whose spirit will soon appear before its Judge, by whom its destiny will be irreversibly sealed. There is in the case of every man guilt to be removed, and that guilt can be taken away by the Saviour alone. There is ignorance to be dispelled, and that ignorance can be dissipated by the Saviour alone. There is pollution from which to be cleansed, and sanctification can be communicated by the agency and influences of the Saviour's Spirit alone. There is happiness to be enjoyed, and real happiness flows from communion with the Saviour alone, as the foundation of our hope and the source of our bliss. There is a world of unspeakable and eternal misery from which we require to be delivered, and it is by virtue of the Saviour's merits and atonement alone that any sinner is rescued from the curse—is plucked "as a brand from the burning." There is a heaven to be gained, a kingdom to be possessed, a region of perfect purity and immortal joy to which the redeemed are to be admitted, and it is only by the application of "the precious blood of Christ," and the communication of the grace of Christ, that any are prepared for the inheritance above, or fitted for the rest in reversion for all the people of God. What inquiry, then, can be more interesting or more momentous than that to which the serious attention of the reader is now invited—*Have you found Christ?* Have you found that Saviour who is so clearly and fully revealed in the gospel—who is presented before you in all his beauty and ineffable attractions in every part of the inspired records—whose distinctive appellations are so frequently mentioned to direct and encourage you—whose characters and offices are so luminously and beautifully exhibited—whose love is so vividly and finely displayed—whose finished work is so powerfully and consolingly depicted—and whose "great salvation" is unfolded to you in such a manner as that emotions of unbounded astonishment, gratitude, and joy should unceasingly be felt and cherished?

Allow me, then, with affectionate earnestness, to press the inquiry, and to urge it on your instant regard,—

HAVE YOU FOUND CHRIST?

Have you found Christ as a *Teacher?*

Has he revealed to you the Divine character, especially as that

character is unfolded in the development and accomplishment of the plan of redemption? Has he exhibited to you "the plague of your own heart"—your utter depravity and vileness—and shown you "the fountain that is open for all sin and uncleanness?" Has he revealed to you the surpassing beauty and glory of his person, the wonders of his grace, the perfection of his righteousness, and the boundless attractions of his cross? Has "he opened your understandings" to perceive the excellence, to appreciate the importance, and to enjoy the discoveries, the sublime and glorious discoveries of the Holy Scriptures? If you have found Christ as a teacher, dissipating your moral darkness, correcting your errors, and pouring Divine light into your mind by his Holy Spirit, how precious, and, indeed, inestimable, is the privilege with which you are favoured!

What instruction is imparted! what discoveries are made! what sublime and momentous views are formed on the grandest and most glorious of all subjects! How is the way of salvation unfolded! what direction is afforded in your progress to the celestial world! How is the glory associated with the nature and person of the Saviour, and the inexpressible mysteries of his redemption revealed to you! and the more you contemplate the great subjects of the Christian religion, the more clearly and fully are their tenderness, beauty, and importance exhibited to you. "You were sometimes darkness, but now are you made light in the Lord."

Have you found Christ as a *Guide?*

It is obvious that you continually require a conductor across the wilderness—one who is thoroughly acquainted with the way which you have to traverse, and whose wisdom to lead you at all periods of your eventful history is unerring and Divine. When you consider the character of those difficulties by which you are surrounded, the numerous and imminent dangers to which you are perpetually exposed, the ignorance of the way of salvation by which every person in his natural state is marked and degraded, and the constant tendency manifested to wander further and further from God, the all-sufficient Refuge, and the only Fountain of happiness, how desirable, how necessary to every individual of sober and correct reflection must the guidance—the wise, the unceasing, the infallible guidance—of the Lord Jesus appear! It is essential to your safe conduct amidst the endless difficulties of life—to your being directed effectually amidst the seductions of error, the mazes of the world, the labyrinths of temptation, and the perplexities in which you are involved by the influence of "the evil heart of unbelief." Now, let me seriously and earnestly inquire of you, Have you secured this guidance? Is Christ Jesus, the unerring guide of his people, *your* conductor to glory? Is he leading you by the arrangements of his providence—by the instructions and admonitions of his word—by the directive and persuasive influences of his Spirit—in the narrow, the safe, the right, the happy way, which he himself has prescribed

and so clearly marked out in the gospel of his grace, until he bring you to the termination of your journey, and permit you to enter "the city of habitation?" Be assured of this, that there is no possible security for you without such a guide. How can you be conducted at all while seeking your way across the pathless desert, and while inquiring what course you should pursue to reach the kingdom at last, unless you are "looking to Jesus" to be your leader to the promised land?

Have you found Christ as a *Refuge?*

A refuge, as a sinner, you absolutely require, and the refuge must be adequate and unfailing. Now the gospel, in all its doctrines and invitations of mercy, explicitly and invariably points to Christ Jesus as the refuge which infinite love has provided. The Saviour is the only safe covert, the only effectual shelter from the storm, from the fury of the tempest. Have you repaired earnestly and confidingly to this shelter? Christ Jesus is the only high tower and fortress where you can remain with security and in peace. Have you, as a sinner, exposed to fearful peril, fled to "this impregnable garrison"—this strong-hold which is provided for you? When you dwell on the requirements and denunciations of the Divine law; when you contemplate the justice of God, whose claims must be regarded and satisfied; when you consider the accumulated guilt and depravity which you have contracted, and by which you are debased and defiled, and the endless punishment of your ingratitude and rebellion against God which you have so deservedly merited, let me deliberately ask you, Where is your hope in the prospect of death, in the view of the grave, in the anticipation of an awful eternity, unless you find it in Christ? Where is your security, unless you derive it immediately from Christ? Is there anything to which you can cling with safety, with a conviction that all will be well at last, but the work, the finished and glorious work of the Saviour? Let me, then, urge and press the inquiry,—it is all-important,—Is this your refuge—your only, your abiding, your all-sufficient refuge? In the work of the Redeemer do you exclusively confide? In the boundless merits of Immanuel do you exclusively rejoice?

To find Christ Jesus as the Rock of Ages, in the clefts of which you may hide and obtain shelter, is everything to you now, and especially in the prospect of the solemn hour of death and all the realities and overwhelming terrors of the judgment-day.

Without Christ, what will you do then? What shelter will be afforded you? Where can you effectually conceal yourself from the sight and indignation of your Judge? Can there be any retreat, any concealment, any refuge?

Inexpressibly awful, inconceivably pitiable will be the case of him who has no effectual refuge in the eventful hour of death and in the day of changeless judgment, when the sentence of every sinner will be awarded, and when from that sentence there can be no appeal.

Have you found Christ as a *Sovereign?*

Have you acknowledged him as the King of Zion and the King of glory? Have you kissed his sceptre? Have you rejoiced in his Divine and unlimited authority, and sworn entire and unceasing allegiance to his government? Does the Saviour reign within you by the influence of his word and the agency of his Spirit? Does he occupy the throne of your affections? Does he subdue your evil and unsanctified passions? Does he mortify your corrupt desires, and bring your nature into a state of cheerful and thorough subjection to his beneficent authority? It is of essential moment to be governed by these principles and to breathe this spirit in relation to the Redeemer; for, if you recognise Christ Jesus as your Sovereign, you will acknowledge him as the Lord of the universe—you will serve him *at once* and *before* any other being—you will cheerfully, and in the most unqualified manner, obey the laws which he has enacted for the accomplishment of his purposes and the glory of his name; and you will devote yourself to him most unreservedly for the advancement of his honour in the world. The glory of Christ the Lord will be dearer to you than your own soul, and you will only live to serve him and follow him; and the anticipation of dwelling with him for ever will diffuse through your spirit emotions of the purest satisfaction and of the most exalted joy.

Let me again inquire, Have you found Christ as a *Redeemer*, and as *your* Redeemer?

Has he saved you from death? Has he rescued you from hell? He bears the name of Jesus, the Saviour: has that precious name been applied with power and Divine sweetness to your soul? There is "redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Have you secured that redemption by living faith in the Saviour? and is that full and free pardon bestowed on you which the Lord Jesus grants to every sincere believer, to every humble and penitent sinner? To find Christ as a Redeemer from the power of sin, from the curse of the Divine law, from the inflictions of Divine justice, and, eventually, from the appalling miseries of the eternal world, is unquestionably the greatest blessedness which any guilty and ruined child of Adam can possibly enjoy; and, indeed, is there, can there be any *real* blessedness without it? Dear reader, whoever you are, whatever your age, whatever the church with which you may be associated by profession, let me urgently ask, Is this blessedness yours? Have you any *valid* ground for concluding that you have found peace, pardon, and redemption at the cross? Is it your happiness to realize the truth and delightful character of the sentiment, after fixed and impartial meditation on yourself, and serious and absorbing meditation on the person and work of the Saviour,—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me?"

To find Christ as the Redeemer, and especially as *your* Redeemer,

as your Deliverer from "the wrath to come," will be "all in all" to you. It will constitute your life, your crown, your joy, your heaven. It will encourage in every duty; it will sustain under every burden; it will be a precious solace under every affliction; it will illumine with celestial radiance the chamber of suffering; it will brighten the passage which conducts to the tomb; it will tranquillize the spirit, even in the immediate anticipation of all the realities, so vast, so impressive, and so fearful, of the eternal world.

Let the writer, then, in conclusion, beseech you, under the influence of the compassion of the gospel, to reflect most seriously on the question proposed, "Have you found Christ?" Do not defer its consideration *one moment*. A prompt and decisive reply will be of transcendent importance to you. Everything in relation to your happiness and salvation depends on the manner in which *you* regard the inquiry that is urged. And, remember, if you are *anxious* to find the Saviour, you *will* find him. He will reveal himself to you. He will bless you with his love. He will grant you his Spirit. He will visit you with his salvation. If, however, you will not attend to the Saviour's communications; if you will not regard the claims of his gospel, the invitations of his mercy, the obligations of his dying and redeeming love, there is no hope respecting you. There is no other medium of reconciliation than that which the New Testament unfolds. There is no other way of escape than that which it announces. There is no other deliverer than that which it proclaims. If you reject Christ you must perish with all your sins upon your head—you must plunge at last into the abyss of misery and despair.

O "give not sleep to your eyes," discharge not another duty, spend not another moment, dear reader, without most seriously inquiring, and believing that this is the grand inquiry of life, and on which a peaceful and triumphant immortality depends—

"HAVE I FOUND CHRIST?"

May, 1846. T. W.

POOR DINAH AND HER VISITOR.

POOR Dinah was one among the many (in a large district of a very poor and populous parish) of whom her visitor would gladly have known more, and for whom she would gladly have done more than she did; she was very poor, but honest and industrious—full of gratitude for the little temporal help afforded her, and never intruding on the kindness of those who had, she knew, so many to relieve. There is one thing I remind my poor neighbours when they are anxious for gifts which (however liberal our benefactors may be) cannot be extended to all; there is one thing of which there is enough for all—the grace, the free grace of God in Christ Jesus:

this poor Dinah obtained. She could not read; but from the blessing of God on her attendance at the weekly evening lecture, she became wise unto salvation; and whenever she could be spared, she would leave her work at the poor-house and come, though but for a few minutes, into the room where the visitor would be reading to the poor aged women, and listen to the sermon, or chapter, or hymn. Poor Dinah! the visitor has witnessed with thankfulness her deep and silent attention, and been glad to see one more added to the little group of listeners.

At the poor-house, while employed in washing there, she took the cold which laid the foundation of her last illness; but "Never mind," said poor Dinah, on her dying bed, "I'm glad of it now. My husband troubles about it; I tell him his loss will be my gain: our children will be as well off as other widowers' children."

Hers was a simple faith: the name of Jesus was her delight. Once, when reading to her the first chapter of John's first epistle, I observed she listened with perfect silence to the two first verses; but when, in the third, the name which is above every name is mentioned, she uttered it likewise: this she frequently did in any hymn or scripture that was repeated.

There was great simplicity in her expressions. "I do not find my heart so heavy as I did," she said: "the more I pray the lighter it is." She stretched out her poor, wasted arm, and holding her visitor's hand in hers, said to her, "I took your advice: when you came to me first I knew no more about Jesus Christ than that door; but I went to church and school, and there I learnt." On the same day she said, "I am not afraid. He died for us; he shed his blood for us: he could do no more. I give him my whole heart—my blessed Jesus! my heavenly Father! all the comfort I have!"

Another time, when she said she was not afraid to die, she was reminded that our trust is in Jesus. She said, "Yes, all in him—all in him!" The tears were in her eyes, but her tone was quite triumphant. When I asked how she felt, she said, "Beautiful! I am going home: I am ready." "What makes you ready?" I said. She replied, "The Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, poor Dinah, he is all, and in all. He gives his Spirit to sanctify and make his people meet for heaven; but his Spirit does so by taking of the things that are his and showing them to his people. When the bell tolled for poor Dinah's humble funeral, it seemed to echo her words, "Good bye; we shall meet in heaven."

THE FRIAR AND THE NIGHT WHISPER.

While Mr. Welch was minister in one of the French villages, one evening a Popish friar, travelling through the country, because he could find no lodging in the whole village, addressed himself to

Mr. Welch's house, and begged the favour of a lodging for that night. The servants informed Mr. Welch, who readily consented; but as he had supped, and family worship was over, he did not see the friar, but retired to his room. After the friar had supped, the servant showed him to his chamber, between which and Mr. Welch's there was but a thin deal partition. After the friar's first sleep, he was surprised with hearing a constant whispering kind of noise, at which he was exceedingly frightened.

The next morning, as he walked into the fields, a countryman met him, and, because of his habit, saluted him, asking him where he had lodged that night. The friar answered, "With the Huguenot minister." The countryman asked what entertainment he met with. The friar answered, "Very bad; for," said he, "I always imagined there were devils haunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me this night, for I heard a continual whisper all the night, which I believe was nothing else than the minister and the devil conversing together." The countryman told him he was much mistaken, and that it was only the minister at his night prayers. "O," says the friar, "does the minister pray any?" "Yes," said the countryman, "more than any man in France; and if you stay another night with him you may be satisfied." The friar returned to Mr. Welch's house, and, feigning indisposition, begged another night's lodging, which was granted him.

After a while, Mr. Welch came down, assembled the family, and, according to custom, first sung a psalm, then read a portion of the Scriptures, which he briefly expounded, and then prayed in his usual fervent manner; to all which the friar was an astonished witness. At dinner the friar was very civilly entertained, Mr. Welch thinking best to forbear all questions and disputes for the present. In the evening Mr. Welch had family worship as in the morning, which occasioned still more wonder in the friar. After supper they all retired, the friar longing to know what this night-whisper was. He laid awake till Mr. Welch's usual time of night for rising to pray, when, hearing the same whispering noise, he crept softly to Mr. Welch's door, and there heard not only the sound but the words distinctly, and such communications between God and man as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this the friar waited for Mr. Welch to come out of his chamber, when he told him that he had lived in darkness and ignorance till this time, but was now resolved to give himself up entirely to Mr. Welch's teaching, and declared himself a Protestant. Mr. Welch congratulated him upon his better understanding, and exceedingly encouraged him; and it is said that he lived and died a true Protestant. This is a striking illustration of the spirit of the men of other days, showing how the flames of devotion have always been strong in proportion to those of persecution.

MR. JOHN VINICOMBE, OF KNOWLE.

BY W. M. TETLEY.

THE subject of this brief memoir was a native of Woodbury, a dark and benighted village in the county of Devon. He was born in the year 1775, of poor but industrious and pious parents, and died March 9, 1846, in his seventy-first year. Early in life he removed from the place of his birth with his parents to Knowle, an obscure hamlet in the parish of East Budleigh, where the family succeeded to an estate from which they had been wrongfully excluded by the preceding occupant. At this time his parents attended the Established Church, and their son was what is termed a consistent and rigid Churchman, having an almost unconquerable prejudice against everything that savoured of Dissent. He had, nevertheless, a preference for evangelical truth, and travelled from parish to parish, and from one Established church to another in quest of an evangelical ministry—a blessing not to be met with everywhere in those days; but in two or three parishes far remote from his dwelling he met with what he regarded as the pure gospel, and "rejoiced in it as one who had found great spoil." He was, however, by no means settled in his habits at this time, and hence it was during this migratory period of his early history that curiosity prompted him to enter a Dissenting chapel. He did so. His attention was at once arrested. The truth took hold of his conscience, and he was caught in the gospel-net. From this date he worshipped statedly at South-street chapel, Exeter, to which place he was accustomed for a considerable time to repair every sabbath, a distance of twelve miles. It was thus the Holy Spirit wrought effectually on his heart in early life by the ministry of the word preached, and having given proof of a change of heart by the sincerity of his fervent piety, he was admitted a member of the church of Christ on the 17th December, 1797, under the pastorship of the Rev. W. Manning, who was the honoured instrument of his conversion to God. His connexion with the above-named place of worship was marked by that humility, simplicity, and piety which so eminently distinguished him in after-life.

Finding, however, considerable inconvenience from the distance of his residence from Exeter, he subsequently attended Salem chapel, East Budleigh; and in the year 1809 united with the church of Christ under the pastoral care of the Rev. G. Lawrie.

As a member of the church, his walk and conversation were such as became the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He not only *professed*, but *adorned* the doctrine of his God and Saviour, was tremblingly anxious to let his light shine before men, and to show forth the praises of Him who had called him out of darkness into marvellous light. As a Christian, his attachment to the cause of Christ was strong, and continued to the last. His name stands honourably connected with the interests of evangelical religion in the locality where he resided. His house was emphatically a house of prayer. For many years the gospel has been preached in it, and weekly prayer-meetings held for the spiritual benefit of the benighted villagers in its vicinity.

Much opposition was at first manifested against the preaching of the gospel in the neighbourhood of his residence, and he, in company with others, shared in the many perils and persecutions accompanying its first introduction among the people. But he lived to see that opposition entirely overcome, and numbers attending the preaching of the gospel in his own house.

For upwards of twenty-six years he faithfully and honourably sustained the office of deacon of the church, in which capacity he gave many proofs that he was a man of God, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He entered upon the duties of his appointment with much humility, and under a deep sense of his unfitness to fill the office of a deacon well; but the peculiar tenderness of his disposition eminently fitted him for distinguished usefulness. He was indeed a comforter of the mourner, ever ready to strengthen the weak hands and to lift up those who were cast down by reason "of the difficulties of the way." In the chambers of sickness he often dropped the tear of sympathy, while he visited with his presence and prayers the abodes of the bereaved, finding it better "to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth." As an office-bearer in the church he discharged its duties with honourable disinterestedness, endeavouring at all times to practise the inspired precept, "Weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice—bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ." He was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the young, knew how to encourage the timid, and could speak a word in season to the weary; while the anxious inquirer after salvation shared the benefit of his experience and affectionate counsel. Before sickness and the growing infirmities of age "weakened his strength by the way," his attendance at the public sanctuary was uniform. At all devotional meetings his presence might be depended upon; while the holy fervour with which he wrestled at the throne of grace evinced his determination, if necessary, to "take the kingdom of heaven by storm." His importunity in prayer was most remarkable; the devout earnestness with which he pleaded often imparted an interest and sacredness to the exercise which not only proved that he loved prayer, but lived in the very atmosphere of devotion. He delighted to talk of Christ and his great salvation. Jesus was the subject of his song in the house of his pilgrimage, and "the love of Christ" often "constrained him" to say and sing—

"Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I 'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

His facility for introducing religious conversation was great, and he appeared as if he could never say enough of Christ. His beloved partner and himself lived together as heirs of the grace of life, were distinguished in their domestic and religious habits for their patriarchal simplicity, declaring to all around that they were pilgrims bound to Zion's fair city. Every evening, on retiring to rest, and while reclining upon the couch of slumber, ere sleep closed their eyes in darkness, they would sing that beautiful hymn,—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand."

Manifold were the difficulties he met with in his way to the kingdom of God; and in speaking of them to others, which he often did for their benefit, he would sometimes say,—

"True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint."

But a sight of the glorious recompense of reward would hush into silence every complaint, invigorating his faith in God, and brightening his prospects for heaven. He would sing,—

"There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet."

Benevolence in the cause of God was a prominent feature in his character, and, without ostentation, it may be said he distributed liberally "to the necessity of saints," and was "given to hospitality." According to his power, yea, and beyond his power, he administered to the wants of others. In some instances, when he had not wherewith to assist the needy, he has been known for their sakes to borrow of those who could assist him, and afterwards to deny himself of the common comforts of life, in order to meet every just demand "and owe no man anything."

During the last two or three years his health considerably declined; but, latterly, alarming symptoms rapidly increased, which told him "that the time of his departure was at hand." Happily he was prepared for the last enemy, and grappled with him triumphantly. He was ripe for heaven; and his hoary head was a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. He had an humble but vigorous grasp of the promises, so that even in death his mind was distinguished by uninterrupted tranquillity. A short time before his departure he requested a friend present to read and pray with him. The 14th of John was accordingly selected, but he only lived to hear part of the chapter read. On hearing the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c., he observed, with much emphasis, "*Blessed mansions, I shall soon be there.*" While at the sixth verse, he remarked on the words of Jesus, "I am the way, the truth, and the life,"—"Yes, the precious blood of Jesus is the way;" then, with a solemn pause and strong feeling, he added thrice, "*Precious! precious! precious* blood of Jesus: *this I know is the way* to God, to holiness, to happiness and heaven." His death was improved by Mr. T., to crowded congregations, on the 14th March, from the words, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." He was indeed a true Israelite, "one of the excellent of the earth," and in his day a "burning and shining light." His memory will long be embalmed in the recollection of all who knew him. "The memory of the just is blessed.—Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

May, 1846.

MARRIAGES OF DISSENTERS.

SOMETHING like the following conversation recently took place between a young man about to be married and the curate of his parish. We record it for the benefit of those Dissenters (chiefly ladies) who strangely prefer on

such occasions the services of other ministers and the use of other sanctuaries than their own.

Curate. Well, my dear sir, I hear you are about to be married. I congratulate you. Of course you'll be married at church?

Dissenter. Oh, of course.

C. I'm glad to hear it—the parish church is a convenient distance from your house.

D. You misunderstand me: I don't mean the *parish* church, but my *own* church.

C. But I understood you were to be married at church?

D. So I am, and not at the register-office.

C. But why not come to the parish church?

D. Simply because I have a church of my own. Why should I leave my own to go to yours? Had I none of my own I should be glad to avail myself of your offer.

C. I'm very sorry: I thought *you* were a very *liberal* Dissenter, and had no enmity to the Church.

D. You are right: I am, I hope, a liberal Dissenter, and that I have no enmity to the Church; but I am a Dissenter, just as you are a Churchman. You think that on such an occasion I ought to show my good feeling by leaving my own church to go to yours?

C. Certainly.

D. Would you do so? If you were to be married, would you leave your own church for the occasion and come to mine?

C. Of course I could not do that.

D. But are you not a liberal Churchman?

C. Certainly; and I entertain much respect and love for many Dissenters.

D. If, then, you feel liberally towards Dissenters, and yet would not leave your own church to be married in another, why can I not feel kindly towards Episcopalians, and yet prefer my own church to be married in?

C. But should you object to be married in the parish church, if the lady preferred it?

D. I think that every lady should be married by her own minister and in her own church. Were my intended wife a member of your congregation, I should gladly accept your services; but as she is a member of another church, I am happy and proud to say she is not so inconsistent as to leave it on such an occasion. You would think it very strange if my minister were to persuade any of your flock to be married in his church and by him; and it is just as strange for you to expect any of his flock to be married by you.

The Curate's Lady. But I'm sure I should not feel legally married if it was not in the parish church.

D. But, madam, you forget that whatever is according to law is legal. Now it is exactly as much according to law to be married in a Congregational church as in a parish church. If the influence of association is great, what associations should be stronger and dearer than those which invest the sanctuary in which we habitually worship? Why should any one leave his own pastor and his own church on an occasion so deeply interesting? I know two young ladies who have been recently married at their parish church: they were members of the Independent church in the same town; their minister for more than twenty years had been the constant, faithful, and kind friend and adviser of their family; his

character was unblemished; he was respected and loved by them as a holy man of God and a faithful minister of the gospel; he had baptized them in infancy, and been their spiritual instructor ever since; yet, when they were married, they left the sanctuary where for years they had worshipped, for a building in which they had not once attended Divine service, and were married by a man an utter stranger to them personally, quite a worldly character, ignorant of the gospel of Christ, and despising spiritual religion. Was it right that the associations of custom should have prevailed over consistency, reverence, gratitude, friendship? Was it better to gratify a fashionable taste than to avoid grieving a faithful friend and dishonouring a faithful minister? The petitions offered up were uttered by one who in this ceremony was a mere hireling; and supposing him ever so excellent a man, yet, being a stranger, had no personal interest in the parties. Was prayer so presented calculated to excite purer devotion and to kindle warmer sympathy in the hearts of those who listened? and was it more likely to be heard in heaven than if he had presented those petitions who for years had affectionately borne them in his prayers to the throne of grace?

We commend this dialogue to the serious attention of our young readers; and let them well consider whether they can expect the blessing of Heaven on a union commencing with a glaring act of worldliness which violates every principle of consistency, and deeply wounds the hearts of those whom they are bound to "esteem very highly in love." The ministry of Dissenters is sufficiently dishonoured by their enemies without their being "wounded in the house of their friends."

May, 1846. X. Y. Z.

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. IV.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

POPERY continued to advance with rapid strides, Constantinople having been made the capital of the eastern portion of the Roman empire from A.D. 330. This new metropolis rose to very great populousness and splendour, in some respects eclipsing the magnificence of Rome. Many of its inhabitants followed its founder, the emperor, in nominal Christianity; and their bishop, for the time being, was regarded with extraordinary veneration and superstition. Still its antiquity was far inferior to that of Rome, and every feeling of reverence and superstition led the Christians of the empire to look up with peculiar respect to the bishop of the ancient metropolis, whose fame was in all the world, as the place where the apostles Paul and Peter were said to have suffered martyrdom for Christ.

By the decree of the emperor Gratian, A.D. 379, all appeals of the provincial bishops in the west being referred to the pontiff of Rome, the prediction of the apostle, "He that letteth," or *hindereth*, meaning the heathen or civil Roman government, "was taken out of the way," and "that man of sin," "the son of perdition," a new spiritual power, was "revealed," 2 Thess. ii. 3—6. This dreadful power advanced in the fifth century still more rapidly,

as by various distractions in the corrupt and feeble government, the repeated invasions by the Goths and successive revolutions precipitated "the decline and fall of the Roman empire." But at every descending step of the imperial greatness the pontiff of Rome gained a higher elevation. The chief bishops were perpetually contending with each other respecting their assumed dignities and pretended rights, especially during the bitter and long-continued Arian controversy. The haughtiness of John, the bishop of Rome, will appear in his conduct at Constantinople, where he went, A.D. 525, to serve his own purposes, but charged by the Gothic Theodoric, king of Italy, to engage the emperor Justin to cease from persecuting the Arians. Five other bishops and four noblemen, in a splendid embassy, accompanied him. "On his arrival at Constantinople," says Bower, "he was received with the most extraordinary marks of honour by persons of all conditions and ranks. The nobility and clergy met him, and he made his entry amidst the loud acclamations of numberless crowds that flocked from all parts to see the first bishop of the Catholic church, who had never before been seen in the east. The emperor met him among the rest, and bowed down to the very ground before the vicar of the blessed Peter, and coveting the honour of being crowned by him, received at his hands the imperial diadem! The patriarch invited the pope to perform Divine service in the great church together with him; but he would neither accept the invitation nor even see the patriarch till he agreed not only to yield him the first place, but to seat him on a kind of throne above himself, alleging no other reason than *because he was the Roman high priest!* The patriarch indulged him in everything he required, and they celebrated Easter together with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. The pope officiated in the Latin tongue, according to the rites of the Latin church."

Pre-eminence being thus acknowledged by the patriarch of Constantinople to the pontiff of Rome, it cannot be matter of wonder that Justinian, the nephew and successor of the emperor Justin, in his epistle to the new pope, John II., A.D. 533, writes, "We hasten to SUBJECT *and to unite to your holiness all the priests of the whole east.* Nor do we suffer anything which belongs to the state of the church, however manifest and undoubted, that is agitated, to pass without the knowledge of your holiness, the head of all the holy churches."

Pope John, dying in less than three years, was succeeded by Agapetus, A.D. 535; and Theodatus, king of Italy, sent him on an embassy to the emperor at Constantinople to prevent a war. On that occasion he was appealed to respecting the Arian patriarch Anthinus: he was deposed, and Mennas appointed in his stead. "The pope, by the emperor's favour, ordained Mennas, consecrating him with his own hand." But the progress and spirit of Popery at this period will strikingly appear from the titles given in a memorial to the pontiff, by "the bishops and clergy of Constantinople:" it was addressed, "To our most holy lord and most blessed father of fathers, Agapetus, archbishop of the Romans and patriarch, the bishops of the Oriental diocese, and those who dwell in the holy places of Christ our Lord, with the residents

and other clerks assembled in this royal city."

Plain Christians, learning all their religion from the New Testament, may wonder at all this sacerdotal blasphemy, especially when they are assured, as Lord Chancellor King declares, "It is very seldom, if ever, that the ancients give the title of *Saint* to those holy persons, but simply style them Peter, Paul, John, &c., not *Saint* Peter, *Saint* Paul, *Saint* John."

Popery, however, steadily advanced, though not with equal steps, until the pontificate of "Gregory the Great," who occupied the papal throne from A.D. 590 to A.D. 604. This famous prelate was a man of consummate talents and of equal priestcraft, as the celebrated martyrologist, John Fox, says, "Of the number of all the first bishops before him in the primitive time he was the *basest*; of all them that came after him he was the best." Mr. Bower says, "Gregory inviolably adhered to the principle common to all popes from the earliest times to the latest, viz., never to part with any power which his predecessors had acquired, by what means soever it had been gained."

With Gregory the title of "Universal Bishop" became a subject of bitter contention, as his pride had been deeply wounded by his pontifical rival, John of Constantinople. "The bishop of Constantinople," as Bower states, "was now distinguished all over the East with the pompous title of *Œcumenical*, or *Universal Patriarch*; and Gregory found that he had so styled himself over and over again in a judgment which he had lately given against a presbyter arraigned of heresy, and which, at the request of the pope, he had transmitted to Rome. At this Gregory took the alarm, as if the church, the faith, the Christian religion, were in imminent danger, despatched a messenger with a letter to Sabianus, his nuncio at Constantinople, charging him to use his endeavours with the emperor, the empress, and with the bishop himself, his beloved brother, to divert him from evermore using the *proud*, the *profane*, the *anti-Christian* title of *Universal Bishop*, which he had assumed in the pride of his heart." This labour was all in vain, for his "holiness" of Constantinople refused to relinquish it; and the emperor wrote to the pope, desiring him to live in peace with the bishop of the imperial city.

Gregory wrote directly to the patriarch himself, loading the title with all the names of reproach he could think of, calling it *vain*, *ambitious*, *profane*, *impious*, *execrable*, *antichristian*, *blasphemous*, *infernal*, *diabolical*, and applying to him who assumed it what was said of Lucifer by the prophet Isaiah, ch. xiv. 12, 13, &c.

Our brief limits will not allow us to notice Gregory's letters to the emperor and the empress and the patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch, who all favoured the claim of John to his title; but it is plain from those letters that Gregory ardently sought to deprive his rival of it, that he might appropriate it to himself; and, as Mr. Bower remarks, that, after all, jealousy for the dignity and authority of Rome, as of St. Peter and his see, "were at the bottom of the whole opposition." On this occasion, and as a stroke of policy, with a view to shame his pontifical brother from using that title, Gregory assumed to himself the title of affected humility,

"SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD," which has ever since been retained by the popes and used in the height of their spiritual pride.

Gregory's priestcraft was now called forth by a new series of events, for Phocas had seated himself on the imperial throne by the murder of the emperor Mauricius and his six sons, and, afterwards, most barbarously, of the empress Constantia and her three daughters, dragging them from their refuge in one of the churches of Constantinople! Mauricius is generally commended as a prince of many virtues and of but few vices; and Gregory, in his letters to him, declares that "his tongue could not express the good he had received of the Almighty and his lord the emperor; that he thought himself bound in gratitude to pray incessantly for the life of his most pious and most Christian lord; and that in return for the goodness of his most religious lord to him, he could do no less than love the very ground on which he trod!"

Mauricius had, however, offended Gregory, and the pontiff never forgave his favouring the assumption of the antichristian title by John, the pontiff of Constantinople. Like a true courtier, therefore, when Phocas was proclaimed emperor, and sent the images of himself and empress to Rome, that "basest of bishops" received them with every expression of loyal attachment, lodged them in the oratory of St. Cesarius, and congratulated the murderer of "his most religious lord" with the most consummate flattery and hypocrisy. He says, "Let the heavens rejoice! let the earth sing for joy! let the whole people return thanks for so happy a change!" Gregory wrote also to the new empress, Leontia, in a similar strain of adulation: he says, "What tongue can utter, what mind can conceive the thanks we owe to God, who has placed you on the throne to ease us of the yoke with which we have hitherto been so cruelly galled? Let the angels give glory to God in heaven! let men return thanks to God upon earth! for the republic is relieved, and our sorrows are banished!"

Much more in the same terms of shocking deceit is contained in these letters of Gregory. Popery only, in the proceedings of its priests and dignitaries in connection with the papal government, can offer such examples of blasphemy and hypocrisy, illustrating the spirit of the "mystery of iniquity." Mr. Bower asks, therefore, "Who would have expected such letters from a Christian bishop to a usurper! a tyrant! a murderer! a regicide? Who would not have thought Gregory, of all men, the most likely to reprove such a monster?—of all men the least capable of becoming his panegyrist, of applauding him in his usurpation, murders, and tyranny? But what virtue can be proof in a pope against the jealousy of a rival? What virtue can restrain a pope from employing even the most criminal methods to defeat the attempts that seem to have the least tendency towards lessening the honour and dignity of his see? For that it was with this view, with the view of engaging the tyrant and his wife on his side, and by that means defeating the attempt of the patriarch to assume the title of *Universal Bishop*, that the pope commended, flattered, and extolled them in the manner we have seen, is manifest from his last letter!"

Gregory died A.D. 604, highly extolled

by the Romish church, and canonized as a *Saint*. He is greatly venerated by many in the Church of England, as the author, according to Milner and others, of the "Litany and almost all the collects for Sundays and the principal festivals in the Church of England contained in the Book of Common Prayer."

After six months pope Sabinian succeeded, A.D. 605; but he perished, within eighteen months, the victim of his own avarice. Eleven months intervened between him and pope Boniface III., A.D. 607. He had been the nuncio of Gregory to congratulate the emperor; and though he knew that his master, pope Gregory, had written against the obnoxious title, by flattering the emperor, as his master had done, he prevailed on Phocas to "revoke the decree of Constantinople in 588, entailing the title of *Universal Bishop* on the bishop of Constantinople, and to transfer it to Boniface and his successors, declaring the bishop of Rome the HEAD OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH!"

Pope Boniface, therefore, on receiving this imperial edict, assembled a council in the church of St. Peter at Rome, consisting of *seventy-two* bishops, *thirty-four* presbyters, and all the deacons and inferior clergy of the city, and issued a decree as absolute monarch of the church! His successors pursued his policy; "nor did their boundless ambition allow them or the world," as Bower states, "to enjoy any rest till they got themselves acknowledged for UNIVERSAL MONARCHS as well as UNIVERSAL BISHOPS!"

At present these fearful facts, these signs of the "man of sin," are left to the reflections of every serious inquirer after the truth of Jesus Christ in the light of the Holy Scriptures.

The Letter Box.

THE PHYSICIAN, OR FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You asked me, the other day, what faith is? and if you will allow me, I will endeavour to give you some idea of its operations by an allusion to my own experience.

For several years I have been an invalid, and during this time I have sought relief in various ways—sometimes exercising my own judgment, and sometimes consulting that of others. Still I did not get the better of my complaint. Lately I heard of a physician whose system differs materially from any I had previously tried. I did not, however, resolve to visit him without the testimony of those who knew him, and who could speak experimentally of the benefit they had derived from his advice. At my first visit my business was to acquaint him fully with my case, and in return he gave me instructions to follow and medicines to take. I complied with the one and took the other, casting myself entirely on the judgment of my kind physician, for such I had reason to think him, from the courteous and generous entertainment I received. Of course I did not expect him to explain to me the ingredients of the medicine he put into my hands: it was for me simply to confide in him. This is faith!

Just so I must receive the testimony concerning Christ; just so I must come and make known my wants and my condition to him; just so I must give up all efforts to cure myself; and in the

same manner I must yield to his authority and follow his injunction, nothing doubting. In either case there are difficulties. Old prejudices and prepossessions must not hinder us. We must not be influenced by those who ridicule the apparent simplicity of the means; we must not give up because we are not sensible of immediate benefit, nor because we do not clearly comprehend the treatment of the great Physician. In my own case my confidence was at first very imperfect, and even now I sometimes return to a measure of my old incredulity. One night especially a strange misgiving came over me, and I omitted the medicine altogether. I thought it was possible there might be some mistake about it, and that it might do me harm; but I reasoned thus,—Here is an individual who has restored many, who is an enthusiast in his profession, who is in constant practice, who is giving the most disinterested attention to my case, whose reputation is in a measure staked upon it, who gave me the medicine prepared by his own hands. So I reasoned, and the result was that I took the draught, and by this very act my confidence was increased.

Now, my dear friend, it is for us to commit the keeping of the soul to Christ as we commit our bodies to the physician; and surely in the one case there is unspeakably greater encouragement than in the other. The Physician of souls is perfectly acquainted with our case. He not only knows our disorder by the representation we can make of it, but, to a certain extent, he has borne our sicknesses and felt our infirmities. Of all the cases presented to him not one has failed, but in every instance he has accomplished a perfect cure. An earthly physician may be deficient in judgment, or power, or tenderness; he may want time or perseverance; but this can never be said of Jesus. Shall it be more easy to trust in a comparative stranger than to exercise faith in Christ? Shall the favourable opinion of two or three fallible persons operate to draw us to the one, and shall not the concurrent testimony of thousands who have received mercy allure us to the other?

It must ever be the case that the most satisfactory conclusion will be derived from our own experience; but it is not always we are sensible of an immediate improvement in our state in the treatment of the body; disease is sometimes aggravated in order to effect a cure—at least it would appear so if we judged by our feelings; but by persevering in the application of our souls to Christ, we shall find that our eyes are gradually enlightened to behold him, our hearts softened to love him, our wills subdued, our affections sanctified, and our whole nature conformed to his Divine pleasure. He will fulfil the desire of our heart, and say to us, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith." May this be true in each of our experience.

Yours affectionately,

April 15, 1846. E. R.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

An Address to a Young Man on leaving a Bible-class for the purpose of becoming a Sunday-school Teacher.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—You have now arrived at that period when it is deemed proper to remove you from the Bible-class and to place you in the sabbath-school as a teacher. As the conductor of this Bible-class, I cannot allow you to depart on an errand so important without attempting to give you some little insight into the nature of your undertaking, and to point out what qualifications you should diligently seek to possess, in order that you may labour pleasantly and successfully.

This is, indeed, an interesting period to you; your feelings cannot be easily described. I know that you love your Bible-class, and are never more happy than when engaged in its profitable exercises; parting, therefore, will be painful. You are conscious, also, in some degree, of the greatness of the work in which you are shortly to be engaged, and you are fearful lest you should prove altogether insufficient for your duties. These feelings, my young friend, are by no means uncommon or

inappropriate for one in your situation. With a view to remove your fears, and to encourage you to enter upon this honourable and responsible work, allow me, in the first place, briefly to describe *the nature of your employment*; and then, secondly, *point out some traits of character which you, as a sabbath-school teacher, must strive earnestly to acquire and constantly to exhibit.*

1st. *The nature of your employment.* Be not deceived here, as I fear many in the present day are. They hear of the sabbath-school, of numbers of children who are ignorant and need instruction, they accept a class, and set to work teaching the little ones to spell, to read, to observe order, and be honest; they instruct them so far, and there they stop; being careless about their own souls, they evince no concern for the souls of those beneath their care. My young friend, is this the impression you have of the nature of Sunday-school work? If so, permit me, before you cross the threshold of your new office, to correct this ruinous mistake, and to show you the true character and real design of these noble institutions. The children are collected together on the sabbath and formed into classes for the purpose of being *instructed.* Now, the inquiry with every teacher on accepting a class should be, *What is the great object which I should keep steadily before my mind?* Were the children which will be committed to your care to live only in this world, then worldly knowledge would be all that they could require; but they possess souls—a spiritual principle—and are destined for an existence beyond the grave, where they will never die; yes, they will, at the close of this life, enter into a state of happiness or misery, and there live for ever. When I inform you, therefore, that your chief concern and ultimate end must be, as an humble instrument, to save those souls from eternal death, and to prepare them for eternal life; you will then have the real object which every Sunday-school teacher should aim to accomplish. And is not this enough to call into activity all your energies, and to fill your mind with intense solicitude? To be lukewarm here, is to betray your trust; stop at anything short of the salvation of the soul, and you degrade your office, endanger the eternal safety of your pupils, and treasure up for yourself a weighty account against the judgment-day. O see to it that you properly understand your engagement, that you enter not heedlessly upon this responsible undertaking. If ever you needed direction and aid from God, it is now; if ever prayer was requisite, this is the time to be instant and fervent at the throne of grace.

2nd. I shall now endeavour to set before you those qualifications which you must industriously seek after, or your employment will be anything but easy and delightful. First of all I would say to you,

Be pious. Without piety you had better by far not attempt the work; it is vastly too important to be intrusted into the hands of one who is unconverted—who cannot teach from *experience* the way of salvation; and were you to commence your duties as a teacher, but not as a *Christian*, how would you proceed? Where would you derive encouragement? And what would be the end? Let me prevail on you, if it be not already done, to yield your heart, your all, to God without delay, and rely on the work of Jesus alone for pardon and salvation; then you will have a foundation which is capable of supporting you through all that is trying and depressing; you will have a source from whence you may obtain help in every time of need. Become a consistent Christian teacher, and your life will teach more effectually than your hands and tongue together. O that every teacher was truly pious! Secondly,

Be wise. I would press upon you the necessity of wisdom. Although your work is to instruct children, and for the present, it may be, *little children*, still it requires wisdom; and as wisdom does not exist naturally in the mind, you must diligently get wisdom. What a mercy it is that in our day wisdom is so easy of access! You are surrounded with opportunities to acquire appropriate knowledge. There is your school-library, your fellow-teachers,

your minister, all ready to afford you instruction; and have you not the Bible—the book of wisdom? Ignorant and destitute of good will the mind of that teacher be who neglects the frequent and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures. Take this book for your guide, strive to become more and more familiar with its sacred contents, and seek to acquire the happy art of communicating its truths to the young in a simple, clear, and affectionate manner. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth unto all men liberally." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Thirdly,

Be consistent. For the want of consistency, many an otherwise good teacher has lost half his influence in the school. Perhaps he is irregular in his attendance, allows trifles to detain him at home, makes no conscience of punctuality, thinks a few minutes after time of no consequence, yields occasionally to levity or anger, and thus destroys the effects of his instructions, and tarnishes his own character. My young friend, take heed to your conduct, and sedulously guard against these imperfections. Ask an intimate friend faithfully to point out to you your failings; you will find such a means of great service. By all means be regular at school, and by no means be behind time. Keep yourself circumspect, and act in keeping with your important office; by so doing you will rise in the estimation of the righteous, your class will learn of you with respectful attention, and your fellow-teachers will be either rebuked for their irregularities, or provoked to an imitation of your consistent and exemplary deportment. Fourthly,

Be active. I dislike to see a dronish teacher, one who appears partly asleep and partly awake while sitting in the circle of his class. No child can be either edified or profited in the class of such a teacher. You must avoid this evil habit at the very outset. Be diligent during the week in preparing to meet your class; look well to the lesson you have to teach; get it clearly before your own mind; be ready to submit questions to your pupils and to explain any difficulties that may arise; seek out facts and incidents to illustrate and simplify the truth. Being thus prepared, you will hail the return of the sabbath with joy, and meet your class with confidence and delight. See to it, therefore, that you apply yourself to this labour of love heartily, and that all your duties are performed with life and activity. Fifthly,

Be sober. You may feel somewhat surprised, probably, with my recommending to you sobriety, particularly as I am aware that you have strictly abstained from all intoxicating drinks for upwards of two years. It is not my intention on the present occasion to urge you to continue your safe and laudable practice of abstinence, but rather to press upon you the necessity of being *sober-minded.* You have a vigorous disposition, and are full of youthful enterprise, and unless a careful guard be kept and a judicious direction be given, that mind will lead you into many airy and dangerous efforts. Some young men are so volatile, so frivolous, and so unstable, that they are fit for nothing that is noble and important. Watch against this flighty disposition, and diligently cultivate your mind: strive to attain a good understanding in all things. I would strongly recommend you to procure "Watts's Improvement of the Mind," and "Todd's Sunday-school Teacher." Let these works be thoroughly studied, and their directions followed, and you cannot fail to become an intelligent and sober-minded teacher. Sixthly,

Be prayerful. You had better not be a teacher at all than to be a prayerless one, for with such a defect all your efforts will assuredly fail. It is the influence of prayer that prompts the teacher to labour, that enables him to press through discouragements, and surmount the difficulties connected with his office. Without prayer, how could he reasonably expect his work to succeed? Could his feeble attempt convert a soul? Prayer should be the teacher's vital breath, his native air: he should pray without ceasing, or he

will soon cease to be blessed both in his own soul and in his labours. Pray, my young friend, pray over your private readings that God would teach and guide you by his Holy Spirit into all truth; pray for an ability to communicate knowledge with simplicity and fidelity; pray before you leave home for the school; pray on your return; be always present at the teachers' prayer-meetings; and let every step in this sacred pursuit be commenced, accompanied, and followed by prayer. Seventhly,

Be stedfast. By stedfastness I mean that you must not relinquish your efforts in this worthy cause. In the prosecution of your duties you will meet with much that is discouraging, and your attachment to the work will sometimes be severely tried. You cannot be expected to know the peculiar difficulties which a faithful teacher has to encounter in his benevolent course, but I can assure you that they are neither few nor small; and unless you possess fortitude of mind, and are prepared to practise self-denial, your continuance as a teacher of babes will be of short duration. There have been many young men, and women too, who have started with as bright a prospect of usefulness as yourself, and who have bid fair to become eminent in the service of God—they even run well for a season; we saw them and rejoiced; we looked again, and, behold, they were missing. Something arose, and they were either alarmed or offended, their zeal cooled, their attendance slackened, they forsook their work, and left their little charge to wander and perish. Beware, my young friend, lest, after having put your hand to the plough, you should look back. Let your motto be, "*Onward, in the strength of the Lord, onward I will go,*" and suffer nothing to draw you aside. The work is great, and the labourers are comparatively few; and woe be to those who diminish this number by unworthily withdrawing themselves from the field in the prospect of difficulty or for the sake of ease. I trust that your adherence will be stedfast, and that your course will resemble the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

In conclusion; think of your responsibility and reward. Every one must give an account of his stewardship to God. In prospect of that solemn occasion let all your labours be prosecuted; keep your mind humble, your eye single, and let the glory of God be the crowning object of all your efforts. Where much is given much will be required. From infancy you have been highly privileged—a child of many prayers—of much pious culture both at home and at school. O! disappoint not the hopes of your friends; many eyes will now be upon you,—especially that all-seeing eye above. Be faithful to your trust, and you need not fear. Under a sense of your accountability do not lose sight of your reward. Although your work is arduous, and your responsibility weighty, still your recompense will outweigh the whole. A part of your reward will be enjoyed here,—the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in your hands, and many youths will doubtless rise up into life and call you blessed; but it is hereafter, in the world to come, when the full, the great reward will be given. Although you will be conscious of your non-desert, and be ready to confess your unprofitableness, yet God, your heavenly Father, will graciously own you as his child; your sincere attempt to honour Christ will be accepted and commended; and then, with a crown of righteousness on your head, you will be welcomed into the joy of your Lord, to spend an eternity of happiness. Blessed is the faithful teacher, for great is his reward in heaven.

East Grinstead. T. C.

The Fragment Basket.

An important Question.—A little girl, seven years of age, was one sabbath evening standing by her mother's side refreshing her memory with questions of the "Assembly's Catechism" previously learnt. When she came to

the last proof to the sixteenth answer, (Rom. v 18,) the word condemnation evidently suggested to her mind the passage Rom. viii. 1, for she repeated it first to herself, then, turning to her mother, said, "Mamma, there is 'no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.' I am not in Christ Jesus, am I?" Her mother replied, "*I fear not,*" and was proceeding to give some reasons for the reply, when the child in a quick tone said, "Mamma, are you in Christ Jesus?" "*I hope so,*" was the reply. "But, mamma," said the little girl again, "*do you not know* whether you are in Christ Jesus or not?" Her mother answered, "Yes; did I think I was not in Christ Jesus I should be very unhappy; but I feel quite sure that I am." Never was the importance of a firm assurance of interest in Christ felt to be so important as at that moment. If we are not satisfied that we are in Christ, how can we hope to be successful in urging our little ones to embrace him?—*H.*

Walworth, May, 1846.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.—Remember that lofty trees grow from diminutive seeds; copious rivers flow from small fountains; slender wires often sustain ponderous weights; injury to the smallest nerves may occasion the most agonizing sensation; the derangement of the least wheel or pivot may render useless the greatest machine of which it is a part; an immense crop of errors may spring from the least root of falsehood; a glorious intellectual light may be kindled by the minutest sparks of truth; and every principle is more diffusive and operative by reason of its intrinsic energy than of its magnitude.—*Dr. Gregory's Farewell Address.*

THE WHITE STONE AND NEW NAME.—The second part of the promise to the conqueror, Rev. ii. 17, is, "I will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name inscribed, which no man knoweth except him who receiveth it." This language is figurative, and a variety of modes of illustration have been suggested. Some suppose that it contains an allusion to a Grecian practice of acquitting a person of a crime which had been improperly laid to his charge by casting a *white ball* or *stone* into an urn, while a *black* one was used in case of condemnation. Others refer for illustration to the *tessera* given to the victor in the Olympic games; others to the *tesseræ* scattered among the populace by the Roman emperors on great occasions; and others still to the *tesseræ* much used in ancient times by travellers as a token of friendship. Neither of these proposed modes of illustration answers the purpose well. It has been suggested that the illustration in this, as in the former part of the promise, is to be drawn from the Jewish temple, and with this I am disposed to agree. From Exodus xxviii. 36—38, we learn that the high priest of the Jewish temple had on his mitre a plate of gold, with the inscription, *Sacred to Jehovah,* on it. The Jews regarded the incommunicable name *Jehovah* with the deepest reverence, and they supposed that no one but the high priest could properly pronounce this sacred name; and the mode of its pronunciation is still a controverted point. Frequently in the Apocalypse are Christians spoken of as *kings and priests* unto God; and here the spiritual conqueror is promised an honour peculiar to the highest functionary of the Jewish sacerdotal order. He is not, indeed, to have a plate of gold, but he is to be honoured with something far more valuable—a pellucid or resplendent diamond; for the words rendered white stone may denote a resplendent precious stone. The high priest's plate of gold contained the name of Jehovah; but the richer stone which is to adorn the brow of the conqueror is to have inscribed on it a new name. This is probably some one of the names given to Christ; and hence, in the epistle to the church at Philadelphia, he promises to write on the victor his *new name.* There is propriety in supposing this name to be *Logos,* which signifies *word,* or *revealer* of God. This may be called his mystic name, and none but the genuine Christian knows him as the revealer of God. The inscription then will be, *Sacred to the Word;* and as none but the high priest could ever pronounce the name

Jehovah, so none but the spiritual conqueror can understand the mystic name, *Word of God*, as applied to Christ. It is distinctly stated, that no man knoweth the name on this precious stone except him who receiveth it. Every expression thus receives illustration from the theory we have adopted, and the justness of our interpretation is supported by the sympathies of the Apocalyptist; for it is abundantly evident, from the favourite allusions in his book, that his thoughts lingered around the sacred heights of Zion. Divesting this promise of figure now, when that figure is understood, the meaning is, that honours inconceivably high will be conferred, along with near approach to the throne of heaven, on those who overcome every difficulty and trial, who triumph over the devil, the world, and the flesh.—*Extract from an unpublished Lecture.*

A HAPPY MAN.—O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.—*Augustine.*

GLORIES OF EVENING.—"It is not possible for any power of language adequately to describe the appearance presented at the rising or setting of the sun in the Ægean Sea. Whether a dim perspective, through grey and silvery mists, or amidst the tints of liveliest purple, the isles and continents of Greece present their varied features; nor pen nor pencil can portray their scenery. Let the reader picture to his conception an evening sun, behind the towering cliffs of Patmos, gilding the battlements of the Monastery of the Apocalypse with its parting rays; the consecrated island surrounded by inexpressible brightness, seeming to float upon an abyss of fire, Rev. xv. 2, while the moon in milder splendour is rising full over the opposite expanse. Such a scene I actually witnessed, with feelings naturally excited by all the circumstances of local solemnity, for such, indeed, might have been the face of nature when the inspiration of an Apostle, kindling in its contemplation, uttered the alleluias of that mighty voice, Rev. xix. 1, telling of salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God."—*Clarke's Travels*

HINTS FOR PROMOTING BROTHERLY LOVE.—1. To remember that we are all subject to failings of some kind or other.

2. To bear with, and not to magnify others' infirmities.

3. To pray one for another in our social meetings, and especially in private.

4. To avoid going from house to house, for the purpose of hearing news, and meddling with other people's business.

5. Always to turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report of a brother, and to pay no attention to any charges brought against such, except well founded.

6. If a brother be in fault, to tell him of it first privately, before it be mentioned to others, Matt. xviii. 15.

7. To watch against a shyness of each other, and to put the best construction on any action that has the appearance of opposition or resentment.

8. To observe that excellent rule of Solomon's, "Leave off contention, before it be meddled with," Prov. xvii. 14.

9. If a brother has offended, to consider how glorious—how Godlike—it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian it is to revenge.

10. To remember that it is always the grand artifice of the devil to promote distance and strife among Christians, and that, therefore, we should watch against everything that would farther his end.

11. To consider how much more good we can do in the world at large, and in the church in particular, when we are all united in love, than what we could do when acting alone, and indulging in a contrary spirit.

12. Lastly, to consider the express command of Scripture, and the example of our Lord and Saviour, John xiii. 34, 35; Eph. iv. 31, 32; Luke xvii. 3, 4; 1 Pet. ii. 21.

STATE OF THE HEATHEN.—What a bleak and barren wilderness, what a dreary solitude does their moral state present to the compassionate eye! Stretch the wings of your contemplation, and pass over them with a momentary but painful survey. From climate to climate not a house of God is presented to our eyes, not a pious family, not a religious example. Listen! no voice of prayer rises on the winds—no notes of praise are wafted to the heavens. Look! no sabbath smiles with peace and mercy on the desolate waste—no dews of Divine grace, no showers of life-giving rain descend on the sterile soil. "The heaven over their head is brass, the earth under their feet is iron."—*Dwight.*

Poetry.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken,
There 's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling, heed is taken
By One that sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain;
Yet from its juices rank and rotten
Springs vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
And things that are destroy'd in seeming
In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirit wrought;
And not a work but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.

And thou may'st seem to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past;
Yet O! be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last!

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE."

BY WM. SHEPARDSON.

A still small voice is whispering
In accents soft and mild,
It comes upon the zephyr's wing
That fans the forest wild;
It comes upon the evening breeze,
Its plaintive notes I hear,
Low murm'ring through the waving trees
It whispers, "God is near."

It comes not in the whirlwind's roar,
Nor in the ocean-gale,
When angry billows lash the shore,
And loud the tempests wail;
But when night's silvery shades around
The slumbering waters brood,
There comes a soft and solemn sound,
It whispers, "God is good."

It comes not in the thunder tones
When fiery lightnings glow,
When fierce convulsive nature groans
The requiem of her woe;
But gently, when the moon's pale light
Comes streaming from above,
Sweet as the hum of angels' flight,
It whispers, "God is love."

O sinner, hear the "still small voice"
That comes from Calvary,
That makes the wounded heart rejoice;
It whispers now to thee.
O listen to the pleading strain
Of Jesus' dying love,
It bids thee seek a Saviour slain,
And dwell with God above.

The Children's Gallery.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ONLY SON.

THE following simple narrative is not obtruded on the public eye for the sake of notoriety, but simply with the hope that it may be useful. It affords encouragement to Christian parents to persevere in their endeavours to train their beloved children in the ways of holiness, believing that they will not be unattended with the Divine blessing. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, knowing not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." And it especially reminds the young to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

I. A. H. was born December 27th, 1832. From infancy he was constitutionally delicate. When about four years of age he was visited with so severe an illness that his friends despaired of his life; but he was mercifully raised up, though he could scarcely be said to have overcome its effects. He showed in early life a deep reverence for sacred subjects, being accustomed to converse privately with his mother on the religious books and hymns adapted to his capacity which she read to him. On such occasions he would sometimes express his anxiety to know and feel more of the influence of religion on his heart. One of the first books that engaged his attention was Jane Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds:" he was also very much interested with Newton's "Letters to a Niece at School," the style and manner of which are very simple, and suited to the minds of children. On retiring to rest he would frequently detain his mother to converse on the subjects about which they had been reading, and he would then give free expression to his thoughts and feelings. Such were his modesty and diffidence that he could never be induced to open his mind to any other person. At an early age he sometimes mentioned the difficulty he felt in praying, because "his heart was so bad." He did not consider the prayer he had been taught to repeat as praying, though he still continued its use, and afterwards prayed for those things "which he felt he wanted." He expressed great pleasure once when his mother replied in the affirmative to the question, "Did his parents pray for him before he could pray for himself?" He manifested in very early life a peculiarly quick moral perception of evil, and his heart was wounded by witnessing any unsuitable expressions of anger amongst his schoolfellows, and he would frequently be unable to sleep at night afterwards. On one well-remembered occasion, speaking of his companions, he observed to his mother that he could only pray for them. He could not cordially join in youthful amusements with those in whose conduct he had observed any profanity, although in the company of those whose minds and pursuits were more congenial he often displayed remarkable vivacity and cheerfulness. He evinced great attachment to the public ordinances of religion and to those who took part in them; and on a sabbath evening, after attending public worship, &c., he would often appear unusually happy, his countenance beaming with pleasure as he took his place amongst the family. On such occasions some suitable book was frequently read aloud, to which he would attend with great eagerness. His friends well recollect the intensity of interest with which he listened to the Pilgrim's Progress at such seasons. He would sometimes remark, that he wished rather to be a good man than a great man, and would express his pleasure in the anticipation of union with a Christian church when he should be older. The contributions of Q. Q. interested him exceedingly, though he did not find much amusement in reading works of fiction, and, when quite a child, would frequently inquire concerning what he heard read, if it were true. During the last few months of

his life he perused with great satisfaction, and, doubtless, much benefit, the Memoirs of W. Knibb (son of the missionary) and J. H. Hinton. These little books, especially the latter, seem at this period to have been his constant companions. His parents recollect with peculiar pleasure those seasons when conversing with his mother he would express his delight and joy that he was early taught the ways of God, and his deep concern for the good of others. His view of the way of salvation through Christ was correct and even matured for his years.

In the winter of 1845 he was for a short time removed from home; and in his letters to his parents at this time, (though he yet exhibited no symptoms of disease,) he more than once mentions his belief that he should not live very long, and expresses a wish to converse with them "about better things." The severity of the weather in the early part of the spring of 1845 affected his health, and repeated colds brought on pulmonary disease, which proved fatal. For some time previous to his death, before his friends had begun to fear the result, he appears to have had a conviction in his own mind that he should not recover; yet he never betrayed the least anxiety or alarm, but evinced an increasing submission to the will of God. As his sister was watching him one night, he gently called her to his bedside, and, addressing her by name, said, "I shall not live; but I have no wish to live in this world—it is a wicked world—I cannot do with it." He disposed of several little articles which he valued, distributing them judiciously, and with the most delicate care not to wound the feelings of his friends. This is merely mentioned as showing his firm belief of the fatal termination of his illness, and the calmness with which he viewed the approach of death. On awaking on the morning of the last sabbath he spent on earth he inquired what day it was; and on being told, he exclaimed,

"This is the day that Jesus rose
So early from the dead!"

and, shortly after, repeated—

"Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again:
In heaven we part no more;"

and, after a pause,—

"Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer."

He asked for Watts's Children's Hymns; and finding that his eyesight failed so that he could not read, he returned the book, remarking that he knew all the hymns. Throughout the day he appeared to enjoy the presence of his gracious Saviour; and on his mother inquiring if she should read to him, he replied, as he had several times before, "Leave me to my own thoughts." When asked what those thoughts were, he said, "About God and heaven; there is nothing else worth thinking about."

One day he observed to his mother that he did not feel so happy as he had done at other times; but Christ was the same, and the truth was the same. Another time he remarked, that none would on their death-bed repent having lived too near to God. He spoke in the most solemn and affectionate manner to a sister about his own age, exhorting her to seek salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ, as there was no other way. At another time he hoped his mother would do all she could to make those about her love God. He was removed from this sinful world to that heavenly state for which he was prepared by the rich mercy of God on April 17, 1845, aged twelve years and four months. May the impression made on his bereaved friends be the means of inducing them to follow him so far as he followed Christ; and may those who read this short memoir, especially the young, reflect on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and seek to give up themselves unreservedly to the service of Christ, saying, "From this time, thou art my Father and the guide of my youth."

Leicester, May, 1846.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS

THE other day Jesus Christ came down into our little inclosure, and, without any intimation of his design, gathered a beautiful flower, which was admired

by all, and transplanted it from the Eden of grace into the garden of glory, where the lovely lily appears in the perfection of beauty near to Sharon's fragrant rose. This beautiful flower was an orphan boy residing with his grandparents, who looked upon him with more than maternal affection, and fondly hoped he would be the staff of their support amid the infirmities of age, and their choicest earthly comforter till they went down to the grave. The boy became a scholar in our sabbath-school and in the Bible-class, and the benefit of the instructions he received soon became manifest in the docility of his mind, his attachment to the means, and his uniformly good conduct. The Bible became his constant companion, the house of God his home, and the ministrations of the sanctuary his delight. When he ceased to be a regular scholar he attended to teach when his service was needed, or to be taught when it was not required; ever willing to be placed in any situation which might contribute to his own good and that of others—combining the affection of the child, the activity of the youth, and the understanding of the man. For some time he had been an out-door servant to an excellent clergyman, who never expects to meet with his like again: to his earthly master's work he gave a willing hand; and to his heavenly Master's command, "Son, give me thy heart," he yielded with delight. But this lamb of the flock was not permitted to remain here: too innocent and lovely for earth, Jesus gathered it with his arm and pressed it to his bosom in that state where mortality is unknown on Tuesday, the 17th of March. When in his usual health, and amusing his master's children near the house, he laid himself down on some straw, as they thought in amusement, but when approached he was found to be dead: not the slightest indication of pain or alarm was given by him; his countenance was not in the least distorted, but placid and serene as if he had sunk into a peaceful slumber, which no doubt he had—"he slept in Jesus." On the previous sabbath morning, before service commenced in the chapel, he penned down that beautiful hymn, the 187th in Rippon's selection, commencing—

"Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu!"

No doubt the hymn expressed the sentiment of his heart. He often employed his leisure moments in pencilling down epitaphs; and among a number found in his pocket when brought home a corpse and laid on the bed was the following:

"Weep not, dear friends, that here I lie,
Prepare yourselves to lie hereby,
That when death comes we then may have
A joyful rising from the grave."

This interesting orphan boy, Robert Graham, died in the sixteenth year of his age, esteemed by the wise and the good, and respected by all that knew him; and "being dead, yet speaketh" in the language of encouragement to sabbath-school teachers, "In the morning sow thy seed;" and by example to sabbath-school children, "That from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures;" and by the suddenness of his removal, to all, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

May, 1846. C. L.

DEATH HAS MANY DOORS.

On a sabbath afternoon the teacher of a class of boys in a Sunday-school, finding them restless and inattentive, related to them the following circumstance, in hope of fixing their attention on the concerns of the soul.

"Some boys in a Sunday-school in the village of ——— were not satisfied with merely treating the admonitions of their teacher with indifference, but made a mock at his instructions. He solemnly warned them on the folly of their conduct, more especially one boy, who had been the leader of the others, urging on them the importance of attending to instruction at once, not knowing how soon their privileges would be taken from them. His remarks, however, appeared to produce no effect, and the class separated; but when they met on the following sabbath one of their number was absent. On the Tuesday during the week the

boy whom we before mentioned had gone sliding on the ice, which gave way, and he was drowned. Never again was he permitted to scoff at his kind instructor; never again had he the opportunity of following his advice."

After relating this anecdote, the teacher pressed upon his class the importance of improving the time they now possessed in preparation for death, not knowing how soon it might come. "Who can tell," said he, "but before next sabbath one of you who now sit here may be removed to another world?" "Oh," replied one boy, "there is no ice now, we shall not go sliding and be drowned." "True," said the teacher, "there is no ice, but there are many ways in which death may meet you." Little did he suppose what was to happen. On the following Saturday one of the boys to whom he spoke, while walking by the river side, was seized with a fit, fell into the water, and was drowned.

Reader! whoever you may be, young or old, "prepare to meet thy God." The next summons may be for you.

J. S.

A PRAYING SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL.

MR. PRITCHARD, Her Majesty's consul in the South Seas, gives the following account in the Missionary Reward:—

"One of the twelve girls admitted to church fellowship at Lahaira only once partook of the memorials of the Saviour's death. Immediatcly after being received into communion she was called to her everlasting rest, to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. She was about fourteen years of age. Her piety was fervent and sincere. Divine grace had made a most powerful and rapid work upon her soul. From the time her mind was first impressed till the day of her death, which was a period of about six months, her heart appeared to become more and more deeply interested in the things of the kingdom of Christ. During the three months prior to her death she was eminently a praying Christian. Having no private room to which she could retire for prayer, often has she been found in the bush near to her residence, pouring out her soul to God. Her chosen companions were those who loved prayer, and frequently united with her in that holy exercise. One of the church members told the missionary that this girl had frequently gone to his house for the purpose of prayer, and that at such times his wife had been her companion at the throne of grace. The missionary's wife says, that when she has heard her pray in the children's prayer-meeting, a striking characteristic of her prayers was, that, young as she was, her mind would lay hold of some particular subject, and would persevere in that as though she could not let God go till he had granted her request. In her sickness she expressed great delight in the prospect of departing to be with Christ. She had been ill only one week when her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

"There can be no doubt but that many of the children trained in the schools in Polynesia are now before the throne of God in heaven swelling the song of the redeemed, singing, 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'"

Children of Britain, prize your privileges, and be stimulated to diligence in the improvement of them by the example of the children of Polynesia. Think, too, of the Saviour's words to the Jews, and be deeply concerned that they may not apply to you: "I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

STORY OF GRACE AND ELIZA.

THERE lived, a short time ago, in a large town in the north of England, two little girls, one of whom was called Grace, and the other Eliza. They were very affectionate, and were very seldom heard to speak in an ill-natured manner to each other. In the course of

time little Grace fell sick, and as her parents thought her sickness might be of a serious kind, they immediately sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, he ordered Grace's parents to give her some medicine to make her better. Grace's mother procured some of the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and went up to her bed-room to give it to her. On entering the bed-room, she found Eliza standing by Grace's bed-side talking to her. "I have brought you some medicine to make you better, Grace," said her mother. Grace, like most little boys and girls, did not like anything that had a nasty taste; and she began to cry, saying she did not like nasty physic. "You must take it—it will do you good, my dear," said the kind mother. And Grace wept, and her mother pressed her to take it in this manner for some minutes. Eliza, who was standing by all the while, requested her mother to give her the cup containing the medicine, not knowing what she was about to do with it. "Mother," said Eliza, "Grace is very bad, and she doesn't like nasty physic—I'll take it for her;" and, so saying, she immediately drank the contents of the cup.

Eliza, dear girl, either forgot, or did not know, that her taking it could be of no use to her sister; but it beautifully illustrated a sister's love. Yes, love was the reason of her drinking it; and oh, my dear young readers, your Saviour loved you, and drank a cup much more bitter than that which Eliza drank. He left a glorious throne in heaven, was born in a stable at Bethlehem, suffered as little children do; when he became a man he was treated by his countrymen as one of the worst of characters, he was scourged, and spit upon, and despised, and at last he was hung upon a rugged tree, and expired in the greatest of anguish. And all this he suffered for you, because he loved you. And he requires you, in return for this love, to give him your hearts. It is his will that you should repent, that you should be sorry for your sins, and believe in him as your Saviour. Can you refuse to do this when he loved you, and gave himself for you, and thus afforded you the strongest proof of his desire to befriend you? How can you refuse to give him admission into your heart?

"Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him, for he loves you well,
And died to save your soul from hell."

GOD IS LOVE.

Miss G——, on being asked one morning, not long before her death, how she had passed the night, she replied, "It has been quite sleepless; but how do you think I have been employed? I have been composing some verses, and think I could now repeat them, if you, my dear ——, would take a pencil and commit them to paper." This was immediately done, when Miss G—— dictated the following lines; scarcely a verbal alteration was made afterwards:—

"Poor wearied child! now rest thy head
Upon thy Father's bosom:
'*I am thine*,' repose in peace;
I delight to give thee ease,—
A smiling God is thine.

"Afflicted child! I hear thy cry,
I know thy every sorrow:
Submissively receive my rod,
View thy sympathizing God,
And rise above the storm.

"Suffering child! thy conflict's sharp,
Thy weakness long endures;
Infinite love appoints the whole
To fructify thy inmost soul—
To purify thy heart.

"Rebellious child! it is thy sin
Thy Father would subdue;
A holy God delights to see
The impress of his seal on thee,
In purity of soul.

"Unthankful child! why restless thus?
Thy mercies endless are;
Blessings of goodness thee surround,
The Lord thy God is ever found
Thy present, faithful friend.

"Happy child! lift up thy head,
The clouds roll fast away;
The sun arises full of light,
Dispersing all the mists of night,
And glory now is near."

Memoirs of Miss G——.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

"I HAVE NO TIME TO ATTEND TO THESE THINGS."

Dear reader, have not these words often escaped your lips when any Christian friend had called your attention to the salvation of your soul? Perhaps you are the father or mother of a large family, who depend for their subsistence entirely upon your own industry: in these circumstances I am ready to acknowledge you have no time to spend on trifles; but is it not true that you spend time *daily* in *evil thoughts? Much* time in *vain and useless conversation* with your neighbours? Am I exceeding the truth when I say you spend *all* your spare time in forgetfulness of God? Know you not, my dear reader, that this very inattention, though you had committed no other sin, procures the damnation of the soul: "consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver," Ps. l. 22. So you see you have only to *forget* God, to be eternally forgotten by him! With this awful alternative before your eyes, are you *serious* in urging the excuse at the top of this paper? Is it a statement which the omniscient Searcher of hearts knows to be true? Does it satisfy your own conscience? Could you lay down your head on the pillow of death, and, with the judgment-seat and an impartial Judge in full view, console yourself with this,—God knoweth "I had no time for these things?" Ah no! So far from this, conscience will bring back to your recollection days, weeks, months, and years of golden moments for ever fled; and your spirit, stung by the agonizing reflection, may utter forth the despairing wail of the hopeless sinner, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the hour when it was said, A child is conceived." Do you say, "O I don't intend to be always in this state—as soon as my circumstances will permit, I am resolved to give more time to this matter than I have done." But leaving out of view for the present the uncertainty of human existence, (which this apology entirely overlooks,) it appears to me that you are labouring under a fatal delusion as to the amount of time necessary to settle the difference between God and your soul; *you* think that *before* you can be reconciled to God, delivered from the love of sin here and its punishment hereafter, you must first spend a long period of time in attending to religious duties and striving to make yourself better, by which God may be induced to pardon your sins and receive you into his friendship, because *you* consider you will *then* be in a fitter state to receive forgiveness. My dear reader, this view of the way of salvation, which is so very prevalent among those who know not God, and even many professors of religion, *is not God's way.* Just look at the serious error it contains: it assumes that you have a previous work to perform, and a very arduous one, before you can

be in a state to receive pardon from God; it places self in the foreground, and is, therefore, *man-glorifying;* it does not sufficiently recognise, as a first step, reliance on the *finished* work of Jesus Christ, and it *alone*, without one single meritorious act, as the only way to be saved, and is, therefore, *Christ-dishonouring;* and, finally, it tacitly ascribes to God a certain degree of unwillingness to receive the sinner *now*,—all of which is opposed to the revealed will and character of God. What then, do you ask, is the way God hath made known whereby I may be saved? "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed," Rom. x. 8—11. "Now to him that *worketh* not, but *believeth* on him that justifies the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness," Rom. iv. 5. From these and numberless other passages which might be quoted, it is evident that, if you wish to be saved at all, you must at once and for ever cease your self-justifying efforts, and take salvation as a free gift, 1 John v. 11, and just as you are. Abandon, I beseech you, your soul-killing delusions about previous worthiness and preparation. Know you not that every act of this kind performed before coming to Christ is *sinful*, because it springs from a selfish desire to render to God a kind of partial satisfaction for your sins, and an unwillingness to believe that Jesus has already borne the punishment due to your sins "in his own body on the tree," 1 Peter ii. 24. O flee from all such refuges of lies; believe the great truth that God is satisfied, his law magnified, and nothing left for you to do but to receive a finished salvation: and do it *now*.

> "Let not conscience make you linger,
> Nor of fitness madly dream:
> All the fitness he requireth
> Is to feel your need of him."

"Behold, *now is* the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," 2 Cor. vi. 2. And now, my fellow-sinner, remember God means what he says in that passage last quoted: he says *now*, which means that at this very moment, while your eyes are running over these lines, he is in Christ already reconciled, and is waiting, and even beseeching *you* to be reconciled to him. Suffer this heavenly truth once to fill your soul, and then, instead of pleading you have no time for these things, you will arise and go to your justly offended but forgiving Father, and with the language of an entirely dedicated one upon your lips, you will exclaim,

> "Take my body, spirit, soul—
> Only thou possess the whole."

W. F.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

READER, allow a friend, a sincere friend, who is concerned for your present and everlasting felicity, to present this question to your very serious consideration. It may be, that in consequence of your numerous and various engagements, or from some other cause, you have not yet given that diligent attention to the state of your immortal soul which its worth demands. When I name your SOUL, I mention that which is above all price, and which exceeds in value all the riches of this world, or even of ten thousand worlds united—I mean that soul of which the Saviour of the world said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The soul is different from the body, which after death will return to dust; but the soul will live for ever, and, what is more awful, it will exist for ever in heaven or in hell—enjoying the greatest happiness with God, or enduring the severest torments with accursed spirits in the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

I cannot, my dear reader, speak of your age or character; I know not whether you are young or aged; whether you have given your heart to God, or are altogether indifferent to him, or even a rebel against him. It is enough that I address you as a *sinner*, a lost soul. Were you disposed to reject this appellation, the word of God would instantly condemn you and proclaim, "There is none righteous, no, not one."—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If you consult your *heart*, or examine your *words*, or survey your *conduct*, you will detect many thoughts, expressions, and actions contrary to the character of one who is every day proceeding towards eternity.

Whither goest thou? Life is a journey—how long or how short none can tell. The years of man are threescore and ten; but numbers do not reach that age—indeed few do. How many of your friends—some, perhaps, younger than yourself—have been summoned into eternity! They are gone—whither? They are gone to the grave; and whither goest thou? Each moment thou art going to the grave; already it yawns to receive thee:—art thou prepared? If not, shall I tell thee? Yes, hear and remember; if thou diest *unprepared*, thy soul will be lost,—lost for ever!

Whither goest thou? You say, I hope I am going to heaven; but are you in the way that leadeth to life eternal? Sin must be pardoned, and the only way by which this can be obtained is through the Lord Jesus Christ. For this you must apply to him, and his promise is, that "he will not cast you out;" his language is, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life!"

Whither goest thou? Does any one say, Through the infinite mercy of God, I trust I am journeying to the place of which God hath said, "I will give it you." Blessed be his name for inclining my heart to give myself to him; I have found his ways to be plea-

santness, and his paths to be peace; may I finish my course with joy! Delightful declaration! Go and proclaim the love of the Saviour; go and invite others to come to the arms of mercy; go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for thee.

Sinner! whither goest thou? Without repentance, without a Saviour, following the course of this world, an enemy to God and all righteousness, consider, that unless thy course be changed, eternal misery will be thy portion! O reflect in time! turn to Jesus as thy refuge from the wrath of God, and thou shall find that his service is perfect freedom, and his favour a free, and satisfying, and everlasting portion. P. Q.

HAPPINESS: WHO MAY ENJOY IT.

One fine evening in summer a lady was returning with her two children from a walk on the sea-shore. The tide had retreated and exposed to view a long range of black rock, the extremity of which projected far into the waves; the sea-gull had retired to its nest; the whistle of the ploughman was no longer heard from the land, nor the song of the returning fisherman from the sea; the only living object that attracted their attention was a poor child who was wandering in search of shell-fish among the rocks.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Fanny, "look at that poor little girl; she was wandering over these rocks as we came, and here she is still. And to be walking barefoot over the rough stones, and so poorly clad, how miserable she must be!"

"Perhaps, Fanny," replied her mother, "that child may be happier than you suppose. But see, she is coming towards the beach; I will have a little conversation with her."

In answer to the lady's questions, the child stated that she resided in the parish poor-house, and was sent out to collect shell-fish, which she sold to fishmongers and others, bringing home the profits to her master.

"And where, my dear, are your father and mother?"

"I have none, ma'am—they are both dead."

She might have added, but she did not, that the death of her mother had been brought on by ill-treatment received from her husband, who was a fisherman. Often had he returned in a state of intoxication at a late hour of the night, merely to wring from his wife and child their miserable earnings, or to beat and abuse them when they had nothing to give.

"And are you not very unhappy?" inquired Fanny.

"Oh no, miss," said she; "I have a great deal to make me happy."

"How can that be?" said Fanny.

"Why, miss, on Sundays I go to school, and there I learn to read about Jesus Christ, and then we are all taken to church, and our good minister tells us about our Saviour, and the love of God, and a great many other things."

"But in the week are you not very miserable?"

"Not at all, for then I think of what I heard on the Sunday, and I sing the hymns I have learnt at school, and I often pray to God and thank him for

all his goodness to me, and beg him to take me to heaven. But Sunday is my best day, and that's what makes me want to go to heaven, because our minister says it's always sabbath there."

After a little further conversation, the lady directed her steps homeward, having first given a trifle to the poor child, and promised to endeavour to render her worldly situation somewhat more comfortable.

"Well, Fanny," said her mother, as they were returning, "what do you think of happiness now?"

"O mamma, I see that riches have nothing to do with happiness."

"Not quite so fast, my dear. Wealth may contribute to our happiness in many ways: it exempts us from many evils, and procures us many enjoyments; above all, it enables us to enjoy the greatest of earthly pleasures, that of contributing to the welfare of others. But wealth cannot *give* happiness, as too many fatally think. This is the gift of religion alone. You see what it has done for this poor girl: it is, perhaps, the only source of pleasure she possesses, and yet it has made her cheerful and contented in the midst of so many privations."

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

About the year 1797, Mr. M. was travelling from a town on the eastern borders of Vermont to another on the western side of the same state. Passing over the mountainous parts of the country between the Connecticut and Onion rivers, he perceived the heavens to be gathering blackness, the sound of distant thunder was heard, and a heavy shower of rain was seen to be fast approaching. The traveller was then in a forest, no place of shelter appeared, and he hastened on until he arrived at a small cottage on the extreme borders of the woods. The rain just then began to rush down with power. He sprang from his horse, pulled off the saddle, and without ceremony darted into the house. Surprised to see no family but a single female with an infant child, he began to apologise for his sudden appearance, hoped she would not be alarmed, but permit him to tarry until the rain abated, it was so violent. The woman replied she was glad that any one had happened to come in, for she was always much terrified by thunder.

"But why, madam," said he, "should you be afraid of thunder? It is the voice of God, and will do no harm to those who love him, and commit themselves to his care."

After conversing with her awhile on this topic, he inquired whether she had any neighbours who were religious. She told him she had neighbours two miles off, but whether they were religious she knew not; only she had heard that some man was in the habit of coming there to preach once in a fortnight. Her husband went once, but she had never been to their meeting. In regard to everything of a religious kind she appeared to be profoundly ignorant.

The rain had now passed over, and the face of nature smiled. The pious traveller, about to depart, expressed his thanks to the woman for her hospitality, and his earnest desire for the salvation of her soul. He earnestly besought her to read her Bible daily, and to give good heed to it, "as to a light shining in a dark place." She,

with tears in her eyes, confessed she had no Bible. They had never been able to buy one.

"Could you read one if you had it?"

"Yes, sir, and would be glad to do so."

"Poor woman," said he, "I do heartily pity you: farewell."

He was preparing to pursue his journey; but he reflected, "This woman is in very great need of a Bible. O that I had one to give her! but I have not. As for money to buy one, I have none to spare—I have no more than will be absolutely necessary for my expenses home. I must go; but if I leave this woman without the means to procure the word of God, she may perish for lack of knowledge. What shall I do?" A voice seemed to whisper, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." His heart responded, "I will trust the Lord." He took a dollar from his purse, went back, and desired the woman to take it, and, as soon as possible, procure for herself a Bible. She promised to do so, saying that she knew where one could be obtained.

He again took his leave and set off. As there were then but few taverns on the road, he asked for lodgings at a private house near which he found himself when night overtook him. He had yet a few pieces of change in his pocket; but as a journey of two more days was before him, he purposed to make his supper on a cold morsel which he happened to have with him. But when the family came round the table to take their evening repast, the master of the house very urgently invited the stranger to join with them—not only so, but to crave God's blessing on their meal. He now began to feel himself among friends, and at liberty to speak freely on divine things. The family appeared gratified in listening to his discourse till a late hour: it was a season of refreshing to their thirsty souls. In the morning the traveller was urged to tarry till breakfast, but declined, the distance he had to travel requiring him to set off early. His host would take no compensation, and he departed giving him many thanks. He travelled on till late in the morning, when, finding no public-house, he stopped again at a private one for refreshment. While waiting he lost no time to recommend Christ, and him crucified, to the family. When ready to depart, he offered to pay the mistress of the house, who had waited upon him very kindly, for his repast and also the oats for his horse, but she would receive nothing. Thus he went on, calling for entertainment as often as he needed it, and recommending religion wherever he called, and always offering, as any other travellers would do, to pay his expenses, but no one would accept his money, although it was not known but that he had a good supply, for he told them not, and his appearance was respectable: at home he was a man of wealth. "What," thought he, "does this mean? I was never treated in this manner on a journey before." The dollar given to the destitute woman recurred to his mind, and conscience replied, "I have been well paid: it is indeed safe lending to the Lord." On the second day after he left the cottage in the wilderness he arrived safely at home, and still had money for the poor, having been at no cost whatever.

About one year and a half after this, a stranger called at the house of Mr. M. for some refreshment. In the course of the conversation he observed that he lived on the other side of the mountain, near Connecticut. Mr. M. inquired for some gentlemen there with whom he was acquainted, and was pleased to find that the stranger knew them well. He then asked whether the people in that vicinity paid much attention to religion. The traveller replied, "Not much; but in a town twenty or thirty miles back from the river, where I am acquainted, there has been a powerful revival. The commencement of it was very extraordinary. The first person who was awakened and brought to repentance was a poor woman who lived in a very retired place. At the time of her baptism she related that some time before a stranger was driven into her house by a thunder-storm, and talked to her so seriously that she began while listening to his discourse to feel concerned about her soul. The man, she related, was much affected when he found that she had no Bible, and, after he had left her house to go on his journey, returned again and gave her a dollar to buy one, and charged her to get it soon and read it diligently. She did so, and it had been the means, as she believed, of bringing her from darkness to light—from a state of stupidity and sin to delight in the truth and ways of God. The name of this pious man or the place of his residence she knew not, but she believed it was the Lord who sent him. At this relation, and the great change which was so obvious in the woman, her neighbours wondered much. They were led to meditate much on the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, displayed in this singular event of his providence. They were led to think more of the importance of attending to their Bible themselves, and were finally awakened to a deep concern for the salvation of their souls. As many as thirty or forty are already hopefully converted, and rejoicing in God their Saviour."

Mr. M., who had listened to this relation with a heart swelling more and more with wonder, gratitude, and joy, could refrain no longer, but with hands and eyes upraised to heaven exclaimed, "My God, thou hast paid me again!"

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. V.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

POPERY having so far prevailed in its antichristian usurpation, as we have already seen, that its chief priest at Rome had secured to himself the title of "Universal Bishop" and "Head of the Universal Church," our readers will desire to learn some of its consequent acts and deeds. These are given in a fearful catalogue recorded on the pages of faithful history, a few of which we will here transcribe, to serve as reasons for embracing and holding fast the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, and to beware of the impositions of the "man of sin."

Religion, as taught in the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, continued to decline, and to become more and more corrupted, as liturgies and ritual observances were

substituted for the faithful preaching of the gospel. "Religion lay expiring under a heap of superstitious inventions," as Dr. Mosheim truly states. "In the earlier periods the worship of Christians was confined to one supreme God and his Son Jesus Christ; but the Christians of this century [the seventh] multiplied the objects of their devotion, and paid homage to the [pretended] remains of the true cross, to the images of the saints, and to bones whose real owners were extremely dubious." The lordly ambition of the popes excited dread and general abhorrence. Consequently, as Dr. Mosheim further states, "the progress of vice among the clergy was truly shocking; neither bishops, presbyters, deacons, nor even cloistered monks, were exempt. In those very places which were consecrated to the advancement of piety and the service of God, there was little else to be seen besides ghostly ambition, insatiable avarice, pious frauds, intolerable pride, and a superstitious contempt of the natural rights of the people, with many other evils still more enormous!"

Heresies abounded, and some of their leaders and patrons filled a great part of the east with carnage and assassinations—of which, indeed, the orthodox, or Catholics, were scarcely less guilty: so that the vengeance of Christians was regarded with the deepest horror. This shocking appearance of misnamed Christianity was observed with astonishment by many Pagans and Jews; and Mohammed, an Arabian merchant, a young man of singular talents, ambition, and enthusiasm, formed the determination to invent a new system of religion, which should remove the popular idolatries Assisted in his project by a learned Jew and an apostate from Christianity, he adapted his doctrines to the corrupt passions and manners of the eastern nations, tolerating the vices to which they were most addicted. His system rejected the Arabian idolatry, and the worship of saints and relics which the professed Christians had established, while it embraced a great part of the Patriarchal history from the Scriptures, mingled with fables held by Jews and Arabs: this he pretended was the true religion taught by the prophets of God. By this artful contrivance, and in the character of a military chief, he engaged multitudes as his disciples and followers; and thus by rapine and war he soon obtained the sovereignty of Arabia and several adjoining countries. The "mystery of iniquity" prevailed thus in the seventh century, fulfilling the Divine prophecies regarding the antichristian pretensions of the bishop of Rome, in the west, as *monarch* in the church, but in the language of Scripture a BEAST, and in the east by the abominable imposture of Mohammed, as the predicted FALSE PROPHET! See Rev. xvi. 13; xvii.

Popery advanced in the eighth century: as, while most of the eastern nations fell a prey to Mohammedan Saracens and Turks of Tartary, the barbarous nations of the west, proselyted from Paganism, were kept in the grossest ignorance by the priests. They knew not the Scriptures, and could not examine the claims of the priests, who were regarded as a sort of inferior divinities, while they pretended to possess the power of absolving men from their sins. Hence many of the princes and nobles, having acquired wealth by rapine and murder, gave large dona-

tions to the priests to escape the torments due to their crimes in the future world. These gifts were commonly called, "The price of transgression for the redemption of souls!"

Immense riches were by this means soon possessed by the clergy. Emperors, kings, and princes invested bishops with the possession of whole provinces, cities, castles, and fortresses, with all the rights of sovereignty. But among all these the pope maintained his pre-eminence, and this was willingly conceded, as essential to the usurped domination of the other prelates. The western barbarians, who received the name of Christ, looked upon the bishop of Rome as they had regarded their arch-druid; and this ignorant people freely yielded a boundless authority to the bishops, as they had given to their dreaded priests in Paganism. The consequences of this were most pernicious, for it gave to the Roman pontiff a despotic authority in civil affairs; and hence arose the horrible notion, that all those who were excommunicated by the pope forfeited thereby all their rights as citizens and the common claims of humanity.

Pictures and images were commonly worshipped in this century, especially those of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the saints, supported by the popes. But the Greek emperors, Leo III., Constantine V., Leo IV., and Capronymas, abhorring the shameful practice, laboured for its abolition. Nevertheless, as Dr. Mosheim remarks, "When the cause of image-worship appeared nearly extinct in the east, a revolution of the most horrid kind rendered the Roman pontiff triumphant. A cup of poison ministered by Irene the empress to her husband, opened the way for her holding the reins of government during the minority of her son; and this auspicious moment was seized by Adrian the pope to league himself with this monster of a woman."

We must not omit to record that in this, the eighth century, originated that despicable ceremony of *kissing the pope's foot*, instead of his hand, when his favour is granted in an audience with him on his throne!

Mohammedism reigned in all its savage bigotry in the ninth century over the finest parts of Asia and Africa, and several kingdoms of Europe, and many families, nominally Christian, assumed the name of Mohammed for that of Christ. Image-worship prevailed among professing Christians, and the canonizing of saints was made a new source of priestly abuse and pious fraud. Pretended bones of departed saints were sold for immense sums, and vast riches were obtained in this way by the priests, who, in many churches, were chosen by the patrons from the most abject, ignorant, and worthless ecclesiastics, that they might tolerate their crimes and oppressions.

The popes were infamous for their enormous vices, yet they extended their influence and authority in temporal and spiritual affairs. They continued to deprive the European princes of all authority in ecclesiastical things, and diminished the power of the bishops by encouraging appeals one against another to the court of Rome; and they succeeded in persuading many that the bishop of Rome was constituted supreme legislator and universal judge by Jesus Christ.

In this century the Lord's supper was still more corrupted by the rise of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, which

is the pretended change of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ. This was crafty policy in the popes.

The wickedness of the popes may be further known from the fact of their persecution of all whom they chose to denominate *heretics:* and in this century Theodora, a Greek empress, a zealous patron of image-worship, was congratulated by pope Nicolas on her having destroyed not less than a hundred thousand, by the gibbet, fire, and sword, of the Paulicians. These were a body of professed Christians who sought a purer faith, and were so called from their having obtained the New Testament, which they diligently studied, especially the writings of the apostle Paul.

Popery continued its shameless progress during the eleventh century; for though there were several persons eminent for their learning and zeal making feeble efforts for a measure of reformation, their endeavours were nearly altogether fruitless. Avarice was a feature in the papacy as manifest as it was hateful, and the traffic in relics afforded it ample gratification. The priests were the extensive *relic-mongers* and the popes the chief dealers, imposing upon the ignorant and superstitious in the most shameless manner. "Kings, princes, and wealthy prelates purchased pieces of the cross, or whole legs and arms of the apostles, while others were obliged to be contented with the toes and fingers of inferior saints. Agelnoth, archbishop of Canterbury, when he was at Rome, A.D. 1021, purchased from the pope an arm of St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, for six thousand pounds' weight of silver and sixty pounds' weight of gold!" From this may be seen a little of the progress of ecclesiastical imposture.

Transubstantiation was carried to its height in this century, and when it was opposed by Berenger, a famous doctor of the academy at Tours, he was grievously persecuted; until at length, by a council under pope Hildebrand, called Gregory VII., he was prevailed on to recant, and make oath that he believed that the bread and wine in the eucharist are, by the mysterious influence of the prayer of a priest, and his recital of the words of Christ, substantially changed into his true, proper, and vivifying body and blood in their essential qualities! Berenger did not believe what he was compelled thus to declare on oath; and in 1089, bewailing his dissimulation, he died at Rome.

Popery attained its highest elevation in this century; and it will be seen in its most genuine form, as the "man of sin,"—"exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped," by the extravagant titles now assumed by the popes. They were called "Universal Fathers," and "Masters of the world." Notwithstanding vigorous opposition from several sovereigns, they carried their insolent pretensions so far as to proclaim themselves "Lords of the universe," "Arbiters of the fate of nations," and "Supreme Rulers of the kings and princes of the earth." One instance of this abominable assumption will best illustrate the hateful spirit of Popery, while the reading of it will shock the feelings of every Christian:—

The emperor of Germany, Henry IV., opposed the arrogant claims of pope Gregory VII. The haughty pontiff at once excommunicated him, and excited the princes of the empire to make war

upon him. Being ignorant of the word of God, and bound down by superstition, he was terrified at the anathemas of the pope, as if he had command over the eternal destinies of men; he was persuaded, therefore, to throw himself into the hands of the pontiff, to yield to his clemency, and to await his dread decision. Filled with dread, Henry consented; and, as it was prescribed to him by the pretended vicar of Christ, he submitted to the degrading penance so as to stand with his empress and family at the gates of the fortress of Canusium during three days, in the open air, in a severe February, A.D. 1077, with his feet bare, his head uncovered, and with no other raiment than a piece of coarse woollen cloth thrown over his body to cover his nakedness. On the fourth day he was with difficulty admitted to the presence of that lordly priest, who, with the utmost hypocrisy as a minister of religion, and with much ceremony, granted him absolution! But he forbad him ever after to assume the title or ensigns of sovereignty! Such a daring outrage upon humanity as well as royalty excited universal abhorrence; but no one of the greatest princes had the courage to utter a word of reproof to the terrible ANTICHRIST!

The Letter Box.

CLAIMS OF DISSENTERS ON CHURCHMEN.

To the pious and candid Members of the Established Church.

MEN AND BRETHREN,—Dissenters love you for the "truth's sake which dwelleth in you," and lament the disadvantages of your position for properly estimating their principles and their characters. They are always ready to give reasons for their Nonconformity which satisfy their judgments and rule their consciences; they greatly desire that you would give them a patient and candid hearing, and no longer be guided by the representations of those against whose competency or integrity they protest. But they do not rest on the defensive; they have much to say against the Established Church, which they sincerely think it is for the welfare of your souls and the glory of Christ that you should fairly hear and seriously consider. Might it not, then, be prudent to listen to their argument? Is it not possible that they may have at least some portion of the truth? But if truth on their part implies error on yours, should you not seek to know it? Can error in such things be harmless? May it not be perilous to yourselves? May it not affect the honour of the Lord you love, serve, and desire to glorify? With respect to the nature and character of the Church of England, Dissenters have, they think, many facilities for ascertaining the truth which are denied to those who lie bandaged, blinded, and muffled up in her bosom. Were it not wise, then, for you to hear their own account of their discoveries? Is not this much due to them as a portion of your fellow-citizens recognised by the laws and counted by millions? What they seek above

all things is—TRUTH! If they are in error, they will deem their correctors their benefactors. They read whatever your clergy publish on the subject; *their* pastors have no fear whatever of its injuring their flocks; the uniform result is only to confirm them in their Dissent. But your ministers, to a man, pursue a course the very opposite! They enjoin their people on no account to read Dissenting publications, and even threaten such as slight their counsel! The Bishop of London, at his recent confirmation, vehemently exhorted his auditory to this effect. Now should not all this excite your suspicion? Is it not exactly thus with the Roman Catholics towards the Protestants? Protestants do not fear Catholic publications. Why? Dissenters do not fear Church publications. Why? Brethren, wake up into the dignity of men! Assert the rights of reason! Read, think, judge for yourselves! Your special attention, then, is invited to the views of a writer whose sanctified genius has, since their publication, commanded the homage of the wise and good throughout both hemispheres. The writer is the Rev. John Harris, D.D., author of "Mammon," &c. &c. &c., and President of Cheshunt College. The piece is entitled "*The Divine Establishment, or the Principles of a Christian Church explained to an Inquirer, applied to an Episcopalian, and practically enforced on the Congregational Dissenters.*" The portion which belongs to you is set forth in the following article, which we earnestly commend to your solemn attention,

And remain, with all regard,
your true friends
and faithful servants,
TRUTH AND CHARITY.

APPEAL TO A PIOUS MEMBER OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

I MUST not forget that one of my supposed audience is a pious member of the Establishment. And though I will hope that the appeal which has now been made to Scripture and to Christian common sense has commended itself to his judgment, and has found a cordial response in his breast, I can easily suppose that he may be ready to say, "Whatever your views of a Christian church may be, yet, as you agree with us in the great doctrines of salvation, I wonder that you should deem any minor point of sufficient importance to justify you in dissenting from a church by law established." My brother, we value unity, but we value truth more. We embrace the great doctrines of salvation of which you speak simply because we find them in the Bible; and in the Bible we find the views which we have now stated of the nature of a Christian church, and, therefore, we embrace *them*. It is true they may not be of equal importance to my salvation with the doctrines of grace; but the question is, not what is their comparative importance, but are they to be found in the word of God? Do they contain the *scriptural* principles of a Christian church? If they do, the blast of a thousand trumpets could not add to their authority; they would not be more binding were God to assemble the world at the foot of Sinai, and to publish them anew amidst the rekindled fires of the mount that burned.

We repeat, then, we adopt these views of a Christian church simply because we find them in the Scripture. As consistent men, therefore, it follows that if we dissent from the Establishment, it is because we believe it to be *unscriptural*. To say that such is our belief may probably jar your feelings. And here permit me to remark, that it is the infelicity of the situation in which I am now standing, that whoever occupies it is placed in apparent hostility to the Establishment, though aiming only to defend himself. The reasons of his separation are necessarily so many arguments against the church from

which he separates; in merely stating the reasons of his own conduct he appears to be impugning the conduct of others. The sword of the Spirit—the only weapon he is allowed to employ—is two-edged, and though he wield it in the most guarded manner, he can scarcely fail to inflict a wound, though he meant only to use it in self-defence. Besides, much—indeed *most*—of our animadversion is meant to apply to the body to which you belong, not as a *Christian denomination*, but as a *human establishment*. This is a distinction, permit me to say, which many of your community never think of, and which others do not wish to remember; but in every discussion of this kind it is a distinction which should never be lost sight of. Remember, you form a Christian denomination—one sect among many; the Government might cast you off to-morrow, and take another denomination into favour—the Presbyterian, for instance, or the Wesleyan; in that case you would still exist—you would exist as a *Christian denomination*, just as we Congregationalists now do; and you would have a name, that of the *Episcopalian denomination*. Now, viewed as *a Christian denomination*, we see many things in you to love and praise. Have the goodness, then, to bear in mind, that at the moment when we are speaking, as you may think, severely against your body as a human establishment, your Christian doctrines are ours; we have a heart that rejoices in your usefulness, and arms of affection that embrace many of your members as among the excellent of the earth.

1. But whatever we may see in you as *a Christian denomination to approve*, as a denomination turned *into a human establishment* we see everything to *disapprove and condemn*; for, my brother, is not such a transformation *unscriptural?* There is a sense in which this is admitted now by some of the ablest defenders of an establishment—that is, admitted *tacitly*; for on this subject they close the Bible; they find that they must seek their weapons of defence from another armory, for the Bible refuses to help them in their straits. They leave the Christian warrant—*the Bible*, and betake themselves to the statesman's warrant—*expediency*. That the *example* of the apostles can afford them no sanction for allying the church of Christ to a human government is evident, for during their days every human government was the sworn enemy of Christianity. And that the *language* of the apostles can furnish no sanction is equally clear; for while yet every human government was actively seeking the destruction of the Christian church, *they* yet spoke of that church as complete—as quite complete within itself—as wanting nothing from the world but peace, and even that they did not cringingly sue for, did not anxiously care about; like the disciples in the storm, they knew their Lord was with them, and they referred the quelling of the tempest to him.

But not only must the defenders of an establishment have closed the Bible, they must have forgotten it; not only are they *without* Scripture, but *against* it. "My kingdom," said Christ, "is not of this world." Now put the lowest interpretation you please upon that declaration, you will yet find that the principle of a human establishment of religion contravenes and contradicts it. "My kingdom is not of this world," saith Christ. "Nay," say some of the highest authorities in the Establishment—I quote their express language—"it is amalgamated, it is one with the state;"* "it is vitally and inseparably connected with the state;"† "we hold that there is not any man of the Church of England but the same is also a member of the commonwealth; nor any member of the commonwealth which is not also of the Church of England;"‡ "not a soul of them is at liberty to consider themselves otherwise."§ And, as far as the unnatural amalgamation can be effected, they are one. I ask for the head of the church, and I am shown the king of the nation. I ask for its spiritual rulers, and I find them sitting among the rulers of the nation. I ask for its laws, and I am pionted, not to the Bible, but to the statute-book of the land. I ask for its

* Church of England and Dissent.
† Quarterly Review. ‡ Hooker.
§ British Critic.

mode of maintenance, and I find it collected by compulsory taxation.

The Church of England, then, *as a national establishment*, dispenses with the Bible. It does so as a matter of course. As an integral part of the constitution, it is as much the subject of legislation as any part of the criminal code is; and when the Parliament sits in legislation for it, the Bible is not consulted. The legislator who should appear with the Bible in his hand would be looked on as beside himself. The question asked on such an occasion is, Does the measure proposed agree with the spirit of the constitution?—that is, with the spirit of a worldly kingdom; and is it demanded by the spirit of the times?—that is, by the ever-fickle spirit of the world. If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, the measure is adopted; the Bible meantime is forgotten. If, indeed, it puts in a claim to be heard, and if, on being heard, its voice happens to accord with the measure, it is thought fortunate—fortunate, that is, for the Bible rather than for the measure, for that stands on an independent footing,—and is heard with a faint cheer. But if it protests against the measure, it is treated as an unwelcome intruder, and its voice is drowned amidst cries of *expediency*, and, like a deposed monarch, it sees its throne usurped and its office profaned without being allowed a hearing where it ought to have given law.

Now, as might have been expected, the eyils arising from this state of things are numerous and serious. I will name only one of these—the entire supersedence of some of the most important passages in the New Testament relating to church-discipline. One of the consequences, I say, of placing the church of Christ under the control of a human legislature is, that men presuming to legislate where Christ has been legislating before, some of the most important of his laws relating to church-discipline are entirely nullified and superseded. By subjecting itself to such unnatural control, the "Church of England" has placed it out of its power to obey some of the most vital and leading laws of a Christian church. It cannot serve these two masters, and the master disobeyed is not the human, but the Divine. Let me specify a single instance. You remember the laws which Christ enacted for his church in the 18th of Matthew. He supposes a member of the church to have fallen into sin, and he appoints the method in which he shall be dealt with—first told of his fault alone, then in the presence of a third person, then before the whole church. Should this prove ineffectual, he is to be cut off from the church. In taking this solemn step they are to come into the presence of Christ as the fountain of their power, and he declares, "I will be there in the midst of you; I will descend and be a party in the final and awful transaction. As you discharge the painful task I will ratify it. I am in the midst of you."

Can this be done? can these laws be observed? Distinct as they are, ample, imperative as they are, can they be observed by the Church of England? Not one of them. She has put it out of her power to obey them. She has called in another lawgiver, sworn obedience to another authority, so that these laws are a nullity to her; they might be erased from the Bible, blotted out from the statute-book of the Christian church, she would not feel the loss of them—she has another statute-book. To conduct such affairs she has separate courts of law and all the accompaniments of a worldly judicature—fines, sequestration, and imprisonment.

2. But, my brother, we affirm, not only that your church is human in its establishment, in opposition to the Divine origin of the Christian church, but also that it is *involuntary in its operation*; while, as we have seen, the church of Christ is, and must be, essentially voluntary. He would have "nothing done in his church by constraint, but willingly." In his church everything supposes the presence of piety, appeals to piety, employs it, calculates on it; but you, by employing compulsion, suppose, in your church, the absence of piety.

Am I asked for proof of such compulsion? Take, my brother, one of

your highest authorities, the British Critic: "The system of our ecclesiastical judicature," it states, "is founded on the presumption, not only that every man, woman, and child, is a member of the English Church, but that not a soul of them is at liberty to consider themselves otherwise. For certain purposes a man is no more allowed to renounce his churchmanship than he is to abjure his allegiance." Here, then, is a frank avowal that your system leaves no room whatever for the exercise of the will.

Take another proof, in strict accordance with this avowal,—the manner in which your liturgy takes for granted, from first to last, that all who outwardly conform to its rites are Christians. In this respect, certainly, it is consistent throughout, for it never inquires into their character, utters not a doubt on the subject,—from baptism to burial it uniformly recognises them as Christians. It insists, whatever doubt they themselves may have, it insists on it that they are Christians. According to Scripture, persons are members of the church of Christ because they are Christians; according to your system, they are Christians because they are members of your church. In his church a title to membership depends on Christian character; in your church a title to the Christian name depends on membership. At the moment of baptism it tells him that he is a child of God; at confirmation it meets him again with the same assurance; each time he frequents the table of the Lord it repeats the affirmation; and, following him even to the grave, it repeats over his dust the assurance of his resurrection to eternal life. At no period of his life does it appeal to his *will*. It leaves no room for the exercise of that. It inquires not, "Are you a Christian?"—it authoritatively asserts, "You are one." It asks not, "Are you willing to believe, to embrace, to obey the gospel?"—it takes that for granted, and pronounces, "You are willing." The Saviour had predicted, "My people shall be willing;" but your church declares of all who are born within a certain circumference, "They are willing. I do not ask, Will you belong to the church? I pronounce that they do;" and as such it treats them.

It may be said, however, "If the Establishment proceeds *without* consulting the will, it cannot be alleged that it defies and opposes the will." Yes, my brother, it does even this—it is *an involuntary church* in the strongest sense of the term. Not only is it founded, as we have just heard, "on the presumption that every man, woman, and child, who happens to be born within certain geographical limits, is a member of it;" but it follows every such individual through life with the scourge of persecution if he dissents from that theory,—for it still *compels* him to render his share of pecuniary support, and has not merely all the civil but all the military power of the nation to compel that support. Remember Ireland.

Perhaps, however, you are ready to suggest, again, the fact, that Dissenters are tolerated, protected, and allowed voluntary enjoyment in religion. My brother, allow me to say, that for this we are indebted, not to the Establishment, but to the State, which has very properly interfered and arbitrated between the Establishment and those who dissent from it. We often, indeed, hear a boast of the mild and tolerant spirit of the Establishment; but the language is delusive, self-contradictory, and absurd. An established church *cannot* be tolerant. You *cannot* say of any law that it is *tolerant*—tolerant of *what?*—of its own violation?—a law allowing itself to be broken—legalising crime?—destroying itself?—the thing is absurd. The *spirit of the times* may be tolerant, and may occasionally restrain and overrule the law, and compel it to forego its penalty;—such, for instance, at present, is the position of that part of the criminal code which inflicts capital punishment;—the spirit of the times has become so much more mild than that law, that it will not allow the law to inflict death except in extreme cases; but no one thinks of calling the law on that account tolerant; on the contrary, it is daily denounced as *sanguinary*, and, as such, will no doubt be repealed. Well, the

theory of an established church is *religion made law;* dissent is a violation of that law; so that if dissent be tolerated, it is not *that* law which tolerates it—*that*, as we just now heard from one of its advocates, *that* does not allow a soul in the nation to consider himself at liberty: whatever liberty dissent enjoys it receives from the spirit of the times—not from the Establishment, but from the State; not from the church, (so called,) but from the world. And the Establishment, as if to complete our argument, as if anxious to demonstrate that it is not with her permission we dissent, follows us through life with claims of pecuniary support, and looks complacently on while the civil and military array of the nation exacts and compels payment.

Now, my brother, startling as it may sound, the consequence of all this is, that your church, *as an establishment*, can actually do without piety. Remember, I speak now of your church, not as *a Christian denomination*, but as *a civil establishment*, and, I ask, where is the proof that it needs piety to make it prosper? Recall to mind the royal names of those who, in succession, have stood at its head: has piety been their characteristic? Its legislators,—has piety distinguished them? Many of its laws, picty has wept over them—even humanity has turned from them and shuddered. Yea, if there be any truth in history, those periods when your church has been most complete, most prosperous and triumphant *as an establishment*, have been the periods when it has been most worldly, most destitute of piety. What an anomaly! a church independent of piety! a church as complete without piety as with it! By allying itself to the State, by employing coercion, which is the only power with which the State *can* aid it, it leaves no room for the exercise of the will, it presumes the absence of piety in all its members, and more than once, alas! it has nearly realised that presumption by almost expelling all piety from its bosom. Those of you acquainted with its history need not be told that I allude especially to the expulsion of two thousand of its holiest ministers in one day.

3. We have seen that the first and only idea suggested by the word *church*, in the scriptural sense of the term, is that of a society distinct from the world,—a society spiritual in its character, religious in its members; or, as the Nineteenth Article of the Church of England declares, and declares to its condemnation, "The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men." Is that, my brother, a description of your church? On the contrary, it *practically* knows nothing of such a distinction—it gathers its members indiscriminately, without reference to character. The intention of Christ was, that when his gospel had been preached in a place, as many as became converted in that place should be gathered into a distinct society—into a church. But your establishment, without inquiring into character, takes the whole population. According to his intention, when a Christian society had been gathered in such a place, it was to be called the church of Christ *in* that place—in Reigate, for instance; but your establishment would call it the Church *of* Reigate, meaning by that the church of all the inhabitants of Reigate, bad and good, godly and ungodly, drunkard and infidel,—it takes the whole. The principle of his church is *separation* from the world; the principle of the establishment is *identification* with the world. The intention of Christ was to place his church in contrast with the world; but your establishment leaves no world—it takes the whole. Hence it is called the Church *of England*—that is, the church of all the inhabitants of England. Ask for the church, and you are pointed to the nation; ask for the nation, and you are pointed to the church; they are identical—they are one; and, consequently, if you then ask for the world, you will find that the church has left none—it has taken the whole. Now carry out the application of this idea, and you will, you must, see its absurdity. Suppose, for instance, that all Europe were added to the English nation, and consented to adopt your establishment, it would then be called the church of Europe. Suppose the other quarters of the globe

did the same, it would then (*without a single additional conversion to God having taken place*), it would then be called *the church of the world!* What an awful perversion! what a palpable contradiction! the church of the world;—some, including the whole—a selection, which leaves none, which takes the whole—a society of believers, including all unbelievers—a sacred name, which was meant to distinguish from the world, given to the world!

And then, my brother, the awful effects of this perversion! Souls deluded! Men flattering themselves that they are Christians simply because they are members of your church; for you tell them that they are! You know, my brother, how easy it is to believe what we *wish* to be true: men wish to be thought Christians for the sake of the rewards of Christianity; and your church tells all in England that they are Christians, will not allow them to think otherwise, and they believe it; they lay the flattering unction to their soul—they pass into eternity with this lie in their right hand. Collect together the vilest inhabitants of this town, the refuse of society, and ask them, "Are you Christians?" "Christians!" they would say with surprise approaching to indignation—"Christians! what else? Are we not Churchmen? Have we not been christened, confirmed? Do we not belong to the church? What do you take us for?—heathens?" Or, rather, they would say, "Do you take us for brutes?"—for so wide-spread with them has the delusion become, that the term *Christian* is used as synonymous with *man*. They have been taught to regard every man they know as a Christian, and their language implies that every other man is—that if a creature be not a brute, his only alternative is, that he must be a Christian; and, hence, *they* are Christians. Thus men, who would be cast out of every other society as a disgrace, are emboldened to regard themselves as members of that which should be the most select of all societies—a Christian church. Men glory in the Christian *name* who know nothing of the Christian *doctrine*, and who would think it a reproach to be suspected of having the Christian *character*. Men assume the *profession* of Christianity, lest they should be thought *heathens or brutes*, who would on no account practise the *duties* of Christianity, lest they should be thought *mad*. They find that the mere profession of Christianity constitutes them members of a church, and they are satisfied. The church treats them as if that were enough, and everything in their depraved nature inclines them to believe it and to be satisfied. Were a system to be called for, which should be named "A System for the Encouragement and Propagation of Nominal Christianity," it would be difficult to devise one more completely answering to the name than this; or to devise one which could more appropriately take for its motto, "Christianity made easy!"—made so by dispensing with all but the outward form. Oh, my brother, it is this consideration which most deeply wounds the heart of genuine piety—to see a church which might be mightily efficacious for good, mightily efficacious for evil! Nor can the pious and reflecting among you plead ignorance of the fact; for in all your missionary operations which are under the superintendence of evangelical men, and in which you find yourselves at Christian liberty, unhampered by the shackles of a worldly policy, you act on Scripture principles, allowing those only to be regarded as Christians and members of a Christian church who prove by their life that "they are called, and faithful, and chosen." May God hasten the time when your freedom from state-alliance shall permit you to act thus at home!

4. Did time allow, I might easily enlarge on the remaining particulars. We have seen, for instance, that the church of Christ is independent of all worldly authority and human interference; and we dissent from you, my brother, because your establishment accepts and acknowledges both. You have created a throne by God's throne, and have invested the authority that sits in it with "power to decree rites and ceremonies." Piety is a virtue in his sight only as it is in compliance with *his* authority; but you have sworn allegiance to another authority,—to an

idol of your own creation; and, as the righteous reward of your temerity, you are now in daily apprehension of some of the evils denounced against the Israelites, when they said, "Nay, but we will have a king over us." Having blended and incorporated with an earthly kingdom, you must expect to partake of all its pangs and paroxysms. Your pulse will fluctuate and beat as that smiles or frowns. You belong to a church of which we frequently hear it said that it is *in danger*,—and which is, indeed, at this moment in a panic, trembling from head to foot, lest its rulers should become its destroyers; for, being the creature of circumstances, circumstances may arise which may destroy their own creature. That which you have hitherto deemed your *strength*, and boasted of as your *title*—that you are *established by law*—is likely to prove your weakness and disgrace; for the power which *placed* you can displace and dismiss you. "A nod may mar you, as a nod has made." We choose to belong to a church which can never be placed in so precarious and undignified a position—a church on whose front its heavenly Founder has inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" while his perfections kindle into an encompassing wall of fire for its protection.

5. And then, moreover, we have seen that the church of Christ is purely spiritual in all its purposes and effects. We ask, my brother, whether it is this which has given value to your establishment in the eyes of our statesmen? Have they thought of working it as a spiritual machinery, designed for nothing but heavenly purposes? Have they not calculated its value by a far different standard—by its applicability to state purposes? But you remind me of its spiritual distinctions, its piety, its usefulness, its religious services both at home and abroad. My brother, it has not been my object to draw up a catalogue of objections to your establishment, or it would be easy for me to swell the list of evils to a much greater amount than I have. But when you point to the piety and labours of your church, I must be allowed to remind you that the corrupt church of Rome itself can refer to its examples of piety, and usefulness, and disinterested labours; so that in your case, as in the instance of that church, these heavenly fruits *may* illustrate, not the excellence of the soil, but simply the excellence of the gospel-tree, which, however unhealthy the soil in which it is planted, lives, and puts forth, at least, a scanty produce of the fruits of the Spirit.

And, then, I would remind you, that the great works which you are doing in the present day,—and you are doing such, and we rejoice in it, and our prayer is that you may do still greater works than these; but these great works are not the fruits of your church as an establishment. Now, pray bear that vital fact in mind. What are these works? Your co-operation with us in the Bible Society, in missionary labours, and the like. Well, these are things which you do, not as an established church, but in spite of being an established church—by violating the first principles of an established church, by actually dissenting and departing from the spirit and principles of an established church; and, accordingly, those of your number who first set the example of doing these works, had to brave the frowns and thunders of the established church for acting so irregular and uncanonical a part. You are prosecuting these works in your capacity as *a Christian denomination*; so that were you to cease to be *the established church* to-morrow, you would still go on prosecuting them. Are not we doing the very same things? and we are doing them as *a Christian denomination*. Yes, my brother, it is by becoming one with us, by practically abandoning your own principles, and by substantially adopting our views of a Christian church, that you are doing all your great works. Do not talk, then, of your "excellent establishment," and of what it is doing; you are doing your noblest works in the very teeth of your church as an establishment; return to the spirit of that, and you would soon abandon them all. But, as a Christian denomination, you have been slowly stimulated into activity by the example of other dem-

minations; and, finding the cumbrousness and impracticability of your state-apparatus, you have been sliding insensibly into the adoption of our principles and modes of operation till you have, in effect, become a dissenting community in all that relates to the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and remain an established church only in what relates to state purposes and the maintenance of mere nominal Christianity. Yes, your greatest praise in the present day is, that, in defiance of your own establishment, you are labouring on our principles to counteract the pernicious effects of that establishment. May your efforts be crowned with a success beyond your own wishes!

The Fragment Basket.

CURE OF SIN.—As the beams of the sun shining on fire discourage the burning of it, so the shining of God's mercies on us should dishearten and extinguish sin in us. This is so equal and needful a duty that Peter picks this flower out of Paul's garden as one of the choicest, and urges it upon those to whom he writes.—*Trapp, on Rom.* ii. 4.

THE TINDER-BOX.—Mr. Hervey being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand to his breast, "O sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

HARVEST HOME.—You know what a harvest home is. I was once at one when I was a very little child, and the memory is still fresh and sweet in my heart. The sun has set in glory on the hills, and the harvest moon is riding in the sky; the last wain loaded with the yellow corn has returned from the field, and the husbandman has come home "bringing his sheaves with him." The door is shut, the fire is blazing on the hearth, the children are all gathered, and the servants, and the friends, and neighbours. The table is spread; the father takes his place at the board; "they begin to be merry," while they think of their labours done, the plenteous fruit laid up in the garner, and the long winter nights of rest before them. Such will heaven be when the ransomed of the Lord shall have returned and come to Zion,—when the door shall be shut, the everlasting table spread, and all the children gathered in the presence of their Father. There, holy fathers and mothers and their saved children shall meet, never to part again—teachers and their scholars, faithful ministers and the sheep and lambs they have gathered and fed in the wilderness. *That will be the great harvest home! Then* "shall be a joy like unto the joy in harvest."—"They that went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them;" and through a long, long eternity, "they that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together."—*Islay Burns.*

WORST EMPLOYMENT.—Some employments may be better than others, but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for every good thing; and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.—*Bishop Burnett.*

THE WHOLE TRUTH.—To take away from truth the smallest portion of itself is paving the way for its utter loss and annihilation. In this respect truth resembles the insect which is said to die if deprived of its antennæ. Truth requires to be entire and perfect in all its members, in order to the manifestation of that power by which it is able to gain wide and salutary victories and extend its triumphs to future ages."—*D'Aubigné.*

RAINBOW.—Repentance to salvation is that rainbow which, if God sees shining in our hearts, he will never drown our souls.—*Trapp.*

HEAVEN OR HELL.—"You are mortal, you must die; you must appear before God, to give account of yourself; you are a sinner, you must be forgiven your iniquities, and moreover counted worthy of reward and exaltation: for there is no medium; if you escape hell, you must enjoy heaven. Now, reader, how will *you* escape hell,—how will *you* enter into heaven?—Believe that God hath set forth his dear Son as a propitiation for sin, and suffer not the question to slumber until you have satisfactorily read it from the pages of the Holy Bible—how *you* shall escape hell, how *you* shall obtain an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven."

GOD SEEN IN MAN.—The whole frame of the body and soul bears the impress of the infinite power and wisdom of the Creator. A body framed with an admirable architecture; a soul endued with understanding, with judgment, memory, imagination. Man is the epitome of the world, contains in himself the substance of all natures, and the fulness of the whole universe; not only in regard of the universality of his knowledge, whereby he comprehends the reasons of many things; but as all the perfections of the several natures of the world are gathered and united in man, for the perfection of his own in a smaller volume. In his soul he partakes of heaven, in his body of the earth. We need not cast our eyes any further than ourselves to behold a God. He shines in the capacity of our souls, and the vigour of our members. We must fly from ourselves, and be stripped of our own humanity, before we can put off the notion of a Deity.—*Charnock.*

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN AT DEATH.—Let us conceive of two such men as they pass away from this present scene to realize the life to come. While inhabitants of earth let them have filled the most extreme stations of society, restrained from every contact, and alienated from every sympathy. The one shall be the monarch, surrounded by courtiers, heralds, guards,—revelling in luxuries to which every clime contributes,—holding the fate of nations on a nod. The other shall be the beggar, scorned by every eye, reviled by every tongue, spurned by every foot. The day has come when both must die—the moment is common to their death. The first presses the couch of softest down, and reclines beneath the canopy of lofty state; the cordials of pain and weakness stand rife around him on tables of cedar and gold; the arras waves not to the lightest wind; the palace is hushed in silence; an empire scarcely breathes. The second drags himself to the dunghill, and, without a soothing word, or an alleviating office, or an affectionate tear, gasps alone. It is at this appointed moment that their spirits break away! Two souls are on the wing! Two souls are tracking their way to their final account! Pursue, if you can, their course! Ascertain, if you can, their condition! Tell us which is the monarch's, which is the beggar's soul! By what impressions do you recognise, by what marks do you distinguish them? You know not either by its robes or by its rags! All such things are left below. The funeral of royal state and of pauper meanness has committed their equal bodies to the earth, and their equal souls have been weighed in the balances of a common immortality!—*Institutions of Popular Education: Dr. R. W. Hamilton.*

THE IRISH PEOPLE.—What a people would it be with the open Bible and with the "open face" to read it! When will a holy calm succeed its upheavings of political excitement? When will its tender genius, loving its legends and its lore, cease to mourn the past and paint its brighter visions of the future? Fair is thy verdure, Erin! but thou shalt yield a fairer increase! Harp of thy wilds and halls, which erst was struck to strains of patriotism and liberty—whose witch-notes still survive—thou shalt ring with nobler themes, and swell into diviner harmonies! Like Judah's lyre, thou shalt be swept with the inspiration of the

Saviour's love and glory! Like the harp of heaven, thou shalt breathe the tones of an unearthly peace and love! And *He* who "taketh up the isles," and who spans his throne with a "rainbow in sight like an emerald," shall take thee, thou emerald gem of the ocean, and set thee in that girdle of his covenant faithfulness and love!—*Ibid.*

INSTABILITY.—Many are soon engaged in holy duties, and easily persuaded to take up a profession of religion, and as easily persuaded to lay it down, like the new moon, which shines a little in the first part of the night, but is down before half the night is over.—*Gurnal.*

PRINCIPLE.—As seed virtually contains in it all that afterwards proceeds from it—the blade, stalk, ear, and the full corn in the ear—so the first principle of grace implanted in the heart seminally contains all the grace which afterwards appears, and all the fruits, effects, acts, and exercises of it.—*Gill.*

BACKWARD MOTION.—Men often go to God in duties with their faces towards the world; and when their bodies are on the mount of ordinances their hearts will be found at the foot of the hill going after their covetousness.—*Boston.*

ADOPTION.—There is not a privilege of which human nature is capable that can so much deserve to be gloried in as this, that we are the children of God. To be his children by adoption is to have a right to his kingdom, being heirs and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus; but to be made children by regeneration is to be made partakers of the Divine nature; and shall we not think this matter of glory?—*S. Wright.*

SUBLIMITY.—It is reported of the celebrated Scaliger, that he was so delighted with the famous stanza of Sternhold and Hopkins on the 18th Psalm,

> "On cherub and on cherubim
> Full royally he rode,
> And on the wings of mighty winds
> Came flying all abroad"—

that he used to profess that he had rather been the author of it than to have enjoyed the kingdom of Arragon.

SPIRITUAL PURITY.—You find not indeed absolute holiness in your persons, nor in your best performances, yet if you breathe and follow after it: if the pulse of the heart beat thus; if the main current of your affection be towards purity; if sin be in you, as your disease and greatest grief, and not your delight, then take courage; you are as pure as travellers can be: and, notwithstanding that impure spirit, Satan, and the impurity of your own spirit vex you daily with temptations, and often foil you, yet, in despite of them all, you shall arrive safe at home where perfection dwells.—*Leighton.*

SLANDER.—I will no less hate to tell than to hear slanders: if I cannot stop others' mouths, I will stop my own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief.

THE MEASURE.—As far as the boughs of a tree spread so far spread the roots. As much corruption in our actions so much in our hearts.—*P. Henry.*

COMFORT.—The only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it, in a faithful carelessness, into the hands of God.—*Bishop Hall.*

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.—"What, my good man, smoking so early in the morning—how comes this?" "Oh, I would as leave have a pipe of 'backey' as my breakfast any morning, and because it's a 'good thing.'" "Well, and who says it's a good thing?" "Oh, our clergyman." "Well, and does he ever smoke?" "I never saw him; but he says it's a good thing, and recommends a man to smoke in bed." I replied, "My friend, I trust you read your Bible?" "O yes." "And did you ever read of the prophets and the apostles smoking?" He reluctantly replied, "No." I said, "I consider it a sin to smoke—to waste your money and kill your time in so filthy a manner." The man smartly replied, "If it's a sin to smoke, your minister is sinning all day, only when he is in the pulpit. The Church minister recommends smoking to induce men to go to church—let the Baptist minister answer for himself."—*Cleanliness.*

Poetry.

LIGHT!

LIGHT for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what hope on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that trampled clime,
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wreck'd the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of *peace*,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening idol train;
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades;
Hark! hark!—'tis the Christian wanderer's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place
Benighted and oppress'd.
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base—
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!
Ye bless'd, its beams who shed,
Shrink not till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till wherever the footsteps of man doth tread
Salvation's banner spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

SIGOURNEY.

The Children's Gallery.

HINTS TO JUNIOR TEACHERS.

BELOVED YOUTHS!—Would you fill the "Gallery," and keep it full? In effecting this very much will depend on you. Speak softly in the ear and look kindly in the face of the new boys. Endure their manners, reproach not their ignorance, encourage their efforts to improve. Deal freely in prophecies of good in their behalf. Bid them take heart, and assure them that they will get on, that difficulties will vanish, and that substantial, permanent, invaluable benefits alone will remain behind. Make it your business. Determine that, by the help of God, you shall be a teacher of the first order. Keep always in view the two great things to be done —to *enlighten the understanding and convert the soul!*

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SELF-IMPROVERS.

YOUNG MEN OF ENGLAND,—Despair of nothing! To humble reliance on the help of God and patient labour, all things are possible. Example is the best argument. The most impressive proof at present in existence is supplied by Elihu Burritt, who was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in the year 1811, of honest and respectable parents. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the "District school" for some months every year, till he was sixteen years old; and by his diligence and attention to his studies he became well versed in the elementary branches of an English education, and by cultivating a taste for reading, he acquired much valuable information. When he arrived at the age of sixteen his father died, and he was apprenticed to the trade of a *blacksmith;* and when the term of his indenture had expired, and he had attained his legal majority, he had gained the reputation of being a young man of good moral and *religious* character, a skilful workman in his vocation, and one who cherished an ardent attachment for books. The BIBLE was the first book which he thoroughly studied, and at a very early age he was familiar with almost every passage in the Old and New Testaments. He next availed himself of the opportunity of reading afforded by the "Social Library" in the town in which he lived, and afterwards was dependent on the kindness of his friends. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he was conversant with the English classics, both in prose and poetry, and passed delightfully many of his leisure hours in poring over the pages of Milton, Young, Thomson, Cowper, Addison, &c. In the winter of the year in which he attained his majority he commenced, under the direction of a brother-in-law, who was an accomplished scholar, the study of mathematics. About the same time he entered on the study of the Latin language, for the purpose of reading Virgil in the original. He soon after turned his attention to French, which he mastered with wonderful facility. He then acquired the Spanish, and afterwards the Greek and German languages. During two winters he devoted nearly all his time to study, but he was occupied a large portion of his time during spring and summer in working at his trade as a blacksmith, and, in this exemplary way, acquiring the means of subsistence.

When about twenty-three years old he accepted an invitation to teach a grammar-school, but this employment did not suit his convenience or his inclination. He was then engaged for a year or two as an agent for a manufacturing company, when he returned to his *anvil*, and has since been industriously engaged in the honourable occupation of a blacksmith, to which he was apprenticed in his youth, but devotes all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. After having mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and all the languages of modern Europe, he turned his attention to Oriental literature, and in order to avail himself of the facilities afforded by the valuable library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, he removed to that place, where he has ever since resided, and been

regarded as a useful and exemplary citizen. By dint of hard labour he has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages of Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete—among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Sclavonic Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul! It was stated in a public meeting, in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr. Burritt by that time, *by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with* FIFTY LANGUAGES. Mr. Burritt shows no disposition to relax from his labours. He usually devotes eight hours to labour, eight hours to study, and eight hours to *physical indulgence and repose;* and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—those connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labours to the mere acquisition of literary wealth—he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodicals of high standing; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight.

Let it be deeply impressed upon your heart, that *toil is the unalterable condition of attainment.* If you take it into your head that you are endowed with *genius*, and, therefore, exempted from the necessity of severe and continued exertion, it is all over with you. You will *never* arrive at large and solid attainments. This allegation is finely exemplified by the case of Burritt, who, in reference to himself, says, speaking of his friends—"None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called—I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young* men of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called 'odd moments.' And I should esteem it an honour of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down night by night, for years, with blistered hands and brightening hope, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of the community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition.* This is the goal of my aspirations. But not only the *prize* but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. 'I count myself not yet to have attained' to anything worthy of public notice or private mention; what I *may do* is for Providence to determine. With regard to my attention to the languages, (a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics,) I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages, as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian, and German, under native teachers. Afterwards I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire, and the Sclavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides those, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward

as far as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the Oriental languages, which will assist my progress."

Young men of England! there is a pattern for you. If you are wise, this history, which you have for the fraction of a farthing, may be worth hundreds and thousands to you here, and millions of millions in the world to come! Awake to the glory of growing in knowledge and doing good to mankind.

SAM THE FIDDLER.

Sam was a servant in a gentleman's family in Jamaica. Though a slave he had a comfortable situation, and little to do except to wait upon his master. He excelled in playing on a violin, and was accustomed to play that instrument at the merry-makings of the negroes and the balls of the Europeans. He was brought, however, to listen to the word of life. It reached his heart; he felt the importance of religion, embraced the gospel, and became a decided Christian. Fearing that his musical instrument might now prove a snare, he broke it; for he thought if he sold it he might be tempted to buy another with the money. One day his master told him that he would soon be wanted to play his favourite instrument. He replied, "Fiddle broke, massa." "It must be mended, Sam." "Broke all to pieces, massa." "Well, we must get a new one, Sam." "Me tink dat no good, massa—be soon broke." The master began to suspect that this breaking of fiddles must have something to do with religion, to which, unhappily, he was no friend. "I hope you do not go to pray, and go after these mad-headed folks, Sam." "To tell de truth, me gone, massa." His owner now threatened him with punishment, and told him he should be flogged. The negro, however, was firm. "Dat no good, massa; whip no flog de word out." His master then declared that he should be turned out of his comfortable situation, and sent to work on the plantation. He, however, had counted the cost, and remained immovable, so that his owner's threat was executed.

Dismissed from a situation of comfort to toil in a field of labour, under the burning sun of Jamaica, he felt for a time dejected, but soon perceived that an opportunity for doing important good was now before him. In his master's family he mingled with a few domestics, now he was in the midst of three hundred slaves. He began, therefore, to tell them about his Saviour, and to invite them to go and hear his minister. Many of them yielded to his invitations; and in a little while, of these three hundred, about a hundred and fifty became regular hearers of the everlasting gospel.

His master heard of this, and felt still more incensed. He called for him, and addressed him with severity, "How dare you to trouble my negroes? I will have no praying negroes." "Me no tink they are troubled, massa. Do they work much worse, or are they more saucy, massa?" "That is nothing to you; how dare you trouble my negroes?" "To tell de truth, massa, me tink dat de bread dat is good for my soul is good for brother neger; and me tink dat if it is a good ting for me to escape hell, it is good for brother neger; and if heaven is a good place for me, it is a good place for brother neger; and me pray, and me pray for my rich massa, and me tink dat if my rich massa would once go and hear de missionary, he would always go afterwards." This was too much for the master's patience; he called the negro "Parson Sam," banged the door, and sent him away.

The poor Christian departed with a grateful heart, thankful to God that he had escaped with nothing worse than angry words, and began to think what more he could do for his good and gracious God. His owner possessed other estates, and had from a thousand to two thousand negroes upon them. Sam turned his attention to them. When his hard day's work beneath a tropical sun was finished, he would steal away to one or other of these plantations to talk to those slaves about his Saviour, and invite them to go and hear the missionary. Sometimes he did this as

often as two or three nights in a week. At other times, when the Saturday came, which was allowed for himself, he would embrace the opportunity thus afforded and visit a plantation, and invite the negroes to go with him and hear massa missionary. Thus he persisted in this course of benevolent zeal till he had brought about five hundred persons to become regular hearers of the gospel, many of whom had felt its power, and of whom, at the time when this narrative was given, upwards of forty had been baptized, while a number more were serious inquirers after salvation.

While thus zealous for the salvation of others, he knew where, in the time of trial, to look for strength and grace. The missionary being obliged for a time to leave his flock, expressed to this poor Christian his fears that when the shepherd was gone the flock might suffer. The negro, however, reminded him that the chief Shepherd is for ever very near. "Massa missionary must go, Massa Christ no go; poor neger all weak, massa Christ all strong." At another time the missionary overheard him exhorting some of his acquaintance to exert themselves to bear the expenses of that station, that the society thus relieved might send the gospel to some of their poor brethren elsewhere.

Would God that every professing Christian would follow this good example!

EARLY RIPENESS—THE BOY-BELIEVER.

H. C., who was an intelligent son of well-informed and pious parents, died of rapid consumption just as he had reached twelve years of age. Within this brief range of time and action, however, which limited his earthly course, he showed a degree of ability, discovered a sense of the various advantages which he possessed, and manifested an ardour to improve them,—and his endeavours to do so were unusually successful,—far beyond what generally is witnessed in those called by Divine Providence so soon to leave this mortal state. It seemed in this case, as has been seen in many others, as if the evident vigour of his mind were counterbalanced by the proportionate frailty of his body. His moral character, however, as evinced by his unquestionable Christian principle, is the trait which it is chiefly my object to illustrate and enforce; though I still cannot proceed without remarking on the fact, that his case is but one among many in confirmation of the truth, that unusually early intellectual vigour does not necessarily clash with high moral excellence, but may, by God's blessing on good management, be made subservient to its promotion.

For about two years before his death, and when he was not more than ten years of age, he was remarkable for his attention when engaged in Divine worship, for his love to what may pre-eminently be termed *the doctrines of grace*, for his correct discernment of their character, and for the increasing influence which their being inculcated on his attention exerted on his heart, and mind, and conduct. On one occasion, when he had been listening, together with his pious father, to a sermon on that cardinal point of our common and Christian creed, the doctrine of *justification by faith alone*, as, at once, the solid ground of the Divine glory, and of the believer's security, and the firm foundation of that Christian devotedness which consecrates all to the Saviour "who gave himself for us," on retiring from the service he engaged in conversation on the subject with a clearness of discernment, a depth of feeling, a vigour of mind, and a degree of piety, which induced his father afterwards to say, "Had any one who, by faith, was correctly acquainted with the matter of our conversation, overheard us, he would have concluded I was talking with a man of thirty, instead of a boy eleven years of age." In his fulfilment of the responsible duties entrusted by his father to his charge he evinced a degree of penetration, order, perseverance, and judgment, alike unusual and striking for one, if not immature, yet so young. But his conduct and experience, as he was gradually declining and dying, are especially worthy of regard and admi-

ration. Consumption at once seized and held him with fearful and withering grasp. For about six months before his spirit was released his body was habitually suffering and pining away. Indeed, so effectual was the wasting effect of his disease, that for some time before his death his principal joints were covered by plasters, in order that their bones might not break through his tender, fading skin. But he murmured not; he was resigned and at peace. His constant delight during his waking moments, and as long as declining strength left him sufficient mental energy, was in praying, and reading, and conversing on religious subjects. And if ever, on awaking from one of his daily feverish and broken slumbers, he found that the minister under whose preaching he had habitually sat, had been there and gone away without seeing him, he would often say, "Oh, why didn't you awake me? Mr. L.'s conversation and prayers would have done me more good than the sleep which has kept them from me." The minister whose services he held in such estimation was a Dissenter who had charge of the then newly-raised interest in the town, and whose public instructions he had for some time preferred to those of the parish clergyman on whose ministrations his parents habitually attended; and, to account for this preference, he used to say, "I like to go to chapel, because I understand better what Mr. L. says, and *feel it more in my heart* than I do what I hear when I go to church." But superior as were the powers of his enlightened understanding, and enabled as he thus was to estimate the evangelical elucidation of Scriptural truth, it was by the Christian emotion of his renewed and ardent spirit that his rapidly maturing character was chiefly ascertainable. Only a few weeks before his release from the body he was overheard, while engaged in soliloquy, expressing his full confidence in Christ. The occasion was as follows. His pious, widowed grandmother, who occupied another bed in the same chamber, happened one night to be awake and heard him gently say, "Grandmother." Thinking that, if he particularly wanted her, he would speak again, she did not reply. He then added, "I suppose she is asleep. Well, 'I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day; for he hath loved me and given himself for me.'" The last interview between him and the minister of his choice was alike characteristic, impressive, and instructive. His friend called at the house towards the close of the day before that on which he died, and on inquiring whether he could bear the interruption of a visit, he said, "Oh, by all means, let me see Mr. L." His minister, (to use his own words,) on looking on him, saw that he was nearly gone, and, consequently, remarked to his excellent grandmother, "I am afraid he is too weak to bear the effort of attending to prayer." He was, however, asked, and immediately replied, "Oh yes, I wish him to pray with me." "Have you a desire I should pray for anything in particular?" he was then asked. "Pray, sir, if you please, that I may have pardon and patience—pardon of my sins, and patience under my sufferings," was his reply. With this his sympathising friend cordially complied, and to his petitions the dying child added his emphatic "Amen." Soon afterwards he ceased to breathe; and on the next inquiry which was made about him, the reply was, "He is gone home." Yes, he had gone home to that dear Saviour who loved him, redeemed him, sanctified and saved him, and whose love *to* him was unquestionable, because of the evident love which it enkindled *in* him. "We love him because he first loved us," 1 John iv. 19.

This narrative presents a lesson—

1. To *parents*. Who may learn from it how speedily, abundantly, and impressively their attempts to produce and promote early piety in their children may be prospered and blest.

2. To *young persons*. This dear boy, when only about twelve years old, was not too young to die; nor, for some years before that, was he too young to seek, and find, and enjoy a sense of the love of his Saviour.

3. To *readers in general*. All, like

him, may expect, sooner or later, to have duties to fulfil and trials to endure. Religion alone can fully fit them for either, while it is also quite equal abundantly to qualify them for both. Seek it then, my dear readers, where this dear boy found it, at the feet of Jesus, and then you will find that it will raise you to his arms, and enable you ever to repose in his bosom.

London, May, 1846. T. L. L.

FARMER JONES AND THE BOYS.

Boys. Mr. Jones, you promised to tell us a secret—how to be always prepared for the Sunday-school—what is it?

Farmer Jones. To bed, my lads, when weary, and up when you awaken. No soaking! There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate boys pass in a morning between sleeping and waking. He who is awake may be at book or at play; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted, without either pleasure or profit. In particular, rise early on Sabbath morning, and proceed at once to pray and study for the class.

THE CHILD AND THE SNOW-DROP.

"Pretty flower, O tell me why,
Thus, beneath a winter sky,
In the cold and bitter air,
You so bright and gay appear?"

"Little child, a lesson learn
Nor a flower's instruction spurn;
I will tell thee how to bear
Sharpest ills and not despair.

As when autumn's leaves are gone,
And the cold winds wildly moan,
God, in winter's darkest day,
Takes not every flower away:

So, when prosperous suns no more
O'er the heart their radiance pour,
God will cheer the spirit's gloom,
And some snowdrop leave to bloom."

T. AVELING.

A SUMMER SONG.

How beautiful the deep blue sky!
How rich the grass-green earth!
And O how glad the brook runs by,
And sings its song of mirth,
How sweet the breath of lovely flowers
Come floating on the wind,
When swiftly passing summer showers
Bright pearl-drops leave behind.

With golden fruit the laden trees
Along the hedgerows stand,
And singing-birds on every breeze
Send music through the land.
May I be fruitful, and the flowers
Of virtue, sweet and rare,
Make joyous summer all life's hours—
My heart's skies ever clear.

T. AVELING.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

My Saviour, at thy gracious throne
I bend a willing knee;
O never leave my soul alone,
But keep me near to thee.

Through all my childhood's sunny years
I 've found my wants supplied,
And thou, amidst life's thousand snares,
Hast ever been my guide.

Still keep my wayward spirit right,
Each wicked thought subdue;
Cause me to live with heaven in sight,
With thee, my God, in view.

T. AVELING.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION.

A weak and thoughtless child, I come
To mourn my cold and sinful heart;
So prone from thee, my God, to roam,
And after every folly start.

And sadly I remember too,
Whene'er I think of time that 's gone,
How oft what I ought not to do
I very foolishly have done.

O pardon me, my God, I pray,
And make me do thy holy will;
And every hour and every day
Be wiser, holier, happier still.

T. AVELING.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

THE TWO SORROWS.

Sorrow is a feeling known only to man. The animal creation, of which man is the head, knows nothing of this emotion. They are susceptible of pain, pain even unto death, but not of sorrow. Sorrow is a mixed feeling, which implies rationality and responsibility—the knowledge of duty and the neglect of it. The apostle Paul mentions two kinds of sorrow,—godly sorrow, and the sorrow of the world, of one of which all flesh, sooner or later, must be the subject. In connection with these sorrows there are several points which deserve inquiry.

I. *What is meant by "godly sorrow?"* Sorrow is always connected with the idea, true or false, of good—good lost. This view does not exclude the idea of present evil, but, in fact, comprehends it. The evil is created by the absence of good, as darkness arises from the extinction of light, and the cessation of life is death Sorrow and fear are, therefore, not the same thing. The cause of sorrow is, indeed, always a just ground of fear; and whatever produces fear in the bosom of a creature, made in the image of God, ought to excite sorrow. But, strictly speaking, sorrow finds its cause in the past, in the loss of a real or an imaginary good. In the case before us it results from the loss of that favour which is life, and of that loving-kindness which is better than life. For this reason it is called godly sorrow: the chief cause of it refers to God. The soul feels it has offended him by sinning against light, and love, and goodness, and has thereby not only forfeited all claim to fatherly considerations, but become obnoxious to the highest punishment. This sorrow, then, mourns over the loss of God, whom it supremely desires to find again. Reader! knowest thou anything of this sorrow? Have you realized what it is to be alone in this mighty world, without God and without hope? This, by nature, is the condition of all; but grace works a difference, grace brings the soul to God again. Yea, *justice* will at length bring the soul to God. Men cannot always remain without the knowledge and the fear, although they may without the love, of God.

II. *What is meant by godly sorrow working "repentance to salvation not to be repented of?"* This signifies something very great. A soul awakened to feel, and quickened to see, itself without the knowledge, image, and favour of God, is in a very awful condition The extreme folly of a life of sin is then perceived; the guilt of transgression is understood; the danger attending guilt is apprehended; and the misery of a soul under these circumstances is felt. This sad assemblage of evil lays the foundation of the feeling called "repentance,"—the change of mind called "repentance from dead works,"—"repentance towards God,"—"repentance to the acknow-

ledgment of the truth,"—the "truth as it is Jesus," that is, the truth concerning him, the truth of which he is the subject. There are many examples of this in the sacred Scriptures. One may be taken from Acts ii. 37: "Now when they heard this,"—viz., that God had made that same Jesus whom they, the Jews, had crucified both Lord and Christ,—"they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent." They were filled with "godly sorrow." They distinctly perceived they had committed a most heinous crime—a crime without parallel—they had murdered the Prince of life, the Lord of glory! They had lost the favour, they had incurred the wrath of God. Hence their sorrow was godly; it sprung from considerations relating wholly to God. The way to escape the consequences is to repent. In this way they might recover all that was lost by being restored again to the Divine favour. Hence it is called "repentance to salvation;" salvation follows, or attends it. It not only confesses sin, but forsakes it; it not only seeks mercy, but finds it; it not only submits to God's righteousness, but rejoices in it. The soul which is the subject of this godly sorrow believes the record which God hath given concerning his Son, and puts implicit confidence in his blood to the utter and everlasting exclusion of all confidence in itself or its own righteousness. In this way it is filled with peace, hope, and joy. Is it, then, a marvel that this repentance is never "repented of?" Reader, prove it for yourself. "O taste, and see that the Lord is good!"

III. *What is meant by the "sorrow of the world?"* What has been already said as to the nature of sorrow holds good concerning the "sorrow of the world." It proceeds from the loss of some supposed good, of something highly prized, and with which the notion of happiness is connected. The phrase is comprehensive of everything contained in this world, whether great or small, frivolous or substantial, with which the idea of happiness is connected. Among the causes of this sorrow considerations of God have no place. It proceeds from the world always and from the world only. The idea of God both for time and for eternity is altogether shut out. As is the nature of the sorrow, such are the hearts it fills. They are of the earth and earthy: the class it operates among are "men of the world, who have their portion in this life." The state, wants, and interests of the soul have no place among their anxieties. The region of their cares is wholly bounded by earth and time. Reader! do you come within the scope of this definition? Do you know anything of this "sorrow of the world?" Have you been taught by experience the import of godless sorrow,—sorrow excited wholly by things seen and temporal,—sorrow which connects itself in no respect with God, and which never applies to him for the cure?

IV. *What is meant by this sorrow working "death?"* Where, in what does it work death? Taken in a large view, it works death

in the body of man; it puts an end to his natural life. Sad are the confirmations of this truth supplied by the history of social life; and terrible are the facts which on all sides meet the eye of the observer. The empoisoned phial, the pistol, the halter, the dagger, and the brook, are in perpetual requisition! The causes and the victims are alike numerous, while the havoc is confined to no class! Were the deeds of each year recorded, the chronicle of blood would exceed credibility! But suicidal carnage, all horrible though it is, is incalculably the least revolting view of the picture. In the history of the world's sorrow blood is the exception, the rule refers to the spirit. The unmixed sorrow of the world, how deep or prolonged soever, has no tendency whatever to lead to a spiritual issue. As already stated, it includes no spiritual consideration. It excludes all idea of the soul's loss or gain. It implies no fear of hell, no desire of heaven,—no idea either of Divine justice or of Divine mercy. The "sorrow of the world," therefore, the most piercing in its degree, and the most protracted in its duration, is wholly compatible with a state of spiritual death, the most deep-rooted enmity to God, and the most bitter aversion to the gospel of Christ! The weight of sin makes no part of the burden under which the victim groans. Whatever that burden may comprise—loss of innocence, of honour, of character, of property, of place, or of power—it is wholly unconnected with guilt in the sight of a just and righteous God. This is the most terrible feature of the case. In this consists the mortality of its essence. It is deaf to the threatenings of the law; it is blind to the beauty of holiness, insensible alike to the mercy of God and to the beauty of Christ. Reader! has thy heart ever bled? Has thy lip ever touched the cup of sorrow? Be intreated to inquire into its character. Rest thee in no sorrow but that which finds solace in Christ, which will give

> "Joy in the midst of pain.
> Thy Christ that conquer'd hell shall from above,
> With greater triumph, yet return again
> And conquer his own justice with his love."

July, 1846. E.

CHRISTIAN EARNESTNESS.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the grave whither thou goest." How solemn is this appeal! how emphatic in warning! how fruitful in instruction! Can it be that, although its Divine authority is unquestioned, its force is adequately realized! Are the great majority of Christians acting under its influence, and living in its spirit? Is it only here and there that we find an exception to active piety, to hearty zeal, to strenuous exertion for God's glory and man's salvation? Is it so rare a thing to find one "who is

called by the name of Christ" a drone in spiritual husbandry, that that man is noted by all, wondered at by all, warned by all?

The apostle exhorts to *earnestness* on the part of all who would labour to good purpose in the vineyard of the Lord. Earnestness is both the prompter to exertion and the pledge of success. The "children of this world" require the counsel of no wisdom but their own to convince them that he who would labour to profit must labour in *earnest*. That man who proposes independence as the reward and goal of his assiduity—whether the lawyer in court, the statesman in the halls of legislation, the merchant in his counting-house, or the mechanic in his workshop—will do what he does "with his *might*." And shall "the children of light" be less assiduous? Now these first do it that they may attain a *temporal* crown? Shall the high prize of our calling in Christ Jesus be less potent in stimulating us to the attainment of the heavenly?

But how inexpressibly is the solemnity of the injunction strengthened by the motive, the inducement urged! We are to labour with our "might," because we shall soon have no opportunity to labour at all—at least in the sphere in which we are now exhorted to be diligent.

The "night cometh when no man can work"—solemn consideration! It has been well said by an eminent writer, that "it is the fact of *responsibility* which makes existence so solemn a thing." A German author tells us, in language of deep emphasis, that "life is *earnest*." Surely, Christian, thou shouldst not need that any man teach thee this if so be thou hast been taught of Jesus; and if thou hast not the Spirit of Christ, the word of inspiration has already pronounced upon thy case. But we hope better things of thee, and things which accompany unquestionable evidence of thy high calling. The Spirit of Christ is described in a few words—"he went about doing good!" He rested not, neither was weary in well doing. Christian brother, gird up thy loins like a man, and address thyself earnestly to the vast work which lies before thee! Sinners are to be awakened, the wandering are to be reclaimed, the sick are to be comforted, the young are to be instructed, the heathen are to be converted, and the poor are to have the gospel preached to them! And thou—what doest thou here? Here, in inactivity; here, in indifference; here, in ease, whilst souls are perishing; here, in spiritual sloth, whilst Christ is interceding! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the grave, whither thou goest!"

A SERIOUS MALADY.

On turning over the leaves of Clarke's Commentary, my eye caught his remarks upon 2 Tim. iv. 3, 4, which seemed to contain so much of what I had to communicate, and was expressed with so much

perspicuity and plainness, that I prefer soliciting a place for that rather than for my own expression of the same sentiment. The verses commented upon are these :—" For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears ; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." His comments are as follows :—

" *For the time will come.* There is a time coming to the church when men will not hear the *practical* truths of the gospel; when they will prefer speculative opinions, which either do no good to the soul, or corrupt and destroy it, to that wholesome doctrine of ' Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me,' which Jesus has left in his church."

" *But after their own lusts.* For these they will follow, and hate those preachers and that doctrine by which they are opposed "

" *Shall they heap to themselves teachers.* They will add one teacher to another, run and gad about after all, to find out those who insist, not on the necessity of bearing the cross, of being crucified to the world, and of having the mind that was in Jesus. In this disposition interested men often find their account ; they set up for teachers, ' and widen and strew with flowers the way down to eternal ruin,' taking care to soothe the passions and flatter the vices of a trifling, superficial people."

" *Having itching ears.* Endless curiosity—an insatiable desire for variety ; and they get their ears tickled with the *language* and *accent* of the person, abandoning the *good* and *faithful preacher* for the *fine speaker.*"

" *And they shall turn away their ears from the truth.* The truth strips them of their vices, sacrifices their idols, darts its lightnings against their easily besetting sins, and absolutely requires a conformity to a crucified Christ; therefore they turn their ear away from it."

" *And shall be turned unto fables.* Believe any kind of stuff and nonsense ; for, as one has justly observed, ' Those who reject the truth are abandoned by the just judgment of God to credit the most degrading nonsense.' "

X.

THE FIRST BRITISH MARTYR.

The first man who laid down his life in Britain for the Christian faith was St. Alban. Saint he has been called for that reason, and the title may be continued to him, in mark of honour and respect, now that it has ceased to carry with it a superstitious meaning to our ears. During the tenth and most rigorous of the persecutions, which was the only one that extended to this island, a Christian priest, flying from his persecutors, came to the city Verulamium,

and took shelter in Alban's house; he, not being of the faith himself, concealed him from pure compassion; but when he observed the devotion of his guest, how fervent it was, and how firm, and the consolation and the joy which he appeared to find in prayer, his heart was touched, and he listened to his teaching and became a believer. Meantime the persecutors traced the object of their pursuit to this city, and discovered his retreat; but when they came to search the house, Alban put on the hair cassock of his teacher, delivered himself into their hands as if he had been the fugitive, and was carried before the heathen governor, while the man whom they sought had leisure and opportunity to provide for his escape. Because he refused either to betray his guest or offer sacrifice to the Roman gods, he was scourged, and then led to execution upon the spot where the abbey now stands, which in after-times was erected to his memory, and still bears his name. That spot was then a beautiful meadow on a little rising ground, "seeming," says the venerable Bede, "a fit theatre for the martyr's triumph." There he was beheaded, and a soldier also at the same time, who, it was said, was so affected by the resignation and magnanimity of this virtuous sufferer, that he chose to suffer with him rather than incur the guilt of being his executioner. Monkish writers have disfigured the story with many fictions in their wonted manner, but there is no reason to question that the main facts are historical truths. S.

POLYCARP'S DECISION.

When he appeared before the proconsul, the latter said to him, "Swear, curse Christ, and I will set you free!" The old man answered, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and I have received only good at his hands! Can I then curse him, my King and my Saviour?" When the proconsul continued to press him, Polycarp said, "Well, then, if you desire to know who I am, I tell thee freely, *I am a Christian!* If you desire to know what Christianity is, appoint an hour and hear me." The proconsul, who here showed that he did not act from any religious bigotry, and would gladly have saved the old man if he could silence the people, said to Polycarp, "Only persuade the people." He replied, "To you I felt myself bound to render an account, for our religion teaches us to treat the powers ordained by God with becoming reverence, as far as it is consistent with our salvation. But as for those without, I consider them undeserving of any defence from me." And justly too! for what would it have been but throwing pearls before swine, to attempt to speak of the gospel to a wild, tumultuous, and fanatical mob? After the governor had in vain threatened him with wild beasts and the funeral pile, he made the herald publicly announce in the circus, that Polycarp had confessed himself a Christian. These words contained the sentence of death against him. The people instantly cried out, "This is the

teacher of atheism, the father of the Christians, the enemy of our gods, who has taught so many not to pray to the gods, and not to sacrifice!" As soon as the proconsul had complied with the demand of the populace, that Polycarp should perish on the funeral pile, Jew and Gentile hastened with the utmost speed to collect wood from the market-places and the baths. When they wished to fasten him with nails to the pile, the old man said, "Leave me thus, I pray, unfastened. He who has enabled me to abide the fire, will give me strength also to remain firm at the stake." Before the fire was lighted he prayed thus: "O Lord, almighty God, the Father of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received a knowledge of thee! God of the angels and of the whole creation, of the whole human race, and of the saints who live before thy presence! I thank thee that thou hast thought me worthy, this day, and this hour, to share the cup of thy Christ among the number of thy witnesses!"

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. VI.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

DIVINE prophecy indicates not only the existence of Popery as "the man of sin," but much of the fearful deeds of the "beast," its spiritual "head." Foreseeing the terrible power of the Roman pontiff, in the exercise of his blasphemous usurpation, degrading, in the name of Christ, the sovereigns of the earth, and holding them in dreadful supposed authority from heaven, as we have seen in the case of the emperor Henry IV., the inspired prophet says, as if recording a piece of history, "And all the world wondered after the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with the beast?" Rev. xiii. 3, 4.

Many were the melancholy exhibitions of cruelty and blood that were presented to the world by this pretended vicar of Christ. And these were called forth by the piety of individuals, the light breaking in upon the minds of some who dared to seek the truth of God and the way of salvation. Some were called *Cathari*, or *Puritans*, as they sought the pure doctrines of Jesus Christ; *Albigenses*, from a council held at Albi, in which they were condemned; and *Petrobrusians*, from Peter of Bruys, who, after twenty years' labour for Christ, fell a martyr for his truth. These people were persecuted with the bitterest cruelty even unto death, because of their being dissenters from the doctrines and ceremonies of the pope and his prelates. A small body of these, Germans, escaped to England, where they yet felt the cruel severity of Popery, for *thirty* of them, with Gerhard their teacher, about the middle of the twelfth century, were condemned as heretics by an ecclesiastical council at Oxford. By the instigation of the priests, king Henry II. ordered these professors of the doctrine of the Scriptures to be branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron, to be whipped through the streets of Oxford, and, having their clothes cut short at their girdles, to be turned into the open country. None being allowed to afford them any shelter, they perished with cold and hunger!

The spirit of Popery in the twelfth century will appear most remarkable in the shocking insolence of pope Alexander III., who haughtily trod upon the neck of the emperor Frederick I. while kissing the foot of "his holiness" the pope, in contempt for the monarch, repeating the words of the psalmist, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet," Ps. xci. 13. Insulting as such behaviour was to the greatest sovereign in Europe, no one dared to show the least resentment against the haughty priest!

Evangelical truth made silent progress among the Dissenters in Germany and the south of France, especially among the Waldenses, so called from Peter Waldo, a famous preacher, who translated the Scriptures into the French language. To discover and destroy these followers of Christ, the pope established the "Court of Holy Inquisition," an institution admitted to be of a more diabolical character than any that ever existed besides in any age or nation. The Waldenses were described by an officer of that court, after having been brought up among them and become an apostate. He says, "Of all the sects that have risen up against the church of Rome, the Waldenses have been the most prejudicial and pernicious. They live righteously before men, believe rightly concerning God in every particular, holding all the articles contained in the creed (the Apostles' Creed), but hating and reviling the church of Rome, and on this subject they are readily believed by the people."

Holy and orthodox though these people were, they were the objects of peculiar hatred by the pope, and, in the most cruel and systematic manner, they were harassed by the "inquisitors." At first, it may be, these officers were directed only to make inquisition for heretics, and to labour for their conversion to Popery; but, in a few years, under the sanction and by the direction of the pontiff, they proceeded in their bloody work, seeking to extirpate these scriptural professors of the gospel by hanging, burning, and various other dreadful tortures. Under the denominations of Albigenses and Waldenses, in France alone, it was computed that, by direction of the papal inquisitors, not less than *a million of persons were murdered* in several barbarous crusades! while their only alleged crime was that of being dissenters from the popish domination, to embrace the doctrines of Jesus Christ in the Scriptures!

Many of the bishops and abbots also were both *mitred prelates* and martial nobles; and they formed alliances, as superstition or interest influenced them, to execute the decrees of the pope. The princes under whom these Dissenters lived afforded them protection on account of their industry and orderly living; but they were denounced, and a domestic crusade raised to exterminate the *heretics*, so that several of the nobles fell with their people. As these crusading armies were marching, a turbulent priest of the Inquisition was murdered in the dominions of Raymond, count of Thoulouse; and this served as a pretext for pope Innocent III. to publish an edict against that prince, a part of which is as follows:—

"We, moreover, promise to all those who shall take up arms to revenge the said murder pardon and remission of

all their sins. And since we are not to keep faith with those who do not keep it with God, we would have all to understand, that every person who is bound to the said earl Raymond by oath of allegiance, or by any other way, is absolved by apostolical authority from such obligations; and it is lawful for any Roman Catholic to persecute the said earl, and to seize his country. We exhort you that you would endeavour to destroy the wicked heresy of the Albigenses; and do this with more rigour than you would towards the Saracens themselves: persecute them with a strong hand, drive them off their lands and possessions, banish them, and put Roman Catholics in their room!"

Such were the shocking sentiments given in this terrible language, worthy only of a fiend, by one who called himself the chief minister, and even vicar, of Jesus Christ, the Prince of peace! These cruel orders were executed by his willing adherents without delay, and with every circumstance of hypocrisy and treachery, indecency and savageness. Noblemen and governors who attempted to defend their innocent people were anathematized and their citizens indiscriminately massacred! Writers of the highest reputation declare that "the armies employed by pope Innocent III. destroyed above *two hundred thousand* of them in the short space of a few months!"

Popery, in its spirit of cruelty and avarice, might be displayed by a record of the several crusades or holy wars undertaken and carried on under the sanction of several of the popes for the recovery of Jerusalem and the Holy Land from the Saracens. We can only notice, however, that these wars commenced A.D. 1096, and terminated A.D. 1291, when the Christians were quite driven out of Syria by the sultan of Egypt. These wars were characterised by every species of barbarity, wickedness, and misery; several millions of Europeans perished in them; but the popes became enriched by the vast estates left to them by nobles and princes who left their countries to conquer the infidel Mohammedans.

Popery, as it prevailed in England, may be understood in a measure from the extent to which the rich church revenues were taken by foreigners on their appointment to the benefices by the pope. It is stated that "the sums remitted to beneficed foreigners amounted in the year 1252 to *seventy thousand marks*, while the king's revenue hardly rose to *twenty thousand!*" In 1374 it was complained by a petition to parliament, that "the taxes paid to the court of Rome for ecclesiastical dignities amounted to *five times* more than those obtained by the king from the whole produce of the realm. For some one bishopric or other dignity," the pope is said to receive, "by way of translation and death, three, four, or five several taxes; and while, for money, the brokers of the sinful city [Rome] promote many caitiffs, being altogether unlearned and unworthy, to a thousand marks' living yearly; enemies to this land, who never saw, nor care to see, their parishioners have those livings, whereby they despise God's service and convey away the treasure of the realm, and are worse than Jews and Saracens.

"The pope's collector keepeth a house in London, with clerks and officers thereto belonging, as if it were one of the king's solemn courts, transporting yearly to the pope *twenty thou-*

sand marks, and most commonly more." They add, "that cardinals and other aliens remaining at the court of Rome —whereof one cardinal is a dean of York, another of Salisbury, another of Lincoln, another archdeacon of Canterbury, another archdeacon of Durham, another archdeacon of Suffolk, another archdeacon of York, another prebendary of Thane and Nassingdon, another prebendary of York, in the diocese of York,—have divers others, the best dignities in England, and have sent over yearly unto them *twenty thousand marks* over and above that which English brokers have."

With such a lucrative commerce in "the souls of men" by "church livings" and "benefices," it will not be a matter of surprise that many violent disputes should arise between the priesthood and the civil power. "Church history," in the middle ages, relates chiefly to the ambition and violence of the ecclesiastics and their tyranny over civil rulers. This will be understood more clearly from the circumstances of the "INTERDICT" of pope Innocent III. regarding England. The pontiff was offended with king John refusing his consent to the appointment of Stephen Langton to be archbishop of Canterbury; on which Innocent excommunicated him, absolved his subjects from their allegiance to him, and declared his throne vacant. The celebration of Divine service was suspended, and the administration of the sacraments, except baptism. The church doors were closed, the statues of the saints were laid on the ground, and the offices of Christian burial were refused to the dead. Filled with superstitious horror, John brought himself under a solemn oath to perform whatever the pope should impose. He prostrated himself at the feet of the legate of his holiness, delivering up his crown and sceptre, which the haughty priest, Randolph, retained five days, and then returned them to the abject monarch as favours granted by the bishop of Rome! Before receiving the ensigns of royalty, he was required to take the following oath:—"I, John, by the grace of God king of England and lord of Ireland, in order to expiate my sins, from my own free will and the advice of my barons, give to the church of Rome, to pope Innocent and his successors, the kingdom of England and all other prerogatives of my crown. I will hereafter hold them as the pope's vassal. I will be faithful to God, to the church of Rome, to the pope, my master, and his successors legitimately elected. I promise to pay him a thousand marks yearly: to wit, seven hundred for the kingdom of England, and three hundred for the kingdom of Ireland!"

King John took this oath in deep degradation, with all possible solemnity, upon his knees, with his hands held up between those of the proud legate, Randolph, at Dover!

Popery, in the fourteenth century, was sustained in all its enormities by many of the most shameful immoralities, especially by the sale of indulgences for sin to the deluded people. Pope John XXII. carried on this abominable traffic to such a height, that licences could be procured from the priests for the crimes of fornication, incest, perjury, simony, murder, fratricide, and parricide, charged according to a table published under the title of "The Fees of the Apostolical Chancery!"

This monstrous system of ecclesiastical usurpation, blasphemy, and iniquity,

was now grown to its full maturity in wickedness: it had been denounced as the predicted "Antichrist" and the "Man of sin," by Dr. Greathead, bishop of Lincoln, and especially by Dr. Wycliffe. But at the close of the fourteenth century the nations of Europe were perplexed by the "great schism in the popedom." During the space of fifty years the Romish church had *two*, and sometimes *three* pontifical heads at the same time; each of the contending parties, with princes and monarchs for his support, thundering forth his dreadful spiritual anathemas against his competitors. Princes and people in general were seized with profound astonishment, while they groaned under the idolatry, corruption, and oppression of the pretended leaders of the church of Christ.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century the miseries of Europe were dreadfully augmented by three contending factions, each having a pope at its head, claiming to be honoured and obeyed as the infallible vicar of Jesus Christ! A detail of the papal disputes, the depositions, new elections, and crimes of the numerous pontiffs, with the decisions and decrees of councils which were called on their account during the first half of this century, would fill many volumes. At length pope John XXIII. was prevailed on by the emperor Sigismund to summon a general council, for the purpose of settling the ecclesiastical government and of removing the grievances which afflicted the empire. The council met at Constance, A.D. 1414, composed of the emperor, most of the German princes, the pope with his cardinals, and a multitude of bishops and doctors, and ambassadors from all the European states. Among the first acts of this assembly it was decreed that the Roman pontiff was subject to a general council, and, therefore, they proceeded to depose pope John XXIII., on account of his shocking crimes. Gregory XII. sent in his resignation, to prevent deposition; and Benedict XIII., refusing submission to the decision of the council which deposed him, produced many distractions till his death, A.D. 1423. The council elected Otta, of Colonna, to the papal chair, which he ascended A.D. 1416, under the name of Martin V.

By these acts of the council of Constance the throne of the dreaded pontiff was shaken; and various circumstances now arose which indicated the certain future downfall of the abominable Antichrist. This was not to be effected, however, without vast efforts on the part of his host of interested hierarchy. Of these we may yet take notice in some particulars, contemplating the rivers of the precious blood that was shed by a noble army of martyrs to the truth and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Letter Box.

THE CHARACTER OF ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

To the Editor of the Christian's Penny Magazine.

Bishampton.

SIR,—I have sent an anecdote or two, which, should they meet with your approbation, the insertion would oblige, sir, your obedient servant,

P. B. BROOKE.

"The learned and pious Archbishop Leighton, whilst a minister of the

Church of Scotland, was once publicly reprimanded in a synod for not 'preaching to the times.' 'Who,' he asked, 'does preach to the times?' It was answered, that all the brethren did it. 'Then,' he answered, 'if all of you preach to the *times*, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach *Jesus Christ and eternity*.'"

*** Few anecdotes have been more frequently quoted, or more fervently praised than this by a class of weak, but generally very worthy men, preachers of peace at the expense of principle, the ready-made voluntary serfs of any despotism, whether civil or ecclesiastical, that may happen to appropriate them. Those worthy people may, however, find a far more appropriate motto in the wise and weighty words of Dr. M'Crie, biographer of Knox, viz.:—"*A vague and erratic charity, which soars above fixed principles, is a very feeble and precarious bond of union.* TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY IS THE DAUGHTER OF TRUTH."

The words of Leighton, apart from the contextuary facts of his history, are very pious and very sweet; but rightly understood, they are less a matter of praise than of reprehension. They were spoken, not as Mr. Brooke supposes, and one biographer asserts, in the "Synod," but in the Presbytery. Leighton was not "reprimanded," but simply interrogated in common with his brethren, according to the custom of that most perilous period. Leighton confessed his omission, and apologised in the words here set forth. By "preaching to the times," however, was simply meant, in the largest sense, contending for Liberty of Conscience, which was then fearfully endangered, the Government stepping forward and usurping the place of Christ, putting Acts of Parliament in place of the Scriptures, and establishing English Episcopacy among the Scottish people at the point of the sword and in the mouth of the cannon. In that dreadful day the chief champions of Scotland's freedom, both civil and religious, were her Presbyterian Ministers; and the adaptation of their discourses to the wants of the hour, to the consolation, instruction, support, and encouragement of the people of God, was correctly enough designated "preaching to the times." The language of Leighton was, therefore, not only petulant, but insolent. Many, very many of the men of that day, "preached Jesus Christ and eternity" with a power, a pathos, and a success, far surpassing anything ever attained by that gentle-spirited, amiable, and devout man. Had his brethren been of the same mind with him, the truth had been sacrificed in Scotland, and her children robbed of those privileges which, beyond any other nation in Europe, they have now enjoyed for two centuries.

But the worst remains to be told. Who was this Leighton? The son of Dr. Alexander Leighton, a minister of the Scottish church, and one of the most powerful "preachers to the times" that the nation ever produced. This great and patriotic man wrote and published "Zion's Plea against Prelacy," meaning English Episcopacy, for which he was seized, tried, condemned in a fine of 10,000*l.*, a sum, perhaps, as large as 100,000*l.* now—a sum which he could never pay, and which, therefore, was equivalent to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment! But the sentence included, in addition to this, the following items,—whipping at the

stake—standing two hours in the pillory on a cold winter's night—being branded on the cheek—having one ear cut off and one nostril slit,—and, eight days after, having the scourging repeated on his raw wounds, and the branding, the cutting, and the slitting executed on the other cheek, ear, and nostril! After the completion of this series of inhumanities he was thrown into prison, where he lay ten long years, and, but for the breaking of the horn of Episcopal power, would have remained till removed by the undertaker a corpse! He was released by the Long Parliament in 1640, and in 1644 he died, in a post assigned him by Parliament as a compensation for his sufferings and wrongs. Such were the woes Leighton's father brought upon himself by his "Plea against Prelacy,"—the foe, the advancement of which his brethren were vigorously opposing by what was called "preaching to the times,"—preaching in which he not only refused to participate, but for which he meekly poured on his co-presbyters the otto vial of his pious scorn. But this did not conclude the matter. He renounced presbytery, fled from the society of the men who had wept with his father in the day of his distress, and made devout lamentation over his honoured bier, and threw himself into the arms of his father's persecutors! This very man, the son of the martyr antagonist of prelacy, became himself a prelate! First bishop of Dunblane, and then archbishop of Glasgow!

What say now the admirers of the celebrated sentence? Is it too much to hope that they will henceforth and for ever cease to use the words in question as a vehicle of reproach against earnest men—men valiant for the truth—men sacrificing their ease, their interests, and much that is dear to flesh and blood, for the welfare of their generation and the good of posterity? We are keenly alive to the attainments and virtues of Leighton as well as to his faults and failings; our protest lies against blending the latter with the former, and sacrificing moral heroism to ascetic sanctity. Had Luther not "preached to the times," Europe had never rejoiced in the blessings of the Great Reformation. Woe to us and to our children if henceforth the counsels of the true church of Christ shall be swayed by men of the order of Leighton! We reproach him not. No: peace to his ashes! In private life he presents an all but matchless pattern; in public he furnishes only a beacon. He had been a man far more to our heart had he become a second Hannibal, and vowed a deathless hostility to the State-supported Prelacy, which had so barbarously mangled his sainted father, and so cruelly torn his native land!—Ed.

THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

My dear Friend,—In our conversation last night you said that the Church of England had been most unjustly charged with teaching the popish doctrine of transubstantiation. And in maintaining the *injustice* of the charge, you observed that *transubstantiation* was most emphatically, and by name, denounced in the 28th article.

I most fully agree with you in the last remark. There can be no difference of opinion here. Every Dissenter will admit that the article just referred to contains a plain condemnation of that heresy. *But no one ever said that the Church of England did not deny it.* The charge was, that the doctrine *is*

taught. Though grossly inconsistent, it may be both affirmed and contradicted. And when we produce a passage *teaching* it, it is no refutation for you to produce another *condemning* it.

The doctrine of your church is derived from various sources. Not only does she take her stand upon the Bible, but also upon the Prayer-Book, to *all things* in which every clergyman at his ordination is required to subscribe. And the books of *Homilies* are also a portion of your standard documents,—the 35th article of the Church of England declaring that they contain "godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times,"—to which sentiment the whole body of the national clergy also subscribes.

Had the charge of holding transubstantiation been made on the ground that certain ministers of the Establishment had maintained such views *in their sermons*, it would have been said that the Church of England was not responsible for individual opinions; but if such a doctrine can be discovered in any of her *authorized* instructions, the charge is most fully sustained.

Now in the 15th homily it is asserted that the bread and wine in the Lord's supper are "no bare signs and figures of something absent," but that the body and blood of our Lord are there by "*a marvellous incorporation!!*" I beseech you to study these words. The bread and wine *not signs and figures of something absent!* We thought that those elements represented the body and blood of Christ, which are indeed "absent," the "heavens having received him till the restitution of all things." But in opposition to this, the homily maintains that the body and blood of Christ are really and positively *present*, being united to the bread and wine by "a marvellous incorporation." Thus doth the homily distinctly teach the doctrine. That homily is sanctioned by the same authority as the Prayer-Book—standing on an equal footing—so that it is no reply to the doctrine of the *former* to plead the contradictory statement of the *latter*.

Moreover, the Catechism of the Church of England—(a part of the Prayer-Book)—is extremely doubtful on this subject. "*The body and blood of Christ* are said to be VERILY AND INDEED TAKEN and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper." But they are *not* "verily and indeed taken," but only *symbolized* or *represented* in the bread and wine, which undergo no sort of change whatever.

I therefore readily acknowledge that the Church of England *rejects* transubstantiation, and as positively maintain that she *teaches* it also; so that the charge against her is not "false" nor "unjust," but the opposite.

I have not hitherto noticed in this letter the difference between transubstantiation and *consubstantiation*. If we were desirous of making scholastic distinctions, it might be preferable to apply the former word to the doctrine of the Romanists, and the latter to that of the Church of England. The difference is this:—the papists believe that the bread and wine, when consecrated, are changed into the body and blood of Christ, so that *no bread nor wine remains*, the change being total and complete. The Church of England considers that the bread and wine *do remain*; but that after consecration the body and blood of Christ are united thereunto by a marvellous incorporation. Both parties believe that the body and blood of Christ are *present*—are "verily and indeed taken" in the consecrated elements; but whilst transubstantiation teaches that the *bread* and *wine* are departed and gone, consubstantiation holds that they are mysteriously united with the body and blood of Christ, which are incorporated *with* them; and both parties unite to forbid the sacramental *remains* being appropriated to any secular or ordinary purposes.

Dissenters deny the views advanced on both sides, maintaining, on the contrary, that the bread and wine are neither "changed into" nor "incorporated with" either the human or Divine nature of our Lord. We view the elements as *memorials*, as *symbols*, as "signs and figures of something absent," *and no more*. But far different are and must be the views of papists, whom councils and creeds bind to transubstantiation; and of the Church of England, which

is similarly bound to the equally irrational, unscriptural, and scarcely distinguishable dogma of consubstantiation.

And I advise you, my dear friend, with all kindness and consideration, not to charge Dissenters in future with being unjust accusers before you have thoroughly ascertained that their accusations are really and indeed *unjust*.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN H. BARROW.

Market Drayton, June 23, 1846.

SPEEDY ANSWER TO PRAYER.

SIR,—Special prayer-meetings for the revival of religion in our land have been lately holden in most Baptist and Independent churches throughout the country. The good effects have been felt in many places amongst the members themselves, as well as the attention of many sinners having been arrested. At Royston there are two Independent places of worship, and both held prayer-meetings for a week, at six o'clock in the morning, in order that servants and workmen might commence their daily avocations by seven. Appropriate discourses were also delivered at each place, alternately, every evening. It was thought by many that the morning meetings would be thinly attended at so early an hour; but, to the surprise of every one, there were great numbers at both places; the schoolroom at one of the meetings was so full, that, after the first morning the chapel was thrown open, the body of which was comfortably filled. One morning a gentleman was engaged in prayer asking for blessings, that religion might revive, and that the meetings might impress all with solemnity; on finishing his prayer he just stammered out "Amen," and was immediately seized with a paralytic stroke, and did not converse with any one afterwards, but was carried home, and in a day or two died. The circumstance was so affecting, that it produced upon the hearts of many who witnessed it a feeling of holy fear. The event elicited many kinds of remark, but they may be divided into two classes, namely, those of the scoffer and those of the Christian; the one ridiculed religion, and said it was through getting up at such an early hour and getting so excited when he ought to have been in bed; but the other wished their latter end might be like his, and prayed more earnestly than they had done before.

Reader! to which class do you belong? Would you not rather leave this world with prayer upon your lips than in the midst of revelry and blasphemy? The question need scarcely be asked, for who would not, a few minutes after death, rather find himself in heaven than in hell? Reader! hold thyself in readiness for a sudden summons; for who knoweth "the day or the hour that the Son of man cometh?"

Royston. J. F.

*** We have just received from a respectable correspondent residing at a distance of some fifty miles from town a letter containing the following fact, which fearfully contrasts with the touching incident just related.

"Three gentlemen met at a public-house to celebrate, by a drinking bout, the christening of a child belonging to one of them. They drank to such excess that one of them was seized with a fit and died on the spot; and both the others had an attack of paralysis, from which it was thought they would not recover. They did, however, recover; but both of them still pursue the same career of drunkenness and vice."

Reader! ponder these two facts, and rehearse them to your neighbours.—ED.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

SIR,—Allow me, through the medium of your FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE, to call the attention of the Christian public to a practice very unworthy and

pernicious in its nature, and, I regret to say, chiefly, if not solely, prevalent among professing Christian Dissenters; it is that of *lessening servants' wages*, in consideration of allowing them their *privileges*. In a country where there are one or two female domestics in almost every family, these must form no inconsiderable portion of the community: they are a useful and important body, and those of them who are pious characters are generally among the number of those who value most the privilege of attending the house of God. Now this fact is very frequently taken advantage of by Christian ladies. There are not a few who think the circumstance of their's being a *pious* family affords them ample justification for giving less *pecuniary compensation* to their servants than others. "To be sure," one will say when concluding an agreement, "you might have a pound or two at Mrs. ——'s, but then it is an *irreligious* family, and you would not have the enjoyment of your *privileges*." Now, even admitting that these young women *do* have more privileges in a religious family, which is certainly not universally the case, how unjust is it thus to make them the *losers by their religion!* But, perhaps, one will say, "They have superior advantages in one way, and it is nothing but just to make a corresponding reduction in another." Yes; but who put it into your power to confer these advantages? Was it not He who said, "One is your Master, even Christ;" and "Freely ye have received, freely give?" Does *he* give fewer comforts in this life to those who enrol themselves his disciples?

How long will the followers of Christ lay themselves open to the stigma so generally cast upon them, that it is better to serve in the family of a *worldling* than of a *religious man!* A Christian should consider it as much his honour and happiness to have a pious servant as for his servant to have a pious master. The kingdom of Egypt was saved from famine through a godly foreign slave; and a dutiful Israelitish maid was the means of delivering Naaman from a fearful and loathsome disease. T. H.

*** We hope the state of things here described is by no means general. We can easily conceive of a servant-maid having the choice of entering the service of one of two families—the one worldly and the other religious, the former offering more wages than the latter can afford, and, on the ground of spiritual considerations, cheerfully *preferring* the latter, conduct which ought to be very highly prized. In this the act is her *own*, and, while she deserves much praise, her employer is subject to no blame. But for Christian ladies to go to the market, and, in competing with their worldly equals, to beat down wages, casting the means of *grace into the scale of justice*, is to commit a double wrong—to injure both servants and general society. This is turning one's religion to account with a vengeance! We are confident that the numbers who do so are very small. —EDITOR.

The Fragment Basket.

THE DREAMERS.—All the days of sinful nature are dark night, in which there is no right discerning of spiritual things, and our heads are still full of new dreams which keep us sleeping. As in a deep sleep, our soul is bound up and drowned in flesh—a surcharge of the vapours of gross sensible things that we glut ourselves withal; and the condition of our wisest thoughts, in re-

lation to our highest good, are nothing but dreams and reveries. A man will not readily think so while he is in them. We do not perceive the vanity of our dreams till we awake. Sometimes in a dream a man will have such a thought that it is but a dream, yet doth he not thoroughly see the folly thereof, but goes on in it. A natural man may have sometimes a glance of such thoughts, that all those things he is either turmoiling or delighting in are vanity, yet he awakes not, but raves on still in them: he shifts a little, turns on his bed as a door on its hinges, but turns not off—does not rise. But the spiritual-minded Christian, that is indeed awake, and looks back on his former thoughts and ways, O how does he disdain himself and all his former high fancies that he was most pleased with, finding them dreams! O what a fool, what a wretch was I, while my head was full of such stuff, building castles in the air, imagining and catching at such gains and such preferments and pleasures, and either they still running before me and I could not overtake them, or, if I thought I did, what have I now, when I see what it is, and find that I have embraced a shadow? False hopes, and fears, and joys. "He thinks he hath eaten, and his soul is empty," Isaiah xxxix.

ADMIRE ME!—A pharisee's trumpet shall be heard to the town's end when simplicity walks through the town unseen. Hence a man will sometimes covertly commend himself, and *myself* ever comes in and tells you a long story of conversion, and a hundred to one if some lie or other slip not out with it. Why, the secret meaning is, "I pray admire me;" hence complain of wants and weaknesses; "pray think what a broken-hearted Christian I am."—*Sheppard: Ten Virgins.*

THE WARRIORS.—Luther gives an account of a duke of Saxony who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop in Germany. At that period ecclesiastics could command military resources as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of the good bishop were not carnal. The duke thought proper, in a very artful way, to send a spy into the company of the bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return the spy was eagerly interrogated by the duke. "O sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear, he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that?" asked the duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick; and that, as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke; "then let the devil wage war against him; I will not."

SPRING OF PEACE.—Faith triumphs over self-unworthiness, and sin, and death, and the law, shrouding the soul under the mantle of Jesus Christ, and there it is safe. All accusations fall off, having nowhere to fasten, unless some blemish could be found in that righteousness in which faith hath wrapt itself. This is the very spring of solid peace, and fills the soul with peace and joy.—*Leighton.*

PRAYER FOR PASTORS.—The office of the pastor is peculiar, and so are his relations to his flock. Out of these relations there spring some of the strongest and holiest ties which the human heart can know. To the faithful minister, whose labours God has evidently blessed in the increase of spirituality and devotion among his flock, the strengthening of his congregation, their growth in the knowledge and love of the church, their disposition to make sacrifices for Christ, and in bringing into the communion of the saints on earth those who hitherto had been far off,—to such a faithful and humble pastor there are ties of very peculiar force which bind him to his flock. On the other hand, there is a peculiar sacredness in the affection which the Christian feels towards one who, with God's blessing, has been the means of turning off his thoughts from this world to the next, and of leading him on, with an anxious and affectionate guidance, in the path of duty. Let the Christian disciple pray for his pastor, that he may be sustained, and cheered, and blessed in his work and labour of love; that the great Shepherd and

Bishop of souls would keep "his feet from falling," and shield him with the shield of his own love against all the fiery darts of the adversary; that he may keep inviolate his solemn vows; and that, through the mercy and blessing of Him "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy," he may finish his course with joy. Every Christian should pray earnestly for those whom the Head of the church has placed in authority over him.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—That the blessed God can impress on the mind so strong a sense of pardon as to leave a repenting sinner, beyond all question, satisfied of its coming from him, none can doubt but those who are for limiting the power of the Almighty, and for prescribing to the wisdom of the All-wise. And that, in many instances, God is most graciously pleased in this manner to manifest himself and his love none can dispute who have been happily acquainted with the lives and deaths of the excellent of the earth.—*Venn.*

THE SLEEPER'S DANGER.—And you that will sleep on may; but sure I am, when you come to your death-bed, if possible you awake then, you shall look back with sad regret upon whatsoever you most esteemed and gloried in under the sun. While they are coming toward you they have some show, but, as a dream that is past, when these gay things are flown by, then we see how vain they are. As that luxurious king caused to be painted on his tomb two fingers, as sounding one upon another with that word, *All is not worth so much.* I know not how men make a shift to satisfy themselves; but take a sober and awakened Christian, and set him in the midst of the best of all things that are here, his heart would burst with despair of satisfaction were it not for the hope that he hath beyond all that this poor world either attains or is seeking after. O the blessed gospel, revealing God in Christ, and calling upon sinners to communion with him, dispelling that black night of ignorance and accursed darkness that otherwise had never ended, but passed on to an endless night of eternal misery! Says not Zacharias, with good reason, in his song, Luke i., that it was through the tender mercy of God that this day-spring from on high did visit us?—*Leighton.*

WHAT IS PRAYER?—Prayer is chiefly a heart-work; God heareth the heart without the mouth, but never heareth the mouth acceptably without the heart. Your prayer is odious hypocrisy, mocking God, and taking his name in vain, when you utter petitions for the coming of his kingdom and the doing his will, and yet hate holiness in your heart. This is lying unto God, and flattering him with your lips, but no true prayer; and so God takes it.—*Marshall.*

THE GOOD CHOICE.—Let Diotrephes say it is good for me to have the pre-eminence; let Judas say it is good for me to bear the bag; let Demas say it is good for me to embrace the present world;—but do thou, O my soul, say, with David, It is good for me to draw near to God.—*Arrowsmith.*

THE RICH AND POOR.—There is one place more than another where all pre-eminence of persons, all distinctions should be forgotten: it is when we are kneeling before God as suppliants of his mercy. "Then the rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all." The next season, probably, when the same assembly of persons is found collected will be before the judgment-seat; and there we know all will be regarded according to their spiritual qualifications, and not according to their outward circumstances. All will be there in *vile apparel*, James ii. 2, except as far as they have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" all will be *poor* there—poor in themselves; and they alone rich who are clothed with the righteousness of Christ; they are accountable *first* who have "adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour" by the sincerest lowliness of humility, the truest meekness and charity.—*Sumner.*

Poetry.

THE INDEPENDENTS ASSERTING LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IN THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES, 1644.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE, BY J. R. HERBERT, A.R.A.

By J. C. Prince, Author of "Hours with the Muses," &c.

"Freedom of Conscience!" glorious theme for pencil, pen, or tongue!
How worthy of the purest fire, the proudest voice of song!
More fitting for those lofty thoughts which thrill the harp divine,
Than the weak words that tremble through this lowly lyre of mine.

"Freedom of Conscience!" let me sing, how slight soe'er my power,
This universal privilege, this consecrated dower;
God claims the homage of my soul, yet leaves its reason free,
And shall a mortal shadow come between my God and me?

Shall human law prescribe my creed, and tell me where to kneel?
Shall state or priest coerce me to a form I cannot feel?
Shall stole or surplice, cowl or cap, or any outward guise,
Show me the clearest, nearest path to glory in the skies?

Oh, no! religion needeth not compulsion or parade,
'T was not for these the Nazarene's dread sacrifice was made;
But, oh! it is a blessed sight, 'neath temple, cloud, or tree,
To see sincere and solemn crowds bow down the adoring knee!

No need of arch and storied pane, of fix'd and formal prayer,
The heart that learns to lean towards heaven can worship everywhere:
In chapel, closet, cloister gloom, or forest shade, we may,
If the spirit, not the form, inspires, cast off the world—and pray.

Some love the eye-alluring pomp of fulminating Rome,
The blazing altar, dreary mass, the high and gorgeous dome;
And some the ancient English church of venerable grace,
In whose time-hallow'd grounds how few would scorn a resting-place.

And some more simple in their faith, but with as lofty aim,
'Mid lowliest walls would glorify Jehovah's power and name;
And some on nature's broad, free floor, beneath heaven's boundless gaze,
Would fill the breezes as they pass with songs of earnest praise.

And others,—would they were but few,—with mingled doubt and pride,
Stray from each happier fold, and meet in mockery aside,
Poor slaves to sense and circumstance, they wander far apart,
Love all and scorn not—God alone may judge the inner heart.

Let each who thinks, and by his thought can rise above the clay;
Let all who strong in love and faith pursue their peaceful way;
Let every being, whatsoe'er his creed, clime, colour be,
Rejoice in cleanless soul and limb, for God hath made him free!

But thou, my own creative land! the favour'd of the isles!
On whom the light of gifted minds—the Gospel glory smiles,—
Go with thy power of intellect, with peace upon thy tongue,
To wean the wayward and the weak from ignorance and wrong.

"Freedom of Conscience!" who divulged this thrice-transcendent creed,
By whose pure force the fetter'd lip, the famish'd mind was freed?
A few brave men, a very few—the noblest, gentlest, best,
'Mid many who had bow'd and bled at bigotry's behest.

Great Nye! methinks I hear thy voice within that ancient hall,
To some imparting hope and joy, and wonder unto all;
Methinks I see thy manly mien, thy broad uplifted brow;—
Honour to thee, exalted one! we feel thy spirit now!

For full emancipated speech, for thought's immortal right,
For power to worship as we list the God of love and light;
For the sweet sake of charity to all the sons of earth,
This champion ope'd his giant heart, and gave its feelings birth!

And, lo! the painter's soul hath caught the greatness of that hour,
And thrown it on the canvas-field with genius' magic power;
There Cromwell (gentle Selden by) with hard heroic face,
Lists to the wing'd words that fill that consecrated place.

There, 'mid a mute and anxious crowd, stands Milton's youthful form,
His soul with high poetic thought, his heart with freedom warm;
And many a mind of generous mood, and many an eye of scorn,
Seem to make up the spectacle of that triumphant morn.

Like breeze-borne seeds, that pregnant truth went forth from zone to zone,
Took root, and flourish'd free and fair, in places wild and lone;
And out of that devoted band, the fearless, firm eleven,
An independent multitude press peacefully towards heaven!

The Children's Gallery.

A WHISPER TO THE GALLERY. THE prosperity of a Sunday-school depends greatly on its punctuality. This fact holds true both to teachers and scholars. It should be strictly enforced. There is life, vigour, pleasure, when all come in good time. When the superintendent and teachers are never late, the scholars will follow their example. Why should soldiers be more punctual in their duties than scholars? *Punctuality is the soul of business in a school as much as in trade.* An example may be of use in stirring up others: A teacher was accustomed to come a quarter of an hour too late. This was observed by a lady, who said to her one Sunday morning, "Do you know how much time you have lost this morning?" She replied, "A quarter of an hour." "Oh, more than that, a good deal; one quarter of an hour for yourself and one for each of your six scholars will make seven, or nearly two hours lost, and lost for ever!"

A little boy, who had a long way to go to his Sunday-school, and could not bear to be late, told his mother he had a plan for getting there in time. She asked what it was. He said, if she would give him his Sunday breakfast on Saturday evening, he should lose no time in the morning. Another good boy asked his mother to let him put on his Sunday clothes on Saturday evening, that he might lose no time by putting them on in the morning. These were children of the right sort to get on. They had some mind in them. I have had children in my Sunday-school come without waiting for breakfast, in order to be in time. Knowledge is better than eating. The soul is more important than the stomach. Rise

early! rouse up the soul! get to school in time! This is the way to prosper; for God helps those who help themselves. A PASTOR.

TALK WITH ELDER SCHOLARS.

Teacher. Well, Alfred, what is your fact for the night?

Alfred. Sir, it respects Benjamin Franklin. Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory; but being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue:—at night, when my work was done, I bought a twopenny loaf, on which, with a mug of water, I supped heartily, and then wrapped myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and a mug of water afforded a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?"

Teacher. That is good, and not unworthy of the manly printer. David, do you recollect any scripture it exemplifies?

David. Yes, sir, the temptation was, in effect, that referred to in Rom. iii. 8, to "do evil that good might come."

Teacher. It was; and if Franklin's philosophy spurned it, how much more should Christian principle! Stephen, do you recollect anything in history analogous to this case?

Stephen. Yes, sir; it reminds one of Socrates' reply to king Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts: "Meal, please your majesty, is a halfpenny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

Teacher. Alexander, what have you got?

Alexander. A fact, sir, that shows the moral effects of Sunday-school training. It is to this effect:—A gentleman jumping from an omnibus in the city of New York, dropt his pocket-book and had gone some distance before he discovered its loss, then, hastily returning, inquired of every passenger whom he met if a pocket-book had been seen; finally, meeting a little girl of ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked, "What kind of a pocket-book?" he described it; then unfolding her apron, "Is this it?" "Yes, that is mine; come into this store with me." They entered; he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers: "They are all right," said he; "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each; had they fallen into other hands, I might never have seen them again; take, then, my little girl, this note of a thousand dollars, as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in future." "No," said the girl, "I cannot take it; I have been taught at the Sunday-school not to take what is not mine; and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might suppose I had stolen it." "Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live." The girl took him to an humble tenement in an obscure street, rude, but cleanly. He informed the parents of the case; they told him their child had acted correctly; they were "poor, it was true, but their pastor had always told them not to set their hearts on rich gifts." The gentleman told them they must take it, and he was convinced they would make a good use of it from the principle they had professed. The pious parents then blessed their benefactor, for such he proved; they paid debts which had disturbed their peace; and lived to rejoice in the lessons of integrity which their daughter had received at the Sunday-school.

Teacher. That is a beautiful fact, and the history of Sunday-schools supplies many of a similar character. The gentleman's conduct, which merits particular approbation, furnishes a strik-

ing contrast to that of an individual in London, who lost a much larger sum, and rewarded the honest man who found and restored it with a shilling!

Teacher. Thomas, what have you been about?

Thomas. Reading Davidson's Trade and Travel in the Far East.

Teacher. That's a work of considerable interest. What is the special fact you mean to adduce?

Thomas. Descanting on the subject of zoology, the traveller says, "While on the subject of wild animals, I may mention a leopard that was kept by an English officer at Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies. This animal had its liberty, and used to run all over the house after its master. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand and the hookah-snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in the left hand, and, on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet leopard. On looking down he saw the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with much apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding, called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. Such pets as snakes nineteen feet long and full-grown leopards are not to be trifled with. The largest snake I ever saw was twenty-five feet long, and eight inches in diameter. I have *heard* of sixty-feet snakes, but cannot vouch for the truth of the tale."

Teacher. Thomas, that is a striking fact, and it supplies a striking moral. Can you tell me what that moral is?

Thomas. It shows the power of original instinct. I have read of a tame tiger that, casually tasting blood, became instantly furious, and with a roar bounded off to the jungle, and was seen no more. Just so with man; however he may be "tamed" by instruction and discipline, unless his heart be changed, he is capable, under the force of circumstances, of perpetrating any enormity; and hence the necessity of man's being "born again."

Teacher. Thomas, that is fearfully true. No man knows what is in his heart till it be drawn out by temptation. While the wicked require conversion, the converted need to *watch* and pray. Septimus, what have you to offer?

Septimus. The experiment of Fénélon, sir, on the spoiled prince. The Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV., and heir to the crown, a spoiled child, of an outrageous temper, about fourteen years old, who had got the better of all his tutors, was committed to the archbishop, with full powers to do as he pleased, and he tells us how he proceeded:—"When the young prince," says he, "gave way to those fits of passion and impatience to which a temper naturally hot made him but too subject, the tutor, the masters, all the attendants and servants of the house were instructed to keep the most profound silence in his presence. They were not permitted even to answer his questions. If they served him, they turned away their eyes, as if afraid to approach a creature whose passion had overpowered his reason. Any attention they paid him was no more than what was necessary to preserve his existence, and that as if in compassion to a person deranged. His lessons were suspended, his books were put aside as if of no use to one so wild, and he was left to himself, to his reflections, to his sorrow, to his remorse." It is stated that the result was satisfactory.

Teacher. There was philosophy in the plan; it partakes of the principle of the Solitary and the Silent Systems of Prison Discipline, before the power of which the stoutest hearts have been made to bow. The fact is not without its use to parents and teachers. Victor, what have you found?

Victor. I have met with the following fact, sir, in a respectable periodical publication, which has greatly shocked me:—"A respectable sabbath-school teacher has made inquiry relative to the character of the first hundred scho-

lars admitted into the school. The characters of only sixty-five were fully known to him; of these, lamentable to state, thirty-eight were confirmed drunkards, five had been transported, and one had been the death of his mother at a public-house in the neighbourhood. Of the others, several had been occasionally drunk, only two had joined Christian churches, and these had previously fallen into intemperance."

Teacher. You may well be shocked by such a recital! Surely the school must have been situated in a more than ordinarily depraved neighbourhood. Is that specified?

Victor. No, sir.

Teacher. That is a serious omission, as the value of such facts depends much upon circumstances. The first scholars, moreover, are seldom the best. They are, in many cases, not only first out, but soon out. I cannot but consider this case as an exception to the rule. The children must have been the offspring, I should say, of most vicious parents. Charles, I hope you have something good? Let us have it.

Charles. I have met with a fact, sir, recited by a very celebrated living minister, which is as follows:—"A few years since, as the Rev. — —, an excellent Baptist minister in London, was walking along one of the crowded streets of that city, his attention was arrested by the circumstances that a carriage with several horses was just about to pass over a little girl who was slowly crossing the road. He strongly felt the danger of the child, and, forgetting his own, he ran, snatched her up in his arms, and hastened with her to the side-path, when the thought struck him, what would the parents of this dear child have felt had she been killed? At this moment he looked in the face of the little girl, which had been concealed from his view by her bonnet, and imagine, if you can, what his feelings were when he discovered it was his daughter! I saw him about half an hour after the occurrence, and I shall never forget his agitation as he described to me her danger, or his expressions of thankfulness to an infinitely gracious Being who thus delivered his beloved child from death."

Teacher. That is a very touching fact, and it supplies a valuable lesson to Sunday-school teachers. Many of them, in efforts to save the children of their neighbours, have been made the means of saving their own. And if the rescue of a body gave such pleasure, what shall be said of the joy of saving a soul, and that soul a son or a daughter. Reginald, let us next have yours.

Reginald. Sir, I have met with a passage, said to be in a will, that has somewhat impressed me. It runs thus:—"I recommend to my sons, from my own experience in life, to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station to the trouble and vexations of public business; but if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the time should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or of death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country and endeavouring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

Teacher. That is a valuable piece of advice given in a way calculated to impress it indelibly on the heart. It well deserves the notice of the rising generation of Englishmen, and, if universally acted upon, it would ultimately give a new aspect to the affairs of the nation.

POPERY IN PORTUGAL.

THE following beautiful letter, sent us by the family of the young lady, will be read with much interest by all Sunday-school children:—

LETTER FROM A LADY ABROAD TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.

Oporto, March 28, 1846.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,—A long time has passed since your teacher was called to leave you and all her friends

to cross the sea and dwell in a foreign land; but although she has been so long absent, and can no longer meet you in the Sunday-school, she still remembers and often loves to think of you; more than this, she does not forget to pray for you to that God who watches over and guides all those who love him both in England and every other part of the world. Now, my dear children, sit very still while this letter is being read to you; remember who sends it, and think that your affectionate teacher is once more speaking to you.

I am going to tell you a few things which I am sure you will like to hear, although some of them will make you feel sorry.

The country in which I now live is a very beautiful country: it has high mountains, and fine rivers, and soft, warm weather. God has made delicious fruits to grow in it and lovely flowers, and given it many *many* blessings; but the people do not love God as they should, nor serve him as he tells them in his holy word. They do not pray to Jesus Christ for the pardon of their sins, but to his mother, the Virgin Mary, and to saints, and images of their own painting and making. The poor little children grow up very ignorant, wicked, and often cruel; they do not love each other, for they have not been taught to love God. They have no Sunday-schools to go to, no kind teachers to tell them the path to heaven: they cannot read nor write, but they pass their days like the beasts of the field in strolling about almost naked, picking up any dry crusts with the dogs and pigs, begging, fighting, and playing in the fountains. When I so often see these poor little creatures, I cannot help thinking of *you*, and wishing they could share some of the advantages *you* possess, but which I fear you too little prize.

There are many churches or chapels in the land, and most of the people go *once* on the sabbath; but when I have told you of the manner in which the service is conducted, you will not wonder that this worship does them so little good. These churches are very splendid, gaily painted, and gilded and ornamented with beautiful pictures and images; but the poor, sinful people kneel down before these pretty things, and, I am grieved to tell you, PRAY to them—yes, pray to these wooden saints to keep their souls and bodies from harm! At the upper end of the church is placed a high altar, covered with a handsome cloth of velvet or woven gold and silver. On this high table stand the gold and silver vessels belonging to the church, numerous little figures of the different saints, vases, and festoons of flowers, and *three crosses*, on which are nailed figures intended to represent our Saviour and the two thieves who were crucified with him. At this *high altar* the *poorer people may not worship*, only the priests and those who are rich enough to pay them for permission to do so; but down on either side of the church are ten or twelve smaller tables, at which the deluded creatures assemble, and, falling on their knees, remain sometimes for hours praying to their saint! They pray aloud, and frequently very earnestly. I have seen mothers take their little infants with them on their knees, hold their tiny hands in supplication, and with tears implore the blessing and protection of the image! Large candles are kept burning in all parts of the church, even during the day, as this is thought to please the saints. The priests read a form of worship to the people, sweet music is played and sung, but whether good or bad they cannot tell, for it is all in a language which they cannot understand. If any one is sick, they go, or else send some one for them, to pray to one of these senseless blocks to heal them, and often promise that if the saint will make them well, they will on a certain day of religious *festa* or fair go on their knees a certain number of times round the church where the image is kept; or they will spend a certain sum of money in buying a leg, or an arm, or head, to give as a thank-offering for their recovery. These heads, legs, &c., are made of wood or wax painted, and sold at a shop adjoining the church. The poor creatures sometimes spend their last money in buying these things, then, running off, joyfully present them at the feet of the

saint with grateful thanks for the deliverance they imagine it has afforded them. As soon as the person is gone away, however, the priest snatches up the gift, and, sending it back to the saint-shop, has a chance of selling it again, and thus getting more money; for all the money taken at the saint-shop is claimed by the *priests* instead of the saints; and while the priests are filling their pockets with the money of the people the saint gets nothing, nor wants, indeed! but a few gaudy trimmings, not to keep it warm, but to make it smart; although this, you know, they do not tell the people.

I think I have mentioned the *festas* to you. Well, I have been to several of these religious fairs, and will tell you a little about them.

The day and night previously the people come from the country round, generally in companies of twenty or thirty, all dressed in their best, some on mules or donkeys, others playing on musical instruments, beating time with their castanets, singing merrily, and dancing. It is very pretty to see the young people dancing along the road, while the more steady move slowly on, their heads being covered with a clean white kerchief, and protected from the sun by large crimson umbrellas. The ground for some distance round the church is occupied by different groups, some selling bread, some the hot fried fish of the country, others flowers, toys, &c. As the numbers increase, to perhaps five or six thousand, the scene becomes very gay and noisy. The church is brightly lighted, and thrown open to all; the people rushing in, fly to embrace the saints, present their gifts, and, falling on their knees, loudly commence their prayers. A band of harsh instruments plays wild and merry music—fire-works are let off from different points of the building. To increase the din and uproar, the dogs bark, the frightened children cry, bells ring, the men and women at length *scream* their *prayers and pick their neighbours' pockets at the same time*; and this lasts two, and often three, days!

This, my dear children, is the general character of a religious festival or saints' holiday: much more of the kind I could tell you, but it would only shock and pain you. Think how displeasing all this mockery must be to *God*, whose commandments are thus trodden under foot, and whose word is made a lie! while the house which ought to be set apart and kept for his holy service is so grievously polluted and profaned.

In passing through the crowds on the outside I was attracted by the occasional appearance of some little children, gaily dressed in painted muslin, straw or paper hats, trimmed with bunches of flowers and silver. On inquiry, I found that these were all children who had been so ill that it was expected they would die; but the saint was petitioned, they recovered, and their mothers purchased these smart clothes, (in which, had they died, they would have been buried,) and were going, as they said, to offer their children to the saint for having saved them from death. though in reality merely to leave their clothes at its feet! Here, again, how is *God* dishonoured! He alone can preserve and keep us alive. In his hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind. He sends diseases, and he alone can remove them. To him, therefore, should we apply in all our wants and troubles; and to God alone render the praises and thankful tributes of our hearts. These poor children kneel before a saint (*an image*), to return their thanks for benefits they imagine they have received from it; and can I think, my dear children, that you *do less* than they? You who have been so much better instructed,—not in a false religion, but in the worship of the one living and true God,—do you daily implore his protection from harm, and help against sin and snares? Do you love to go, and, kneeling at his footstool, tell him how much you wish to thank him for his goodness to you, a poor little sinful child? Oh, I am sure you do. You feel your heart beat louder and faster when you think how much God loves you, and how ready he ever is to listen to your prayers when in the name of Jesus Christ you seek his mercy:

"He sees us from his throne on high,
And watches all our ways;
And stoops to notice for his own
The youngest child that prays."

Well, my dear children, this is rather a long letter. I have already written more than I intended when I began, but there is still much that I should like to tell you. However, perhaps one day I may write you another letter; or, if not, I may come and pay you a visit, and then, you know, I can talk to you, and tell you much more than I can on paper. But there is another *perhaps*, my dears, and that is, I may not be permitted either to write to you again or return to my beloved friends and country; or some one of *you* now listening to this letter may, ere that time arrives, be numbered with the dead—one of you may die! Which is it?—you know not. Are you ready, my dear child? Can you leave this pleasant earth, and go with joy to dwell in heaven? Do you wish to dwell with the pure bright angels, to sing their holy songs, and wear their glorious crowns? Do you long to see the Saviour Jesus, and feel him take you in his arms, and, blessing you, say you are his little lambs? You do?—then love him while he lets you stay upon the earth. If you love him, you will be always trying to do something that will please him. Shall I tell you a few of the things you little ones can do to please the great God? Have you sometimes a *naughty temper*, that makes you say and do what is wrong? then each time you *keep away* that sinful temper Jesus smiles. Have you ever been tempted to tell an *untruth*? Alas, that cruel heart that would so pain the gentle Jesus! O never, never tell a lie again, for Jesus loves the *truth*. Try to be obedient to your parents, teachers, and friends; be kind and gentle to your brothers and sisters, and never quarrel with your playmates. Be meek and thankful when told of a fault. Some children look cross, and, I fear, feel angry, when corrected; but do you remember that if no one were to tell you of your faults, you would soon grow bad indeed, for you could not find them out yourselves?

Now, my dear children, I must bid you all an affectionate farewell. Do not forget what I have told you; do not forget to pray for your absent teacher; and, above all, do not forget to pray for *yourselves*, and, when next you pray, remember to thank the good God who has blessed you with so many advantages over the poor little *Portuguese* I have been telling you about.

With love, and best wishes for your happiness,

I remain,
My dear little friends,
Your affectionate teacher,
R. B. H.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND AN EXAMPLE TO SCHOLARS.

JOSEPH DRAKE, the subject of this brief narrative, was born at Manningham, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Sept. 6, 1836. From his childhood his parents considered it their duty to train him up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," relying on the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and in order to the furtherance of their design, at an early age they sent him to a sabbath-school in the neighbourhood. His progress during his stay at this school soon convinced his teacher that he was a child of no ordinary abilities, which, combined with his great thirst for knowledge, soon gained the approbation and more immediate attention of his instructor.

He had not, however, remained here long, before, on account of some domestic circumstances, the family were obliged to remove to Bradford, in the vicinity of College Chapel. The sabbath-school connected with that place being very near, his parents found it more convenient to send him there, in order to receive further instruction. Whilst at this school he was observed likewise to manifest a very amiable temper—to delight to do anything which would benefit any of his fellow-scholars—to listen with the greatest attention to what was said to him by his teacher—and, in truth, as a wise child, he heard and increased in learn-

ing. These dispositions naturally led his parents to form great hopes of his future usefulness, and to look forward to him as the joy of their old age, should his life be spared. But, alas! how soon were these fond hopes blighted.

Towards the latter end of last year, on account of some slight indisposition, he was obliged to absent himself from his class; which seemed at first to be a great privation to him, but afterwards he became more reconciled to it. Little did he think that when he left school in October he would never again return to receive sabbath-school instruction, or that ere long he would be mouldering in the dust. The indisposition before mentioned gradually assumed a more serious aspect; but never, till April, did his parents, or even the doctor who attended him himself, think that the disease which was preying upon his mortal frame was anything more than a slight cold, and that as soon as the weather became warmer he would be restored to health. All possible means were used for his restoration; but "God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts." He still grew worse, and, towards the beginning of April, as no symptoms of recovery showed themselves, fears were entertained that soon he would be numbered with the dead; which fears were afterwards confirmed when the physician informed his friends that all his skill was in vain, and that soon their child would be no more, unless an unseen Providence preserved his life. When his parents heard the painful intelligence they seemed to be overwhelmed in silent grief; more especially (though he was a child who exhibited some of the loveliest features human nature ever possessed) because they thought that he was still destitute of the principles of vital godliness. Their neighbours endeavoured to persuade them, that a child of such pleasing dispositions and innocent desires as their son possessed would be sure to attain the crown of glory which awaits the followers of Jesus Christ; but with such conclusions they were not by any means satisfied, and never was their grief at all assuaged until they had decisive evidence that he was a child of God.

When first Joseph was informed that there were no hopes of his restoration to health, he appeared to be much perplexed; and when asked the reason of his discontentment, he replied that he was sorry to leave his dear parents and friends. The day-school which he used to frequent was immediately opposite the house where he lived, and often he would sit in his chamber, and anxiously looking at the scholars while at play, he would exclaim, "O that I was with them." But shortly after he became quite resigned to the will of God, and, if not in words, at least in spirit, to say with our dear Redeemer, "Thy will be done." About this time he was often observed to be engaged in fervent prayer; and never were his parents so much delighted as when they heard him say that he was not at all afraid to die, at the same time assigning as a reason that he felt assured that his prayers were heard, and that his sins were washed away:

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

On one occasion, observing his mother weeping, he asked her why she wept? She answered that she was sorry to lose her dear son; whereupon he replied, in the most tender yet solemn manner, "Do not weep for me, dear mother, I shall soon be in heaven to join in singing praises to the Lamb of God, where I hope you all will meet me never to part any more." On the Saturday before he died, when the physician examined him, his mother asked the doctor his opinion; when he replied, that he believed one side of his lungs was completely gone, which greatly afflicted her, but her son remained quite composed. At another time he called to his mother and said, "Mother, bring my brothers and sisters, and let us pray." And when she had collected them together, she engaged in prayer; and when she had concluded, she asked him if he liked to hear her pray, and he said, "Yes, mother; but when you pray you always

cry, and that distresses me. Why do you cry, mother? You need not cry, but rather rejoice on my account: I shall soon be in heaven, and then I shall be far happier than I am now." In the evening of this day he expressed a strong desire to see Mr. S——, the pastor of College Chapel; and on the following day (Sunday) he called upon him, and had some most pleasing and interesting conversation with him, the particulars of which we cannot however give. On the same day I, with some other fellow-teachers, visited him, and asked him several questions, which he answered in a most satisfactory manner. We asked him then if he should like to see any of his class-mates, to which he replied that they were so rough. "One of them," said he, mentioning his name, "swears." Soon after, however, he named two whom he wished to call upon him; and on the following day, when they went to see him, he began to propose to them questions of the greatest importance. Addressing himself to one of them, he said, "Are you afraid to die?" and with such solemnity, yet tenderness, he uttered these words, that the boy immediately burst into tears. In the evening of the same day, whilst his sister was sitting beside him, she heard him singing to himself the following beautiful lines:—

"Then in a sweeter, nobler song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

On Tuesday morning, the day on which he died, about four o'clock in the morning, he called upon his mother and expressed a desire to get up; but she told him he had far better remain in bed: and then he requested his father to pray, which he accordingly did; and when he had concluded, Joseph attempted to sing the following verse of Dr. Watts:—

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain."

But before he could finish his strength was exhausted. About eight o'clock on the same morning his father asked him if he should go to his work, and he said, "Yes, father—I shall not die till afternoon;" and, in truth, his word was verified,—for about two o'clock on the same day he peacefully fell asleep (we trust) in Jesus, in the arms of his afflicted mother. Thus died Joseph Drake, an example of youthful devotion, aged nine years and a few months; but "being dead he yet speaketh" in the voice of encouragement to sabbath-school teachers to persevere in their labours, and as an example to Sunday-school scholars.

July, 1846. S. LAYCOCK.

"WHAT IS LIFE?"

How swiftly flies the shooting star!
A glimpse, no more is given;
How short its course! it gleams not far
Athwart the broad blue heaven.
And such is human life—it is
A path as short and trod as fast,
Between the two eternities—
The coming and the past.

But short as is that meteor's course,
It sparkles bright and clear;
A ray of cheerfulness it pours
Around its narrow sphere:
So may your path, though brief, be bright,
Have sweets that never cloy,
Be one unbroken line of light,
One course of love and joy.

That star, as it did upward rise,
More and more brilliant grew,
Till, with a burst, it reach'd the skies,
And pass'd beyond our view:
Thus live—you will with wings unfurl'd
Spring joyously away,
And soar into the upper world
Of everlasting day.

To tell the glorious form you'll take
Above my powers I deem;
Your brow so glorious as to make
Your crown less radiant seem:
To you it will no more be given
A meteor path to climb,
But there, like some fix'd star in heaven,
For ever shine sublime.

July, 1846. H. M. GUNN.

Cabinet of Things New and Old

REALITY OF THE RELIGION OF THE CROSS.

I LATELY attended the funeral obsequies of the beloved wife of my dear brother in the gospel, the Rev. W. Brewis, of Penrith, Cumberland; and hoping that a few reflections on the dying scene and what I witnessed in the house of mourning may be of service to some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE, I venture to transmit the following thoughts. Being officially engaged at the request of the deceased both in interring the remains and preaching the funeral sermon, one prominent idea pervaded my mind on the mournful occasion—the *reality* of the religion of Jesus, and its power to sanctify the soul and to administer support in the trying hour.

As in life so at the approach of death one among many features of the Christian character was prominent in the experience of the late Mrs. Brewis,—*her anxious concern for the conversion of sinners.* A short time before her dissolution she desired several of her neighbours to be called into her room, and, though her strength was rapidly failing, yet, with short and interrupted breathings, she urged them to seek the things which belong to their peace before it was too late.

The spiritual welfare of others was an object she much sought after in life, and this desire was strong in death. She knew and felt the preciousness of the Saviour to her own soul, and her prayer to God was that others might have the same experience. O how delightful to see a Christian just on the confines of eternity strong in the hope of the gospel, and exhorting all around to come to that dear Saviour "who is rich unto all that call upon him!" Let Christians be careful to live according to their holy profession, that their end may be peace, and their dying testimony to the grace of Jesus convincing and edifying. Her medical attendants were the objects of her deep solicitude. Besides speaking to them respectfully but faithfully of the way of salvation through faith in a crucified Redeemer, she requested that a copy should be presented to each of them of Jay's "Morning Exercises," a work from which she herself had derived great profit and pleasure.

Her prayers for the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom were most earnest and affectionate. She said she would pray for the church as long as she could; she had always been an ardent friend of the cause of Christ both at home and abroad, and in the near prospect of joining the blissful society above she poured out her supplications for the prosperity of Zion. In the pangs of "the dying strife" she could not forget the interests of the dear Christian breth-

ren with whom she had long enjoyed fellowship in the blessings of the gospel, and she prayed and wrestled for their enlargement in numbers, in spirituality, and in usefulness. Already she breathed the spirit of that region where "all the air is love," and her soul longed that the purity and the bliss of heaven might descend on mortals here below. Let but Christians actually "come to the spirits of just men made perfect through Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant," and there will be a nearer resemblance between the church on earth and the church in heaven.

All the conjugal and parental feelings of a Christian wife and mother appeared in her affection for her family. Her counsel and encouragement to her dear husband and children were such as long experience in the Christian life alone could furnish, and a mind richly imbued with the grace of God alone could give. The bereaved partner will be often cheered by the remembrance of her triumphant faith and living hope in the article of death; and the dear children will never forget the yearnings of a mother's love, the counsels of a mother's care, the prayers on their behalf of a mother's expiring breath.

Whilst cherishing the tenderest regard for her weeping family, she "had a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." When her sorrowing husband intimated to her that he was afraid, from the opinion which the physicians had expressed, that there was no hope, she exclaimed, "Afraid! I am delighted to hear it." She rejoiced that she was no longer to be detained in this world of sin, and that the time of her departure to her Father's house was at hand. The last words she was heard to utter were, "Farewell; I am just going—I am quite ready."

The contemplation of this peaceful end of the Christian is rendered still more interesting by *the humble deportment and consistent life of its subject.* From her first experience of the power of Divine grace in early life to the day of her death she maintained a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. Allowing for infirmities common in this imperfect state to the best of Christians, she was one of those who can say, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." In the case of death-bed conversions there is wanting one main evidence of the reality of the change—*the fruits of holiness;* but where the belief of the truth, as in the instance before us, has been followed by a long course of evangelical obedience, there can be no doubt that such a one is "an Israelite indeed." O that the *young* would decide immediately for God and heaven, and enter by Christ the door that narrow path which, though it may be sometimes rugged, is strown with a thousand sacred sweets, and at the end opens into boundless and everlasting joy! "In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death."

The writer of these lines trusts that in paying the last offices of respect to departed worth, not a few found that "it is better to go

to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting." May the living lay it to his heart! At the interment, and in the services of the following sabbath, when the solemn event was improved, a deep and sacred solemnity seemed to rest on the minds of the worshippers, and to produce the conviction that "*the righteous hath hope in his death.*" Even the grave appeared divested of its gloom. "There was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid." It is a piece of ground adjoining the chapel, and is sufficiently consecrated by receiving into its bosom for the first time the dust of one who died in the Lord, which dust Jesus will watch over, and at the appointed time will raise from its present state of humiliation, "that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

That is indeed a house of mourning in which the husband is deprived of a faithful wife and five children of a most affectionate mother; but it was mourning relieved by *hope*, moderated by resignation to the Divine will, and sanctified by the Divine presence. In the devotions of the sanctuary and the family God was the refuge and strength of the distressed, a very present help in trouble.

Can anything like this be found among the children of this world? Have the thoughtless, the gay, and the vicious, any such refuge to flee to when their strength fails and an awful eternity opens to their view? O no! the world is *their* ALL, and when they must leave it, there is nothing before them but darkness, and fear, and trembling, a horrible tempest! Fellow-sinners, you are under the curse of God; for it is written, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." That curse involves death temporal, spiritual, and eternal. But there is a way of deliverance, as wonderful as it is effectual, to all who embrace it: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Behold here God's unspeakable love, who gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Confide in the atoning sacrifice of Christ as the only and all-sufficient ransom for your souls; follow Christ in all the paths of holy obedience, and you have the promise of Him whose word is immutable truth that you shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Flee for refuge to this mighty Redeemer, and you will build on a foundation which shall never be moved, obtain a hope which shall never be blasted, and joys which shall never wither. This is the Rock on which every believer rests, and from which he shall never be separated. Here, and nowhere else, are perfect security and everlasting repose. He is the tried stone, the sure foundation; he that believeth on him shall never be confounded, but all they that are far from him by wicked works and an unbelieving heart shall perish. Yield yourselves to God, through faith in the great Mediator, and death and judgment shall be no longer your dread, for "our Saviour Jesus

Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

Alston, July 17, 1846. J. H.

RUTH THE MOABITESS.

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—RUTH i. 16.

THE history of Ruth the Moabitess is one of the shortest but at the same time one of the most interesting portions of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is distinguished for its extreme simplicity and beauty, for its delightful images of pastoral and rural life, for the insight which it gives us into the usages and customs of a very remote period of the world, and for the useful and practical instruction with which it abounds. That part of the book to which we would more particularly invite the attention of the reader for a very little, brings under our notice the great attachment which existed between the two principal female characters of the narrative. Naomi, the elder of the two, was a Jewish matron, who, with her husband Elimelech, had been driven by famine from the land of their nativity, and had gone to sojourn in the country of Moab. At the time of their removal the family consisted of four persons—Naomi, her husband, and two sons—a goodly family though small, and one that bade fair to hand down their common name to future generations. But "God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts." First, the head of the household was removed by death, and subsequently her two sons died also, both of whom had married Moabitish women, now left widowed and childless. These dispensations were very trying, and, therefore, we need hardly wonder at Naomi's exclaiming that the Lord had dealt very bitterly with her. On resolving to return to her native country, Naomi advised her daughters-in-law to remain behind her with their kinsfolk and friends; and her arguments prevailed with Orpah, who, we are informed, kissed her mother-in-law and returned unto her people and her gods. It was otherwise with Ruth, the chief character of the story. She steadfastly resisted all entreaties to follow the example of her sister, and only replied to the expostulations of Naomi in the words already quoted, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The attachment thus displayed is very warm and praiseworthy. It led her to forsake her relatives and friends, to quit the country of her birth, and accompany the object of her regard into the land of strangers. She hoped that she might thus be enabled to minister to Naomi's wants, to sympathize and

mourn with her in the afflictions which wrung her heart, and alleviate by her labours and kind attention the privations and infirmities which attend old age and want. The distress produced by reverse of worldly circumstances is one of the best criterions for enabling us to distinguish between real and false friends. We may learn from the conduct of Ruth to be faithful and affectionate towards our friends in adversity, remembering, for our encouragement, that we never more resemble our blessed Lord than when we pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, and relieve the distresses of the destitute and forsaken. It was with great nobleness of spirit that Ruth resolved to share the fortunes of her aged mother-in-law. The worldly circumstances of Naomi were at this time by no means enviable. We find her sending Ruth to glean in the fields of Boaz—a plain proof of their poverty, and of their being in want even of the common necessaries of life. What could be the *ruling* motive which influenced Ruth in the step she thus took? It is pretty plain from the concluding clause of verse 16 that she had been instructed in the knowledge of the one living and true God, the God of her mother-in-law; and this accounts for her anxiety to accompany Naomi to the land of Israel, the moral garden in the wilderness of surrounding idolatry. She was anxious to enjoy the blessing of intercourse with the people of God, to visit those places which had witnessed miraculous displays of Divine power and goodness, and to unite with God's chosen people in the exercises of religious worship. Orpah, as already seen, returned unto her people and her gods. Though blessed to Ruth, Divine truth had produced no beneficial effect upon *her* mind; thus illustrating the sovereignty of God, who has mercy on whom he will have mercy, and compassion on whom he will have compassion, and whom he will he hardeneth. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill the one shall be taken and the other left."

The conduct of Ruth in choosing the people of Naomi for her people, and the God of Israel for her God, was not left unrewarded. God regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, united her in marriage to a wealthy kinsman of her former husband, and made her a mother in Israel—yea, an ancestress of David the great king, and also of Jesus, David's King and David's Lord. In the reception of this Gentile woman into the church of God, and in the distinguished place assigned her as a progenitrix of our Lord, we have an earnest and pledge of the admission of the Gentiles to a participation of the privileges, greatly enlarged, that were so long confined to the Jews, as the peculiar people of the Lord. Like Ruth, let us learn to forego all worldly company, all the deceitful pleasures and honours of this present life, in order that we may enjoy the friendship of God and spiritual intercourse with his people; remembering our Lord's gracious promise to Peter, and to all who rest their faith on the same foundation as that of Peter's confession, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brother, or wife, or

children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

July, 1846. D. J. D.

STRONG CONSOLATION.

Heb. vi. 18.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God," was the command of Jehovah to his prophets in ancient days. His will is still the same. He is still himself "the God of all comfort," who giveth us "everlasting consolation and good hope through grace;" and his ministers, while they are to "warn the unruly," are also to "comfort the feeble-minded." They "have not dominion over their faith, but are helpers of their joy."

Observe to whom the "strong consolation" of the gospel belongs; to those only "who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them." What is the *object* of this hope? It is salvation—eternal life—"that" inconceivable glory, that endless happiness which is "within the vail," ver. 19—the true holy of holies, "whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." What is its *basis?* Christ alone. He, having on earth atoned for their sins by the sacrifice of himself, and being risen from the dead, is gone before them thither. He "is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." It is "by his blood" alone "we have boldness to enter into the holiest—by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh." This hope is "set before us" in the gospel; publicly exhibited, indiscriminately offered for universal use. "Him hath God set forth as a propitiation." But those are here spoken of who have actually "fled for refuge"—(just as the man-slayer would speed towards the appointed city, Num. xxxv. 11—15)—to the rich mercy of God, through that glorious redemption. And they have so fled to it as in reality "to lay hold," and keep hold, on the object of their hope. With a *tenacity* only equalled by the *earnestness* with which they first sought it, they cling to the cross. They never felt safe till they could grasp "the horns of the altar;" and now they neither imagine nor desire any other security.

> "Now let the wildest storms arise,
> Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
> No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
> But all my treasures with me bear."

Now, this "strong consolation" is derived, in the first instance, from the very act of "fleeing" to Jesus. "There is no peace" to the impenitent, the careless, the unbelieving. But as soon as other

confidences are renounced, and Christ is received by faith, forthwith conscience is pacified, the heart finds an unwonted serenity. Heaven and nature smile, the heavy burden rolls into the sepulchre, and the happy pilgrim goes on his way rejoicing.

Far be it from us, however, to imply that the relief at first obtained continues always undiminished, unimpaired. Clouds again overspread the horizon and "hide the promise" from the mental eye. Conscious unworthiness, depravity, and weakness; increased experience of the deceitfulness of the heart; harassing conflicts with inward and outward enemies; and the various temptations, trials, and, perhaps, persecutions, to which the Christian profession exposes, render *renewed* "consolation" needful. And it is provided, promised, given. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

It is remarkable how emphatically it is here declared to be the *will* of God that this should be realized. Referring to the words he had used to Abraham, the apostle tells us that the Lord, in wonderful condescension to the weakness of man and his proneness to unbelief, and purposing to give his people the most *abundant* assurance that his "counsel" respecting their salvation was "immutable," confirmed the promise and covenant, involving it with what is equivalent to the solemn ratification of "an oath," that so, "by two immutable things"—even the covenant itself, and this inviolable confirmation of it, "in which it was *impossible* for God to lie," either by being himself deceived, or by being induced to deceive others, or by seeing cause to alter his purposes—this "consolation" might be immovable, and their hope "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast."

Yea, it is *God himself*, O Christian, who is your Comforter: "I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass?" "As one whom *his mother* comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." He sends his own Spirit to be the Comforter of the church, and in this character to abide with it for ever. Is it not, then, clearly your *duty* as well as privilege to seek and to cultivate these powerful consolations, and thus to let the world know what a God you serve, and how you estimate his service?

Besides, finally, recollect this is God's *own method* for your progressive *sanctification*. Holiness and happiness are, in the Divine system of dispensations, reciprocal and reactive. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

> "Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
> It makes a freeman of the slave,
> And bids the sluggard rise;
> It lifts a worm of earth on high,
> Provides him wings, and makes him fly
> To mansions in the skies."

Beaminster, July, 1846. A. B.

THE EXEMPLARY STEP-MOTHER.

MR. EDITOR,—The following is a copy of a letter from a minister to an estimable member of his church, when about to be married to one of his deacons, who had several children. Perhaps it may be useful to some of the many thousand readers of your CHRISTIAN WITNESS or CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE, for whose success I earnestly pray.

Lewisham. Θ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Anticipating your new and very responsible undertaking, in a change of name and state, I beg to assure you of the deep interest I feel in your welfare. I look upon this important event in your life as the kind and merciful arrangement of Divine Providence. Your influence must be extensively felt, and I pray that it may be for great good in your adopted family and in the church of Christ. His grace, which you are invited to seek, will be sufficient for you in every duty and in every trial. May you be richly endowed with the gifts and blessings of his Spirit!

"STEP-MOTHERS," however, it must be acknowledged, occupy stations of great difficulty, especially where there are many children, and all of them at home. But though their duties are at once peculiar, weighty, and difficult, it is possible for a woman to discharge them not only with satisfaction to herself, but so as to draw down the blessings of Heaven on her own head by those whom Divine Providence may place under her care. Many examples of such I have known; and one of the most beautiful exhibitions of a person in that station is to be found in the memoir of an estimable minister, the Rev. Alexander Begg, M.A., of Aberdeen. I will here transcribe a few of the particulars for your instruction and encouragement:—

"The piety, prudence, and godly consistency of this worthy female," his biographer states, "exerted the happiest influence on his character and prospects; and he always considered that, under God, he owed to his step-mother all his future success. His favourite expression in reference to her was, 'She was to my father's house what the ark was to the house of Obed-edom,' 2 Sam. vi. 11. Another brother, writing on the same theme, says, 'I cannot think or speak of this beloved woman with common feelings. No! I trust, and do believe the circumstance of my being related to her will be a theme of thanksgiving and praise to the God of all grace through a long eternity. For, as a means, she brought blessings to our house as durable as eternity. We all loved her dearly, and as dearly did she love us; and, strange as it may seem, we never discovered the least abatement of affection on her part even when she had children of her own claiming all a mother's heart.'

"From the day she entered the house she made it her care not only to attend to the personal comfort of the children, which she did to the admiration of all, but also to cultivate their tender minds by imparting a knowledge of Scripture truth. The writer of this memoir, from having had access to the most authentic sources of information respecting the eminent virtues of this exemplary step-mother, has no doubt whatever that she was the humble instrument of

imbuing the mind of his deceased friend with those great principles the development of which in after-life rendered him such an efficient and successful minister of Christ."

Praying that you may be equally exemplary, beloved, and successful, in your anticipated character as step-mother, I remain, yours in Christian regard, T.

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. VII.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

We have already seen by what steps Popery, that masterpiece of priestcraft, rose to its predicted height of usurpation and cruelty under the pretended sanctions of religion, and under the blessed but abused name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Its fearful prevalence and real character were foretold by the prophets of God; and its overthrow was also Divinely decreed. The "sure word of prophecy" against "the man of sin" has, in part, been fulfilled; and it will be most instructive to our young readers to trace the history of its overthrow, as in that will further appear the unparalleled cruelty of the popes and their priestly colleagues in labouring to uphold their antichristian system and to prevent its reformation.

The enormous power of the popedom was shaken to its base by the Council of Constance, when that assembly deposed several of those ambitious and blaspheming pontiffs. Still that council is rendered "infamous" by the imprisonment and murder of those two great men, John Huss, a celebrated preacher, rector of the university of Prague, and his friend Jerome, a learned Bohemian gentleman of the same city—the emperor Sigismund basely violating his promise of safety and security given to Dr. Huss.

Divine Providence had excited a spirit of inquiry concerning true Christianity by a partial revival of learning in Europe. England participated in this benefit, and a reformation in religion had been commenced by Dr. Bradwardine, and more especially by Dr. Wycliffe. The public labours of Wycliffe, aided by his translation of the Scriptures, had diffused a flood of light over the minds of many who now regarded the pope as the great antichrist, and claimed the liberty of following Christ by the testimony of his gospel. But the most determined efforts were made to cut off all who should dare to follow the light of truth as taught by Wycliffe from the Scriptures. It had been decreed by the popish council, A.D. 1215, "that all heretics should be delivered over to the civil power to be burned." In 1400, therefore, Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, obtained an Act of Parliament, according to the diabolical spirit of this popish decree, "that all heretics in England should be burnt in an high place before the people, to the end that such punishment might strike fear to the minds of others."

This "bloody statute," as it is justly called, was not allowed to remain a dead letter. In that year, 1400, William Sawtree, a priest in London, was arrested as a heretic, and cruelly burnt to death for preaching the faith of Christ. He was the first of the noble army of martyrs who were brought to

the stake in England for opposing, by the Scriptures, the abominations of Popery. In 1409, John Badby was burnt in like manner; and while that servant of Christ was in the fire, king Henry offered him a pension on condition of his recanting, but he refused, faithful to his Saviour.

The unfeeling prelate Arundel died in 1413, and was succeeded, in 1414, by Chichesley, as archbishop; and he is called by Milner "the firebrand of the age in which he lived." He merited that character during *thirty years* in his high office as a fierce persecutor. In 1414 a congregation assembling at the west end of London was surprised by some agents of the prelate, who killed about twenty, and took sixty prisoners: Beverly, their preacher, and two of his chief hearers, John Brown and Sir Roger Acton, were put to death. In 1415 John Claydon was burnt in Smithfield; in 1422 William Taylor, a priest, was burnt in the same place; and, in 1424, William White, a zealous preacher, was burnt at Norwich. In 1430 Richard Hoveden sealed thus the doctrine of Christ near the Tower, in London.

Divine light continued to shine, especially among the Waldenses, in the South of France, in Germany, and in Bohemia; and this light was increased by means of the circulation of the writings of Wycliffe. But the pope and his dignified priests laboured to exterminate the Waldenses and all the other dissenters from Popery. Albert, archbishop of Cremona, in Italy, received the sacred commission from pope Innocent VIII., A.D. 1488, to put to death all of them in the valleys of Piedmont. Incredible numbers fell victims to his merciless bigotry, which was rendered invincible by an army of eighteen thousand soldiers. Many, escaping the sword and fire, sought refuge among the snows of the Alps, where women and children, mothers and their sucking infants, perished by hundreds with cold and hunger. The mouths of caves, to which some had retired, were stopped with fagots, which being set on fire, those within were suffocated. On searching, about three thousand persons were found in this manner stifled to death!

We cannot follow these priestly monsters in their course of blood: their proceedings were marked with the most horrible wickedness, particularly by the "Holy Inquisition," which was established in Spain, A.D. 1481. The inhuman priest Torquemada was appointed its first inquisitor-general; and the total of his victims, during the eighteen years of his administration, was more than *ten thousand committed to the flames;* nearly *seven thousand* burnt in effigy; and upwards of *ninety-seven thousand* sentenced to confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or infamy!!

Divine Providence still favoured the cause of truth, especially in giving to Europe the art of printing, invented in Germany about the year 1440. This wonderful discovery was sanctified by the printing of the Latin Bible in 1450, and, by its holy light, became the chief means of the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. This century commenced under the pontificate of Alexander VI., "whom," as Dr. Mosheim observes, "humanity disowns, and who is rather to be considered as a monster than a man, whose deeds excite horror, and whose enormities place him among the most execrable tyrants of ancient times. The world was delivered from

this papal fiend in the year 1503, by the poisonous draught which he had prepared for others, as is generally believed. He was succeeded by Pius III., who, in less than a month, was deprived by death of that high dignity. The vacant chair was obtained by fraud and bribery by Julian de la Rovere, who assumed the name of Julian II. To the odious list of vices with which Julian II. dishonoured the pontificate we may add the most savage ferocity, the most audacious arrogance, the most despotic vehemence of temper, and the most extravagant and frenetic passion for war and bloodshed. His whole pontificate was one continued scene of military tumult; nor did he suffer Europe to enjoy a moment's tranquillity as long as he lived."

Lewis XII., king of France, and Maximilian I., emperor of Germany, made vigorous attempts "to set bounds to the tyranny of this furious pontiff, and to correct and reform the errors and corruptions of a superstitious church." Julian treated their opposition with mockery and laughter; but while meditating gratification of his vindictive spirit in their condemnation, death put an end to his enormities, A.D. 1512. Leo X. succeeded in 1513; he was a patron of learning, but, as is believed, an atheistical infidel in principle. His licentious extravagances, however, were overruled to serve as the occasion of calling forth Luther, first to oppose his sale of blasphemous "indulgences," and then of effecting the glorious Reformation in Europe, giving to many nations translations of the holy Scriptures!

We refer our young readers to the instructive pages of church history for exhibition of the life of Luther and of his noble fellow-labourers in this great work in Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, England, and Scotland. A few notices only can here be given of the sanguinary proceedings of the popish priesthood in seeking to prevent the knowledge of Christ from increasing by the pure word of God.

ENGLAND possessed the writings of Wycliffe, and many were inquiring after the truth as it is in Jesus; so that six men and a woman were brought to the stake by the priests, and died as martyrs for Christ, in 1519, at Coventry, for teaching children the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments! King Henry VIII. was so zealous for the pope, that he wrote a treatise in defence of Popery against Luther, for which his holiness rewarded him with the title ever since used by the sovereigns of England, "DEFENDER OF THE FAITH."

England was, however, to enjoy the blessings of the Reformation, and William Tindal was ordained of God to be one of the chief agents in accomplishing that good work. Being persecuted here, he fled to the continent to translate the Scriptures into English—(the New Testament was printed and published in 1526)—for which, however, the great king Henry united with the bishop of London, Dr. Tunstal, and others, in a plot to have him betrayed and seized; so that he was condemned and brought to the stake in 1536, near Antwerp, the martyr praying to the last for the king of England! But while that faithful martyr was in prison the king quarrelled with the pope, and sanctioned his translation of the whole Bible, completed and published by his friend and assistant Miles Coverdale.

Henry was a cruel tyrant; but his son, Edward VI., forwarded the Reformation in England, though after his death his sister Mary, succeeding to the throne, laboured to re-establish Popery. Multitudes fled to the continent to escape the fury of the Romish priesthood; but the prelates imprisoned hundreds of those who favoured the gospel as heretics, and the faithful martyrs for Christ were publicly executed at the stake in every province of England and in Scotland. Barbarous cruelty, scarcely heard of before, marked these executions; and no less than *two hundred and seventy-seven*, in different parts of England,—or, as some reckon, *four hundred*, including those who died in prison,—sealed the truth of the gospel with their lives in the short reign of the "*Bloody Mary!*" Of these martyrs it is said *five* were bishops, *twenty-three* other clergymen, *eight* gentlemen, *eighty-four* tradesmen, *one hundred* husbandmen, labourers, and servants, *fifty-five* women, and *four* children. There were also *fifty-four* more under prosecution, *seven* of whom were whipped, and *sixteen* perished in prison; but those who were thus waiting for their fiery translation were released on the death of Mary and the accession of queen Elizabeth.

FRANCE contained a very large number of the true followers of Christ, though its kings, from 1514 to 1572, Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX., were bigoted papists and violent persecutors. Under them the dissenters endured grievous sufferings, until 1572. The pages of history do not record such another instance of monstrous treachery and malignant barbarity as was perpetrated in that year in France under the cloak of religion of Jesus Christ. The pope and his agents influenced Charles IX., king of France, to resolve upon exterminating, by one decisive effort, all the dissenters from the Romish church. It was planned with diabolical cunning, and conducted with consummate hypocrisy. Many of the chief Protestants were invited to Paris, under a solemn oath of safety, to celebrate the marriage of the king of Navarre with the sister of the French king. The queen dowager of Navarre, a zealous Protestant, was destroyed before the marriage by poison concealed in her gloves; but the general butchery commenced at the tolling of the bell on St. Bartholomew's day, by the murder of admiral Coligni, who had been shot at and wounded two days previously. The hypocritical king of France visited him, and declared that the admiral's wound was his own; yet the shocking work of blood was conducted by the duke of Guise, urged forward by king Charles himself in person, as he had been excited by the Romish priests!

In the space of three days ten thousand Protestants were sacrificed to popish bigotry in Paris alone, by every kind of savage cruelty, no distinction being made on account of station or learning, sex or age. The massacre was extended throughout the country where these scriptural dissenters were known or suspected, if the papists had power; so that not less than *one hundred thousand* were at this time murdered in France! Persons of distinction were not spared in this sacrifice to bigotry. Even the Protestant king of Navarre and the prince of Condé were devoted to the same destruction; but their lives were spared on their professing themselves recon-

ciled to the Romish church; the king of France, with a terrible oath, proposing to them, "Mass, death, or the Bastile for life!"

This horrible tragedy was well known to have been *contrived by the ruling clergy* of the Romish church. Medals to commemorate it, as a joyful event, were struck in Paris. The annunciation of this shocking deed was received by the clergy in Spain and at Rome with expressions of unbounded exultation. The man who brought the news to Rome was rewarded with a thousand crowns; and when the letters of the papal legate residing at the French court were read in the assembly of cardinals, it was decreed that the pope should march with his cardinals to the church of St. Mark, to offer solemn thanks to God for so signal a blessing conferred on the see of Rome!

It was collected from authentic records, that during forty years in the middle of the sixteenth century, not less than a *million* of Protestants were sacrificed to the unrelenting tyranny of the papal power in France! Many of the Protestants fled from their country, not a few turned papists; but a considerable number took up arms, and defended themselves in the fortified towns. In 1598 Henry IV., of Navarre, succeeded to the throne of France, and he, as an act of sound policy, granted the famous "Edict of Nantz," which secured liberty of worship to the "Huguenots," as these dissenters were called; and they increased, to the serious mortification of the partisans and hierarchy of the church of Rome!

THE NETHERLANDS, especially after the death of the emperor Charles V., were distinguished by multitudes embracing the doctrines of the Scriptures. Philip, the son of Charles, and his successor on the thrones of Spain and the Netherlands, was a furious bigot to the Romish church, and he laboured to exterminate the dissenters. Concerting his measures with the prelate of that church, he sent "the duke of Alva, of infamous memory," on this mission of inhumanity; and "he poured out the Protestant blood on every side, while one hundred and twenty thousand fled from the persecution." But William, the prince of Orange, roused with indignation against his barbarities, undertook the deliverance of his native country; and this he accomplished with troops levied among the refugees and German Protestants. The mortified king of Spain recalled the duke of Alva; but that popish "monster boasted that he had delivered into the hands of the executioner above eighteen thousand heretics and rebels, besides those who died in the war!" This civil war resulted, however, in the formation of a new Protestant state in Europe, under the title of "THE SEVEN UNITED PROVINCES."

ITALY, "the seat of the beast," was penetrated with scriptural light, but the terrors and power of the bloodthirsty hierarchy soon extinguished it. How this was effected will appear from the following extract of a letter from a Catholic, in 1560, to a nobleman, while it will further illustrate the shocking spirit of the papacy:—"Hitherto, most noble lord, I have certified you what here daily hath been done about these heretics. Now cometh next to signify unto your lordship the horrible judgment begun this day, being the 11th of June, to be executed early in the morning against the Lutherans, which, when I think upon, I verily quake and tremble. For

they being all thrust up in one house together, as in a sheepfold, the executioner cometh in amongst them, taketh one and blindfoldeth him with a muffler about his eyes, and so leadeth him forth to a larger place near adjoining, where he commandeth him to kneel down, which being so done, he cutteth his throat, and leaving him half dead, and taking his butcher's knife and muffler, all of gore and blood, which the Italians call *beuda*, cometh again to the rest, and so leading one after another, he despatched them all, which were to the number of *eighty-eight*. This spectacle to behold, and doleful and horrible it was, I leave to your lordship's judgment, for to write of it, I myself cannot choose but to weep; neither was there any of the beholders present who, seeing one die, could abide to behold the death of another. But so humbly and patiently they went to death as is almost incredible to believe.

"It is, moreover, appointed, and the carts be come already, that *all those so put to death should be quartered*, and so conveyed in the carts to the highermost parts of Calabria, where they shall be hanged upon poles to the highways and other places, even in the confines of the same country; unless the pope's holiness and the lord viceroy of Naples shall give it in commandment to the lord marquis of Buccianus, governor of the said province, to stay his hand, he will proceed with the rack and torture that he will nigh despatch them all. This day is also determined that *a hundred of the more ancient women should appear, to be examined and racked, and after to be put to death, that the mixture may be perfect*, for so many men so many women. And thus have you that I can say of this justice. Now it is about two of the clock of the afternoon; shortly we shall hear what some of them said when they went to execution. There be certain of them so obstinate, that they will not look upon the crucifix, nor be confessed to the priest, and *they shall be burnt alive!* The heretics that be apprehended and condemned are to the number of *one thousand six hundred*; but, as yet, no more but these aforesaid eighty-eight are already executed!"

Enough has here been stated of the cruel murders by the antichristian priesthood; but Popery continued the same, in its principles and spirit, though checked by several powerful nations who had thrown off the degrading yoke of the Roman pontiff. Of these nations the chief was England, where, especially, the knowledge of the Scriptures happily increased, and sound principles of civil and religious liberty, as taught by the word of God, continued to prevail. From our brief and limited sketch of the Romish hierarchy we perceive the truth and correctness of the prophetic description of that "mystery of iniquity" in the corrupt church of Rome, as of a "WOMAN DRUNKEN WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SAINTS, AND WITH THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS OF JESUS!"

These enormities having been foretold, must have been permitted for wise ends, at present among the greatest mysteries of Divine Providence. That antichristian hierarchy still remains, but it is doomed to an eternal overthrow, for "the Lord shall consume it with the Spirit of his mouth, and destroy it with the brightness of his coming!" The Lord, in his omnipotent power and goodness, hasten it in his time!

DR. CHEEVER ON THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

EVERY part of earth, every heritage of intelligent freemen that has been visited with the fires of religious persecution, and every spot on earth that has not, ought to dread all approximation to the union of church and state; for power converts even devotion into superstition and fanaticism, and they that have got free themselves run to fasten their cast-off fetters upon others. If the church does not persecute *through* the state, the state will oppress the church, will make it a political tool, or nothing. Read the Commentary in the Canton de Vaud, where a democratic state, *not* Roman Catholic, enacts the persecuting antics of the English church and state under Queen Elizabeth, while the people are permitted by the state to mob the assemblies of Voluntary Christians! Where the church relies on the state for support it is an abject creature, fawning, and ready to be persecuted; where it is a part of the state by establishment, and holds the legislative and executive power, it is a ferocious creature, ready to persecute; it is the cat or the tiger, as circumstances require; it will catch mice for the state and sleep by the fireside, or it will abide in the jungles and play the Oriental despot.

This is not the true church of Christ but the church corrupted; for his church is not of this world. When the powers of this world, instead of being sanctified by the Christ, and so put in subjection to his authority, are committed to the church and subjected to the use of the church, under her authority, that is not the advancement of Christ's kingdom, nor is it the way in which Christ's kingdom *can* advance; for Christ's kingdom is spiritual, in the hearts of men, and not in the government of empires, which government, just so far as it is committed to the church, is but the act and voice of the tempter: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

All error is intolerant; but even the truth, if put into form without love, will roast men alive with no more remorse than error itself: so it is only the truth in love that can make men free. Put into form, and fought for as form, without love, it may make men as bitter, as violent, as malignant, as intolerant as any despotism of hierarchical error—because it becomes a selfish thing, a proud thing, a thing of *meum* and *tuum*, a thing of conquest, a possession of selfishness and pride.

All the fighting for truth, done without love, is not for God, but for self and Satan. If you really love the truth, you will love it under other forms besides your own; you will not fight to impose your form upon others. But if you belong to a form without love, and set out to extend the truth in your form, you inevitably become intolerant, and, if you had the power, you would be a fierce persecutor. There is no safety for the world against your intolerance but in your weakness.

We want protection for our religious convictions, not only against intolerance imposing an established form, not only against the church as an inquisition, as a despotism, but also against the intolerance of the people, against the caprices of popular liberty associated with power. We want a religious liberty above and separate from a political liberty, and which can no more be invaded by it than a man's dwelling-

house can be torn down with impunity, or a church or a city fired by a mob. This is impossible when the church is dependent on the state. The state will, if it pleases, direct the church what to teach, and how to teach it; and, if she refuses, will punish, will persecute. The state may be the purest of republics, and yet may indulge in the most atrocious despotism in matters of religion; therefore a constitutional state must have no power to meddle with religion at all except to protect its quiet worship. The whole world must inevitably come to this conclusion, and then the whole world will be still; then love will reign and truth will burn brightly; the state itself will more readily become religious when it is deprived of all power to modify and govern religion.

How impressively are these truths illustrated by what is now going on in Germany and Switzerland! God, in his providence, is showing us that neither Evangelical Protestantism, nor Romanism, nor Rationalism, whether under a republic or a despotism, can be entrusted with state power. The state cannot be entrusted with power over the church, for, some way or other, it will act the tyrant. The church cannot be entrusted with power over the state, or with the *use* of the state to enforce her rubrics or her teachings, for the church also, sooner or later, acts the tyrant when she is tempted to it. The temptation comes under the guise of an angel, under the plausible pretence of uniformity of worship and the advancing of the Redeemer's kingdom. So much the more dangerous it is, so much the more earnestly and carefully to be repelled. Religion is a voluntary thing both in form and doctrine. Let every state and every church respect it as such, and cease from enforcing it, and leave to Christianity

The Word of God ONLY,
The Grace of Christ ONLY,
The Work of the Spirit ONLY,

and then intolerance and strife will cease, truth and love will prevail, and error will die out of existence, and throughout all nations the kingdom of Christ will come.

[The above essay, if I may so call it, so pithy, forcible, and truthful, is taken from the "*Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp*," a small book of travels, by Dr. Cheever, who has written so well on Bunyan and his Pilgrim. "The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp" sparkles with the richest and noblest sentiments. They lie scattered throughout it as thickly and as beautiful as the dew-drops impearled on the grass-blades in the morning's sun. The above essay contains the true philosophy of the question of the union of church and state.—I. J.]

The Letter Box.

A PASTOR'S APPEAL

To an affectionate Parent regarding her little Children.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am assured that you love your children, that you ardently seek their happiness, their true prosperity, both here and hereafter. It is to promote these objects infallibly that I now write to you. I have often thought of conveying to you at large my views in regard to parental disci-

pline, as I feel convinced you have not hitherto fully understood them. But to-day I intend simply to inquire, What are *the direct commands of the Lord on the subject?* And however repulsive some of the statements I am about to give may be to your maternal feelings, yet, if we receive the plain meaning of the word of God, who can prescribe for your direction nothing that is wrong, we shall, indeed, see eye to eye regarding it. I am indeed grieved and almost heart-broken with the fearful amount of vital injury done by multitudes of professing Christian parents, and all from false kindness, and from a selfish desire to save their own feelings. These sow the seeds of misery and increased future rebellion against God in their children, and how large a harvest Satan reaps from that seed let the past and present history of the world disclose. It is high time that the Christian world were thoroughly aroused to consider this subject in the light of eternity; though, indeed, it is remarked by the celebrated Coleridge, that it is in vain to reason with many against their feelings! But my only dependence is on the blessing of the Holy Spirit accompanying a faithful declaration of the truth.

Before, then, writing down God's own words on the subject, let me say that I fully agree with you that all children (in regard to discipline) are not to be treated alike. Some strong and naturally rebellious spirits need a great deal more firmness and correction than those who are gentle and pliable, and boys in general need much more than girls. I also agree with you, that the less that correction is inflicted on children, (that is, in other words, the less they need it,) without injury to their disposition and training, so much the better. My heart is full of love to the young, and it gives me so much pain to hear them suffering, that, were it not absolutely necessary, and most clearly commanded by God, I would never approve of painful bodily correction being inflicted at all, especially on little ones. But when God speaks, it is most sinful and dangerous to confer with flesh and blood whether or not his commands shall be obeyed, evaded, or neglected altogether. And yet I believe (would that I were mistaken) that these commands are broken in regard to a vast majority of the children of professing Christians, who are thus almost ruined by indulgence, and by not having their wills properly subdued when they are young.

Every child brings into the world a proud, a wicked, a most rebellious nature. Their very spiritual disease, (that which is the source of all their future sins and miseries,) is self will. And God says, and experience says, and everybody says who has studied the subject, that kindness alone will never subdue the proud self-will of children.

Surely God loves all children, and yet he orders painful correction to do them good when they rebel. Would Infinite Benevolence prescribe this if it were not necessary? Shall we presume to be wiser than God, or more tender-hearted? What can I think of parents who seem to feel that they love their children more than God, and who, therefore, practically condemn his appointed way? I am, indeed, ready to believe that some parents inflict too much suffering on their children, are too harsh, and do not sufficiently bestow suitable kindness and encouragement. This is very wrong, and must tend to undermine the healthful influence of these parents on their children. But for one, perhaps, who goes wrong in too much correction, hundreds, if not thousands, go wrong in too little, and in too much indulgence; and thus by feeding the moral disease of self-will, they render the obstacles to their children's conversion greater and greater.

Let me further say, before quoting God's ordinance on the subject, that we have no more authority for attending to public worship or to the Lord's Supper; no more authority for believing that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten," than you have for obeying the commands I am about to mention. For the self-same authority that commands "all men everywhere to repent,"—that says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,"—also commands, "Chasten

thy son while there is hope." Do not think, I beseech you, that I am contending for *undue* severity, or extremes in correction. Far, very far, from it—the very opposite: I am only arguing for the binding obligation on parents to give the medicine to children which God has prescribed when they need it—neither too much nor too little—in order that in a little time they may need none at all. Is that severity? But I do regard it as the height of severity and cruelty to allow the spiritual disease in children to strengthen and increase, because it is painful for them to receive and doubly painful for the parents to give God's ordained medicine. How true is the word of God, "He that spareth the rod hateth the child." O could my voice reach those who thus sacrifice their children to spare their own temporary distress, I would say, "Be ashamed of your lack of moral courage and firmness, and of your deficiency of that true affection which, for the lasting good of its object, spares not itself."

And now for the law on the subject, which, as God's children, we are bound to obey.

The Parent inquires, Why, O Lord, should I put my children to pain, by correction, when they act improperly?

The Lord replies, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

The Parent. But I cannot bear, O Lord, to hear my children crying in pain, it goes to my heart; and I am glad, therefore, to omit punishment, and to employ any gentler means.

The Lord. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Do not stop short of doing my will, though the screaming from the proud heart of the rebellious child is like a lance in thy body; it is I that commandeth thee, "Spare him not for his crying," Prov. xix. 18.

Parent. But I am averse to inflicting bodily chastisement—I am afraid that if I beat him it will do his body harm.

The Lord. "Withhold not correction from the child, (and for thy encouragement I say unto you,) for when thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die," Prov. xxiii 13. Take heed that you do not yield to your feelings in this matter. You are training up the children for me. Keep close to my commandments.

Parent. But I am afraid, O Lord, that if I chasten strictly it will tend to *harden* them, so that they shall come to despise it and hate their parents.

The Lord. So far from hardening your children, where it is prudently and firmly done *in dependence on my blessing*, that I say unto you, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul," Prov. xxix. 17. Why do you not believe me? Obey, and you shall find that this is one of the ways to make your children constantly and truly happy; whereas the gratification you give them by indulging their wills and restraining correction is most deceitful, and will assuredly end in misery.

Parent. Suffer me once more to speak. It was love to my children that hitherto prevented me from putting them to bodily pain when they went wrong. My love was so great, that I was anxious, if possible, to seek their present enjoyment in every way, avoiding all severity and strictness; but now I begin to see I was wrong, and, by thy grace, I will change my manner of training.

The Lord. Your love in such a proceeding was *false love*, it was *selfish love*—in its real effects it was no other than *hatred;* for, is it not written, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes?" Oh, my grief with Israel was, that the foolish parents did not correct their children, therefore I wrote to them, "In vain have I smitten your children; they received no correction," Jer. ii. 30. But look at my example. Did I not love my Son, and yet, though he was perfectly holy, I spared him not, but "freely gave him up to the death" for all, Rom. viii. 32. Have I not a special delight in my children, and yet, for their good, do I not often put them to the greatest bodily and mental pain? Is it not written, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "Our fathers corrected us, and

we gave them reverence. What son is he whom the father correcteth not?" True, indeed, "no chastening (either to old or young) for the present is joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby."

Thus, my dear friend, have I laid before you the holy will of God on this great subject. It is love to your beloved children, and especially love to God and to his cause, which has led me to do so. I do believe, (and you will ponder it,) that *one* reason which leads the Lord to send so many children to an early grave, is to take them out of the hands of over-fond and over-indulgent parents, who would not truly train them up for him. Nothing, I am sure, but great grace, can enable you fully to obey God in this particular; for, to your most affectionate and tender feelings, it must be doubly painful to put your children to such suffering. But let me repeat, for your comfort, that if you do it, at proper times, especially for disobedience—regarding it as an ordinance, a means of grace, appointed by God; and if you daily pray for God's blessing, both before and after you have finished your painful duty, you will indeed give glory to God, and your children in after life, and, it may be, when you are in the grave, will bless your memory, and thank God for the inestimable blessing of a *firm* and affectionately faithful mother who duly administered the medicine of God, and thus laid the foundation of their immortal health.

I need scarcely add, that there are various modes of correction, and you will select the one best suited at the time for the offender and the offence. But it is extremely injudicious to administer correction under excitement or irritation. Far better, after prayer, to show the child that God bids you do it for his good; and, after it has been administered, it is wrong to allow the offending child to leave your presence without in some way indicating that his spirit is humbled and his will subdued—such, for example, as by asking pardon, or showing some token of submission. If this be refused, your duty is but half done, and you must not leave him, however much pain you cause both him and yourself, till, for his soul's sake and the Redeemer's sake, *you have gained the victory*.

Do pray over this letter. That God may bless it, is the fervent prayer of

Your sincere friend and pastor,

E. C.

Ryton, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
28th July, 1846.

A PLEA IN BEHALF OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Christian's Penny Magazine.

SIR,—I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in trespassing upon your valuable time. Did I not feel the subject one of much importance in the endeavour to rescue immortal creatures from the thraldom of sin and misery, I would not presume to bring the subject of *Ragged Schools* before you. Never having visited a *Ragged School* till Sunday last, I had no idea of the amount of wretchedness and misery into which the poor unhappy boys and girls assembling there are found. It is true I expected to find rags, and in some cases immorality, but certainly nothing to the extent I there witnessed. Entering the school-room, I felt equally surprised to find it divided into separate compartments about four feet in height; each of these is first occupied by a teacher, and, subsequently, the children are admitted and appointed to their classes by the superintendent, whose vigilance, if possible, they elude, and join their companions in crime and infamy who may be placed in another class. I ought, perhaps, to have stated, that walking to the school entrance with my friend, who is a teacher in the school, we were met by a multitude of ragged, depraved boys and girls, varying in age from seven to about seventeen, with the most discordant yells and shouts of "teacher," and "I'll go to his class," &c.; and the arrival of a teacher appeared only the sign of a fresh outbreak; but amidst all this

storming and raving the teachers overcame every impediment to their progress, and, knocking at the door, are admitted amidst the continued hissing and yelling of the depraved multitude outside.

I confess my own heart almost failed me; and when my friend assured me this was "nothing," and "that there were few there to night," I hardly think it possible to conceive the riot and confusion that must occur when their number is doubled, (as sometimes is the case,) and when this happens, the uproar both within and without must be very considerable.

Three boys having been appointed to me for that evening, I sat down in the midst of them, and we commenced reading the resurrection of our Saviour, Luke xxiv.; but I soon discovered that reading for even a short time neither suited the tastes nor habits of these boys. I accordingly began to converse with them upon the subject. One boy, a pale, emaciated-looking creature, appeared to me the one who would have behaved with more propriety than the other two; but in this I soon discovered my mistake, for he sided away to the end of the form, (which are all fastened with strong ironwork to the floor,) and would soon have disappeared had not the superintendent promptly stopped his exit, and no entreaty of mine could prevail upon him to join his fellow-scholars. The threats of one of the boys seemed for a moment to have more weight than any of my persuasions, who roughly exclaimed, "Why don't you come here?" with sundry threats of coming vengeance in case of his non-compliance; but this met with the same result as my more mild efforts.

Oh what a deplorable picture is here presented—boys and girls sunk into the abyss of apparently hopeless ignorance, who, if trained in honest industry, would in many cases be ornaments to society, and possessing, as many of them do I have reason to believe, minds capable of the greatest moral improvement sunk into infamy. And, if I might judge from the answers made to me by one boy, who assured me positively and in a most earnest manner that he could not read, (but who could read pretty fluently,) there appeared to me, with proper instruction, to be all that is requisite, if not for a great mind, for a very hopeful one.

Believing, as I do, that many thousands of Christians know nothing more of *Ragged Schools* than by their mere name, it is for the purpose of exciting their sympathy and their prayers to Almighty God, that the sabbath-breakers, the profligate, the thief, and all who are workers of iniquity, may be led to renounce their sinful courses and turn to the Lord their God, who will have mercy upon them, and abundantly pardon; and feeling convinced that a few lines from your able pen would be a lasting benefit, I submit the above poor sketch, and, should you prevail upon the more affluent to help the cause of *Ragged Schools*, allow me to suggest that a bundle of your valuable Magazine for *free* distribution, monthly, would, with their other gifts, be most acceptable to the managers of these schools, and, by the blessing and grace of God, be a lasting good to the wretched beings assembling within their walls.

I say nothing of the girls, my business for the most part being with the boys, and only had the opportunity of seeing them during a short address from the teacher of a sabbath-school; but, to judge by the noise, they appeared, if possible, worse than the boys. Truly it may be said, "they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

Your obedient servant,

July, 22, 1846. H. R. W.

FLATTERY IN PRAYER.

To the Editor of the Christian's Penny Magazine.

SIR,—May not the pages of your useful periodical be made the means of checking an evil which exists amongst us to a great extent? Perhaps in the metropolis and the more refined south it may not be so glaring as with us in remote provincial towns and villages. I allude, (if I may be allowed the expression,) to the *flattery of prayer*. I mean introducing under the head of prayer for the minister much commen-

dation of his exertions and an excess of praise, which must be very painful to a right-minded man who wishes to set forth not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and it cannot but be displeasing to the Almighty when our addresses to him are made the vehicle of flattery to his servants. Surely, sir, no one can remain insensible to the impropriety of one sinner eulogizing another to his God when his attention is once drawn to the subject; and from the wide circulation of your valuable Magazine, I know these remarks will meet the eyes of those who offend much in this particular. But let me not be misunderstood: our ministers need our prayers, our earnest, faithful prayers; and were they remembered more frequently and more warmly at the throne of grace in our public services, as well as in our domestic worship, they would be more useful teachers, and more eminent examples of piety; but let it be in *prayer*, not *praise;* let it be in language which may be addressed to our God, not in terms of flattering commendation of sinner to sinner.

I remain, sir, yours, J. B.

Scarborough, Aug. 7, 1846.

*** This letter merits the serious consideration of leaders in Public Prayer. We hope an evil involving so much error on the part of the agent and danger on that of the object is far from general. A small measure of reflection will suffice to mend the matter. The church's prayers are the pastor's right, and a rich source of comfort, encouragement, and strength,—only let them be really *prayers*, not *panegyrics*, saying very little in public, however much in secret, of what he is, or what he does, and a great deal of what he *needs!* The evil complained of, however, has an opposite—lecturing a pastor on the duties of his office, and inveighing against him on the ground of his shortcomings. If the former is an impiety, is not the latter an outrage?—ED.

A PLEA FOR GLOVES.

SIR,—I have been for thirteen years a local preacher amongst the Independents. Last year I preached 117 times on the sabbath, and in that service travelled 1304 miles, remaining at home on the ordinance sabbaths. Lately, returning from a journey of this kind, I got hurt so as to be unfit for work. I was relieved by finding the WITNESS and the FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE, which I gladly perused. Many good and profitable things in both, and "Satan a Sifter," "Summer Excursions," and "Deeds of Old Men," I much relished. But that which roused me to address you was a remark on the impropriety of *preaching* with *gloves* on. This struck me all on a heap. Ah, I said, he is a wise man after all who knows everything: I, also, will show mine opinion. As a general rule you may *certainly be right;* but are there no exceptions? Now, I have often been in a strait between two in this matter. I have been blamed for preaching *with*, and for preaching *without*, gloves on. The wise man in the Apocrypha says, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith;" and, as I am by craft a shoemaker, I am a proof of the proverb. And though I take me nitre and much soap, and water that would wash the hands of a dozen bishops, yet my hands will remain about as unaltered as the skin of an Ethiopian; and often, in spite of all my efforts, they are unsightly and slovenly. One minister, (your friend, the late Rev. W. Jones, of Bolton,) found fault with me for using gloves, and others may have imputed it to pride and nought beside. At other places they have recommended me to wash my hands, whilst some have remarked that I could not be a regular minister they perceived by my fingers. Now, a wise, labouring man would know and allow all this; but those ignorant of labour are oft ignorant in other matters, and so censure what they do not comprehend. Thus I have been much in the predicament of good Oliver Heywood, who tells us they fined him for not going to church, and put him out if he did go—telling him the law must be enforced both to keep him away and

to punish his absence! Now, as there are many local preachers who have to minister to the wants of their families by the labour of their hands, and so may have felt a little perplexity on this point, I could inform them the way I now do. Where I believe the people sufficiently know me, my craft, and my hands, there I exhibit them freely to view. And if I visit a town or place where some might feel insulted by what they deem a slovenly and negligent appearance, then I seek to dissipate all prejudice by putting upon a blackish skin one still blacker. Yet, after all, I may be like the man with his ass, who, after his vain attempts to please everybody, pleased nobody. However, in conclusion, I am thankful to say, that if "the cat in mittens catches no *mice*," by the blessing of God the Cobbler in mittens has catched *souls*.

I am, sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
THOMAS JACKSON.

*** The fact of this very interesting letter having been mislaid after revisal for the press, accounts for its late appearance; but now it is found we cannot withhold it. If the rule admits of any exception, certainly this very characteristic epistle states a case that comes fairly under it. Would that we had ten thousand such Cobblers, mittens and all! Another case of equal urgency is presented by a correspondent, who states that his "circulation is so languid, that he is the subject of benumbing cold in the extremities;" this, which is no uncommon case, also comes under the exception. Our remarks on the glove affair, as appears from our correspondence, excited a considerable stir, more, we think, than it deserved. In Scotland, which is remarkable for its clerical stiffness and religious formality, a great proportion of the ministers of all denominations preach in black silk gloves; but in England it is much otherwise; and certainly the ease, the grace, the nature, the business-like bearing of the latter, are much to be preferred.—ED.

The Fragment Basket.

ANECDOTES OF HOWE.—Swearing was, after the Commonwealth, much more general in the upper circles than it is at present. When he was once at table with a respectable company, a gentleman, while eulogizing Charles I., indulged in many profane expressions. Howe, observing it, quietly remarked, "that in his enumeration of the excellences of that prince, he had totally omitted *one* which had been universally and justly ascribed to him." The gentleman, well pleased to find that Mr. Howe was in any degree an admirer of Charles, was eager to know "what was the excellence that had escaped him." Howe suffered him to press some time for the information, and then told him "that Charles was never known to swear an oath in his common conversation." The gentleman bore the reproof well, and promised to abandon the habit in future. At another time, as he was passing along the street, he came up with two respectable men engaged in an angry dispute, and he overheard them "damn" each other. Mr. Howe, taking off his hat, bowed to them most courteously, and said, "I pray God save you both." The parties forgot their anger and joined in thanking him.

PROGRESS.—There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so *unnatural* and so convulsive to society, as the strain to things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress; and the

cause of all the evils of the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.—*Arnold's Letters.*

SPIRITUAL SAFETY.—I never accused Keble or Newman of saying, that to belong to a true church would save a bad man; but of what is equally unchristian, that a good man was not safe unless he belonged to an episcopal church; which is *exactly not allowing God's seal without it be countersigned by one of their* OWN FORGING!—*Ibid.*

TRUE LOVE.—My love for any place, or person, or institution, is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them—a doctrine which seems to me as natural now as it seemed strange when I was a child when I could not make out how, if my mother loved me more than strange children, she should find fault with me and not with them.—*Ibid.*

ON PARTY SPIRIT.—It has always seemed to me that an extreme fondness for our "dear mother the panther,"* is a snare to which the noblest minds are most liable. It seems to me that all, absolutely all, of our religious affections and veneration should go to Christ himself; and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and some differentia or proprium besides is so far an evil, and when made an object of attachment leads to superstition and error. Then descending from religious grounds to human, I think that one's natural and patriotic sympathies can hardly be too strong. * * * I honour and sympathise entirely with the feelings entertained; I only think that they might all of them select a worthier object; that whether they be pious and devout, or patriotic, or romantic, or of whatever class soever, there is for each and all of these a true object on which they may fasten without danger and with infinite benefit. For surely the feeling of entire love and admiration is one which we cannot safely part with; and there are provided by God's goodness worthy and perfect objects of it; but these can never be human institutions, which, being necessarily full of imperfection, require to be viewed with an impartial judgment, not idolized by an uncritical affection. And that common metaphor about our "mother the church," is unscriptural and mischievous, because the feelings of entire filial reverence and love which we owe to a parent, *we do not owe to our fellow-Christians,*—we owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to *bear*, &c., but *not* filial reverence: "to them gave I place by subjection, no, not for an hour!"—*Ibid.*

* Alluding to Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

A SKETCH OF SUSANNAH ARNOLD, *who died in* 1832, *after an illness of twenty years' duration, by her brother, Dr. Arnold, in a letter to Archbishop Whately.*—I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind—intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about *herself:* thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself (save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness) wholly thoughtless. Enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib or changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory!

A GOOD ADVICE.—"Show a spirit of meekness towards the prior of Nuremberg," said Luther to his friend John Savage. "This is fitting, inasmuch as the prior has put on a sour and bitter spirit. Bitter is not expelled by bitter, that is to say, devil by devil; but sweet expels bitter, that is to say, the finger of God casts out demons."—*D'Aubigné*, vol. i. p. 165.

Poetry.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE!

Truro, July 14, 1846.

MR. EDITOR,—On last week a sad catastrophe occurred in the neighbourhood of this place, exciting most solemn feelings in the public mind. Two ponderous thunder-clouds seemed to meet conically with their points as a spout on the region of a mine where 500 men were employed in raising lead to the surface; two hundred were then at work beneath the ground. The clouds disengaged their mighty waters on the spot until the surface around was covered in some places five feet deep. The mighty torrent found its way down the shafts of the mine, which carried with it much of the softened strata. The poor fellows beneath sought their escape, and 161 accomplished it: some ascended the ladder, some were hoisted up by the kibble or bucket, some were drawn up by a chain. One poor fellow came up, and nearly at the top the persons above saluted him, "You're near the top, my dear fellow; hold fast, and you are safe." It overcame him, and he fell back to rise no more! One poor fellow was drawn up by his finger hooked in the link of the chain and his whole body suspended: he was seen with silent solemnity, but was saved much exhausted. Others ascended in unconscious haste. Thirty-nine poor fellows lost their lives. I saw one of the saved, who said, "I know not how I escaped; I recollect well the way I took, but I know nothing more." He said, "*I believe it was a judgment on the place, the iniquity was so great!*" One fine young man, truly pious, but weaker than the rest, ascended from one place to another, but said to his brother, "You go on, and save yourself—I can go no further." He shook hands with the last man that ascended, and bid him good bye. He was surrounded with a group of men, and, being truly pious, addressed them: "You are not prepared; you have no time to lose; let us pray;" and, as the others ascended, they heard him pray, and then sing his halleluiah of praise! He had been a class-leader and local-preacher amongst the Methodists, and is stated to have been a fine example of consistent piety. On this fact the following lines were written:—

WM. MOORE.

DAY of darkness! day of trembling!
Sudden summons from above;
No more hope of e'er assembling
With our friends and those we love:
Solemn moment!
Yet my joys triumphant prove.

Awful sounds accost the hearing,
Dashing waters, rumbling earth;
What can keep the soul from fearing?
Nothing of the worldling's mirth:
Nought but Jesus,
Whom to know is heavenly birth.

Come, my comrades, seek to meet him
Whom you have not loved nor served;
Come and pray that we may greet him
E'en in this dark grave; observed,
Now he hears us;
Come, believe, you'll be preserved.

In this prison, unexpected,
Deep in earth I peaceful lie;
All escape is now rejected;
It is sealed, and we must die,
Yet redemption
I will sing in accents high.

O the truth, the bliss of knowing
That this solemn place will be
But the way the soul is going
To its bless'd eternity:
Dreary region!
Fly, my soul, for ever free.

O religion, ever wearing
Garments bright in truth divine,
Now in majesty appearing,
Speaking loud that God is mine:
Halleluiah!
I shall soon in glory shine.

THE TRIUMPH OVER SELF.

No laurel decks the brow,
Nor trump of fame
Sounds to posterity
His humble name.

Without the din of arms
That shakes the skies,
He gains the victory
Of victories.

None crowd the conflict scene
With anxious gaze;
Th' extent of victory
None know, none praise.

Yet 'tis a triumph gained
And foes withstood,
For few resist the force
Of flesh and blood.

But truly great the man,
A conqueror he,
Who over self obtains
The mastery.

Newport Pagnell, June 15, 1846. R.

The Children's Gallery.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM GREENFIELD.

THIS extraordinary scholar, "Superintendent of the editorial department of the British and Foreign Bible Society," was one of the most learned men of his time, and yet he died before he was quite *thirty-two* years of age. But much of his astonishing degree of improvement and the formation of his character was gained by him in a class of Sunday-school teachers in London.

Mr. Greenfield was born in London, April 1, 1799. His father was a native of Scotland, a pious man, and a member of the Presbyterian church under the pastorate of Dr. Waugh; but dying at sea, as he was a mariner, his mother took him, at three years of age, to her relations in her native Roxburghshire. At the age of ten Divine Providence brought them back to London; and residing with two maternal uncles, who, desiring to read the word of God in the original language, began to learn Hebrew, he was excited to follow their good example. With them he made some encouraging progress in that language. In 1812 Dr. Waugh obtained for the youth a situation as apprentice to a bookbinder esteemed for his Christian character; and it was so, that in the house of his master's workshop there dwelt a Jew, who was a reader of the law in a synagogue at Westminster. He was in the habit of urging among the workpeople his objections against the advent of Jesus Christ as the Messiah and the prophecies regarding him, and so against Christianity. With this man young Greenfield held disputations, as he did, also, with other Jews; and being pressed with objections to the English version of the Old Testament, he offered to give up his opinions, if, on being thoroughly taught the Hebrew, he should find their objections true. The learned Jew took him at his word, and the diligent pupil soon surpassed his teacher, solidly refuting his arguments; yet the rabbi cherished a high respect for his talents and admirable temper, while he displayed an intimate acquaintance with the Bible.

Young Greenfield was encouraged by his spiritual father, Dr. Waugh, to consult him in all his difficulties; and he paid weekly visits to that venerable man of God, especially for instruction in the gospel of Christ, so that at the age of sixteen he engaged as teacher in the Fitzroy sabbath-school, and was admitted to the fellowship of the church. In that sabbath-school he found suitable companions and a sanctifying influence on his heart. In his study of the Hebrew he compiled a complete lexicon, and then applied himself to the Chaldee and some other cognate dialects. His hours of study were, however, only before and after his working time, which was from six in the morning to eight at night in the summer, and from seven to nine in the winter. His next object was to attain the Greek and Latin, which he effected with astonishing facility; and added French and some other European languages to his stores, overcoming difficulties in a manner truly astonishing.

After his apprenticeship, Mr. Greenfield pursued his studies more exten-

sively, until 1824, when Mr. Bagster, the eminent biblical publisher in London, ascertaining his extraordinary talents and learning, prevailed on him to relinquish his trade. Amongst his numerous works for that gentleman was the "Comprehensive Bible," a work of prodigious labour and research, exhibiting at once his varied and profound erudition. It was completed in December, 1826, and excited the greatest public commendation. Mr. Greenfield completed, also for Mr. Bagster, a new translation, esteemed far superior to every other, of the New Testament into the Hebrew.

"But after six years literary connection with Mr. Bagster, as an editor of various biblical works, and more particularly various editions of the Scripture, the attention of the Committee of the Bible Society was directed towards him, they having resolved to appoint an officer as 'Superintendent of the translating and editing department of the Society.' The inquiries of the committee elicited the facts, that he was the author of the preface and notes to 'Bagster's Comprehensive Bible;' and that, besides being the editor of that work, he revised for the press or edited the Syriac New Testament, the Polyglot New Testament, in Greek, Latin, English, and Portuguese; and that he read, for a second edition, the Hebrew Bible, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate. Added to these proofs of his attainments as a linguist, it was found that he possessed the knowledge of several other European and Asiatic languages; that his moral and religious character was exemplary; and that in the transaction of business he was skilful, diligent, and polite. The committee, therefore, March 22, 1830, secured his services as editor, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum."

Mr. Greenfield's labours within the first year, as reported by the Bible Society's committee, were most astonishing, including editorial examination or revision of more than twenty languages or versions of the Scriptures. Besides which he had large correspondence arising out of his office; and he issued from the press his Hebrew New Testament. He also had in preparation a Polyglot Grammar of *thirty* languages when seized by that fatal malady, the *brain fever*, which terminated his valuable life. This disease, if not occasioned, was aggravated by the malicious slanders of envious men jealous of his fame: they were propagated against some of the notes to the Comprehensive Bible, as inclining to neology, with a view to injure the Bible Society.

Mr. Greenfield's piety was decided and sincere: as an instance of this, it might be stated that he never sat down to the translation of the New Testament into the Hebrew, his last great work, without first imploring the assistance of that Holy Spirit by whose inspiration the sacred volume was first written. "Upon the death of Dr. Waugh, he attended the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Wood, of Jewin-street chapel. He had proposed to unite himself to the Congregational church, under the pastorate of Mr. Wood, but his illness prevented." This lamentable event commenced on Saturday, Oct. 22, 1832. He was able to attend the house of God on the Lord's day morning; but he became worse, and on Friday his pastor saw him, when his mind was composed and happy, and he expressed his hope and confidence in Jesus Christ as his Redeemer. On the following day Mr. Wood saw him again, when he said, "Since I have been here, I have learned more of the depravity of my heart than I knew before; but, blessed be God, I have also the inward witnessing of the Spirit, that I feel myself to be a pardoned sinner, through the blood of Jesus Christ. For worlds I would not have been without this illness. I have had most delightful intercourse with my heavenly Father. I have enjoyed that nearness of access which prevents me doubting my interest in the precious blood of a crucified Redeemer, and I am ready and willing, if the Lord's will, to depart and be with Christ."

Thus this holy labourer in the cause of God departed to his eternal rest, Nov. 5, 1832, sincerely lamented as a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, by all who knew him, especially the Committee of the Bible Society!

THE DYING SCHOLAR'S FAREWELL.

SIR,—As the "FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE" obtains a wide circulation in our sabbath-schools, I send you the following letter for insertion if you deem it worthy of notice, trusting its perusal may be blessed to all the young who may read it. The deceased youth I knew well—lovely was his character, amiable his conduct, whether in the school or out of it. There was about him a seriousness which marked him out from the majority of boys of the same age, and convinced me that in his heart the good work was begun. He had a mind peculiarly active and a heart full of tenderness. Upon what he heard from the pulpit and in the school he thought, and God blessed the truth to him. At the public recitations on the Lord's day his answers were always ready, and these were to the point, evincing a tolerable acquaintance with the word of God and with the doctrines of Christianity. During his illness I visited him often. I saw that his youthful frame was rapidly sinking under consumption; I therefore talked freely to him about death, judgment, and eternity. My work was easy and delightful. I found that he was daily preparing for his change, and that he anticipated it with unspeakable joy. The plan of salvation was clearly understood by him, and upon its simplicity and its adaptation to lost sinners he loved to dwell. He had a good hope through grace, and clear and scriptural were his reasons for that hope; his words were, "I am not afraid to die, because Jesus has received me. Death has no sting for me, Jesus has taken it away; thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." On asking him his reason for believing that Jesus had received him, he replied, "I think Jesus has received me, because I have peace with God, my mind is happy, and I love Jesus."

The memorials of my interviews with this pious little boy are indeed precious, and would, I am persuaded, delight many of your readers. The substance of the whole is embodied in the following letter, which he addressed through me, to the children in our school a few days before his death. "I should like," he said, "to send a message by you to my schoolfellows, but I am so weak, and my memory is so bad, that I cannot say much now; but if you will call on Friday, I will try to write a letter to them." On Friday I called and found him much weaker, but the letter was ready, and it was as follows:—

"My fellow-scholars,—I now take my pen in my trembling hand to address these few words to you, for I am afraid I shall never be able to meet you in school again. Death is fast approaching me; but I am not cast down, for I put my trust in that Saviour who has done so much for me. O what a blessed Saviour! He died for us all; he will save all—you as well as I—if you seek him. Do seek him, my fellow-scholars, before it is too late. I sought him young, and found him. He will not leave me, nor forsake me. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' My fellow-scholars, let me beg of you to obey your kind minister, and treat him with the greatest kindness, for he is very kind to you; and your kind teachers obey. O listen to their instructions, and it will be well with you. I hope God will reward the kind teachers of our school for the instruction I have received from them. Farewell, my fellow-scholars; and may you be enabled to say with me in the hour of death, 'O Lord, thy will be done.' So no more from your afflicted schoolfellow,

"J. E."

On the following sabbath morning, May 17, this letter was read in the school; on the evening of the same day this lovely youth fell asleep in Jesus, aged fourteen. May this brief account speak to the hearts of the children and youth in our schools! Seek *ye* also the Lord while he may be found. Seek him *early*. Seek him *now*. Let our sabbath-school teachers go on with spirit in their hallowed work. "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Banbury, Oxon. J. L.

THE THREE SONS.

BY J. MAULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould:
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair;
And yet his sweetest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he every where doth find:
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk—
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk:
Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three,
I 'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thoughts as HIS has ever been;
But his little heart 's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his very look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me the country folks who pass us in the street
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow he is to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph's brow;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know, (for God hath told me this,) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

THE LORD'S DAY.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

Let us so call it hereafter. It is altogether an appropriate designation. The public mind is waking up to promote its observance. A few thoughts here may be seasonable. "We never," says Dr. Chalmers, "in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." This testimony is true. Here is an institution established by the law of Heaven. It completely adapts itself to the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man. The great Expounder of the law declared that "*the sabbath was made for* MAN." This is the key to the whole matter. If for universal man—if no age, no generation of men be excepted, then, like redemption, it must necessarily be coeval with the existence of man. We should expect that such a law, being at all times necessary to man, would be enacted from the beginning, and duly published as the ordinance of Heaven. If rest for the body, repose for the intellect, and a pause for the improvement of our moral nature, be necessary at one time, they are at all times. The particular day for sabbath sanctification, as distributed into minutes and seconds, is not the main point. The very structure of the globe renders identity in time a natural impossibility. But the hallowed INSTITUTION—that is it: the holy, immutable, unrepealable law of God, which, equally with the other nine precepts of the Decalogue, is founded in the nature of God, and fitted to the nature of man—"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work, which God created and made." This law is just as requisite to men as the commandment, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.* Indeed, if any of the ten illustrious enactments of the government of God may claim a lofty precedence in the view of the human race, it is the fourth and the fifth, which enjoin—the one, honour to God, as the Lord of the sabbath; the other, honour to parents, as his representatives on earth. Both of them would be perfectly appropriate to man in his unfallen state, even amid the bloom and beauty of paradise, ere the sanctity of his nature had been defiled by the touch of sin, and the rampant corruptions of his heart and life had demanded that God should say in penal tones, Thou shalt *not* bow down to idols—not kill—not steal—not commit adultery. These precepts seem to have been framed to meet the monstrous developments of human depravity that had risen in the face of Heaven. But the sabbath, it smiled in paradise itself. Its

bright sun gilded the innocence of man. Its gentle gales, in the language of Milton,

> "Fanning their odoriferous wing, dispensed
> Native perfumes, and whisper'd whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils."

The sabbath, with its twin sister MARRIAGE, dwelt within the gates of paradise before the cherubim and "double flaming sword" were assigned their awful ministry at those gates in consequence of the fall of them to whom these blessed institutions were given, but from whose posterity Heaven in its wrath did not withdraw them. That "perpetual fountain of domestic sweets" has never been dried up; that "mysterious law, wedded love," has never ceased to operate; and thus these ancient, heaven-born blessings have survived the desolations of every age. As they were the first to be bestowed on the race of men, they will be the last to be withdrawn from them. Not until the last groan of expiring nature shall die upon the ear of listening worlds will their auspicious influence cease. When all "the people of God" shall have attained to that "rest that remaineth for them," and they shall have "become like unto the angels" in that pure world where "they shall die no more," as they shall no more "marry, nor be given in marriage," then, and not till then, shall these institutions cease, for then only will their reason cease. Nothing can be clearer than that both these laws of Heaven are absolutely necessary to the peace, beauty, and order of society, and to the happiness of mankind; that, properly observed, they tend to promote the moral, intellectual, social, and spiritual improvement of those who are under the government of a holy God; that they are among the strongest safeguards of mental and moral purity; that he, therefore, who attempts to subvert their authority, or to impair their influence, strikes at the glory of God and at the happiness of his fellow-men, and thus declares himself an enemy to God and man. He would insult Heaven, and despoil earth—blot out the mercy of the one, and extinguish the hopes of the other. Combine these two ideas that came from God—the SABBATH and the FAMILY. Think of a sanctified sabbath in a pious family. It is an image—shaded, indeed—of heaven: a sweet dawn blushing into a cloudless day. Domestic life has no beauty like that which a well spent sabbath sheds upon it; no fruits so fair as those that grow on this heavenly tree; no blessings so rich and pure and permanent as those which flow through this celestial channel.

COVENANTING WITH GOD.

"Another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord."—ISA. xliv. 5.

EVERY intelligent reader of the Scriptures admires their various manner and form of instruction. These display the manifold wis-

dom of God. The fact is particularly remarkable in the modes of expression which he has employed by his inspired servants to convey his promises of blessings which should arise from their enjoyment. Look at that for the consolation of godly parents in answer to their prayers for the spiritual welfare of their children :—"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the watercourses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel," Isa. xliv. 3—5.

Thousands of the children of praying parents have thus been blessed, and have thus, relying on the atonement of Christ, been led to enter into covenant with God. The advantage of this practice may be illustrated from the "Memoir of Mrs. Harriet W. Winslow," wife of the Rev. Miron Winslow, an American missionary at Ceylon. She says,—

"In the summer of 1808, when I was just twelve years of age, evening meetings were commenced by our pastor for one evening each week. They were at the different houses of the parishioners. Some time near the end of autumn, at a meeting in the evening, the 55th chapter of Isaiah was the subject of remark, especially the first two verses, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c. Here I was, for the first time, overwhelmed by a consideration of the goodness of God in offering salvation to me. I felt my need of such a Saviour as is provided in the gospel. According to the advice of Doddridge and Hawes, I privately dedicated myself to God, in a written form, resolving to be his, and his for ever. I seemed to receive a blessing in the act, and was greatly encouraged to persevere. Our house was filled with company; and sometimes I could not find a retired spot except in the garret, which often witnessed my importunity with God. My parents, not then professedly pious, and knowing little of my feelings, said nothing, but in their treatment carefully avoided hindering the work of God. No one spoke to me with any particularity, and I felt no freedom to speak to any one; so that I had no counsellor, no guide, but the Bible and the Holy Spirit."

During the period of twenty-five years this admirable woman adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour according to this covenant which she "subscribed with her hand unto the *Lord*." She died, it appears, of cholera, at six o'clock on Monday morning, January 14, 1833, after being able to attend public worship, both forenoon and afternoon, on the Sunday. "On Saturday evening," says her husband, "she expressed her feelings in her diary, and on sabbath noon renewed her covenant with God—a covenant made twenty-five years ago. *This was her finishing work.* It was the last time she signed her name!" She was in mourning for her son Charles, who

died, as she had lately heard, about three weeks after landing at New York, aged eleven years.

Mrs. Winslow's entry in her diary is as follows:—"January 12th, 1833. My time for writing is nearly gone, at least for the present; and my dear Charles's birth-day reminds me that I owe it to the Lord for his merciful affliction to say more than I have of what I hope it has done for me. I have even thought at times, that, had I appeared before him previous to this stroke, I should have had my portion with hypocrites and unbelievers. I have thought, Is it possible that, after so long a life of profession, after many unspeakably precious seasons at the throne of grace, after so long feeling assured that my poor prayers were heard and answered, after experiencing in many trials that 'good is the will of the Lord,' and rejoicing to have him rule and reign; and after hours, weeks, and months of bitter agony and abhorrence of myself on account of sin, and counting the holiness of heaven more to be desired than all the world can offer a hundred times told,—after all, have I never submitted to Jesus as my Lord and Saviour?—never before embraced the gospel as a little child?—never come unto Jesus so as to be saved? Oh, can it be! And yet, sure I am, that I never before saw the Saviour so lovely, so desirable—never considered, as now, the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of that love which passeth knowledge; the value of that fountain which is set open for sin and uncleanness—never saw the whole plan of salvation so perfect, so wonderful—never with such feelings could say, 'My Lord, and my God.' And while this view of the subject has seemed greatly to endear the fond object whose removal has been the means, I have been thankful that the Lord did not wholly forsake me. Oh! I bless him for this chastisement, and long that it should bring forth more fruit. Sometimes heaven has seemed very near, and as though it would be easy to die. At other times I have had less confidence, and more fear whether all is yet right between me and my God. Should I now be called from my little family, from my dear husband, O my Saviour, let me rest in thine arms! Carry me all over the Jordan through. Oh be with me, even as I cannot ask or think! Support, sustain my sinking feet. Oh uphold me! Be thou my Saviour in that dark hour; and do thou most graciously bless my dear, dear husband. Uphold him with thine everlasting arms. My dear babes! Oh may they be thine, thine only, and that for ever. O my Saviour, enable me this night to give myself unto thee; and do thou receive me in that well-ordered covenant which thou didst die to secure."

She was interrupted, and did not finish this record of her devotion to her Redeemer, but left it thus to enter into the joy of her Lord!

KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.

SIR.—As the stream of your Christian philanthropy flows in a thousand channels, visiting and benefiting even the most neglected, do you not think that a word might be fitly spoken to heads of families on the *wisdom* of recommending true religion by their instruction and example to servants?

I heard of a master, having returned from a church-meeting where a servant, amongst others, had been proposed, when his household assembled for devotion, kindly addressing the servant, observing how much he would have rejoiced had her name been mentioned, presenting to her "The Anxious Inquirer," and praying affectionately for her in the family. She read, and thought, and prayed as directed; was encouraged to visit her minister; and became, it is hoped, a humble Christian. She was young, and an orphan; but she now found a Father and Protector in God. When visited as a candidate, she said the friendly appeal of her master, with the consistent example and Christian solicitude of the family for her, had been the means of forming her character.

A family, known to me, settling in a neglected village, on receiving into it a quiet country girl, employed their efforts much as in the former case for her instruction and conversion, and with the like success. She is now a member of the church, the eldest of seven or eight children. Her influence is wonderful with her relatives, and exerted with simple earnestness for their good. How amply the family employing her is repaid! How well *worth while* to every Christian family, by thus doing their duty, to have the benefit of the respect, the devotedness, the principle, shown by this grateful domestic!

On visiting a gentleman one evening, and remarking to him the apparent happiness and intelligence of the servant-man who waited, he said, "When I first engaged that man as groom, he was so truly clownish as to appear almost without intellect. I conversed with him, instructed him, brought him under religious training, encouraged the study of his Bible. His mind suddenly started into activity, as it were, for the first time. He was, indeed, a new man; became thoughtful, began to love our family-worship, and pray for himself. He is truly devoted to his employers, is now a confidential servant, and useful member of the church." The truth of this was delightfully proved afterwards on attending the social prayer-meeting, and hearing his humble, scriptural, fervent supplications; and his zeal, I am told, is remarkable in winning others to the way of holiness.

O how much have we yet to learn of our duty and interest on this subject! This is beginning at home; and who shall say how much it depends on servants what children are; or how truly the piety of a servant forms a fountain of blessings not only to a family, but, through it, to generations to follow? But such thoughts are

worthy of the power and pathos of your own pen. May the voices of servants, dear sir, join in the multitude who shall bless God for you in time and eternity! Z.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF MRS. TOOLEY.

Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near Mr. Rogers, to whom he bore particular enmity, and whom he wanted above all things to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity for accomplishing his base design; and in order thereto, hired two men to go as spies, and to take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses against both them and Mr. Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grand-daughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee, and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length Sir Richard sent a servant to inform them, that one of the witnesses being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that, therefore, they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed, and being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written to send them all to prison.

Mr. Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in everything she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she run a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit, in the present instance, was over-ruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail!" says she; "why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me." "He shall not send you to jail," replied she. "Ay, but my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out

our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he; "get about your business." "But I won't," says she: "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men:—"I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve; but, at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship. But Mr. Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

The above remarkable story was told by Mr. T. Rogers, the son of the ejected minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated Mr. Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him, when he was dining at the house of Mrs. Tooley, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was distinguished for her religion, and for her love to Christ and his people; whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them.

What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr. Rogers's prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God. Mrs. Tooley had listened with uncommon attention to Mr. Rogers's story; and when he had ended it, she asked him "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" He told her he was. Upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something which you do not know: *I am the very girl* your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me which I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection; and then he and Mr. Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both, upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:—

After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age without any restraint. But she confessed, that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction, both with them and her self, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of any other way than by running the same round over and over again; but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she

thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, miss," said he, "I was so till I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances, I hear of; but after I have read them my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, miss," said he, "and I do not wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but can read it again, as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," says she, "what book is that?" "Nay, miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it me, doctor, and I'll give you anything you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it her.

This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Pooh! I could get that at any time." "Why, miss," said he, "so you might; but, remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind now became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon; but when she awoke she could remember nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression upon her mind; and the idea she had of the place, and of the minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning she told her dream to her companion, and said, that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again in search of this place of worship.

Being in the Poultry about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the com-

pany, and they conducted her to the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Shower was then minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been long there before she saw Mr. Shower go up into the pulpit, and looking at him, with greater surprise, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; and, if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Psalm cxvi. 7, 'Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'" When he arose up to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage which she had mentioned for his text; and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it the means of her saving conversion; and thus she at last found what she had so long sought elsewhere in vain—*rest to her soul.* And now she obtained that blessing from God, the Fountain of felicity, which pious Mr. Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored on her behalf.

JACOB PRESERVED BY ANGELS.

"And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah to the field unto his flock, and said unto them, I see your father's countenance, that it is not toward me as before; but the God of my father hath been with me. And the angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob, I am the God of Bethel: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred."—GEN. xxxi. 4, 5, 11, 13.

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim."—xxxii. 1, 2.

"LET Jacob's favour'd race
Adore with grateful love
The living Way of truth and grace
That leads to joys above.

"The cross on earth is fix'd;
Its top the heaven conceals:
Sinners and God it stands betwixt,
And God to man reveals.

"In duteous ministry,
Angels, since time began,
Ascending and descending see,
Upon the Son of Man!

"The ministerial host
Their heavenly Lord attend;
And us, who in his mercy trust,
He bids his guards defend."

C. WESLEY.

JACOB knew by the Divine oracle that he had been appointed to inherit the birthright in preference to his elder twin-brother Esau. And he sought it eagerly until he obtained the blessing; though he secured it dishonourably and by craft. That privilege, so highly prized by Jacob, included,—1. Pre-eminency and power over the rest of the family; 2. A double portion of the paternal inheritance; 3. The honour of the priesthood, which pious men esteemed the greatest of all; and, 4. The promise of the Messiah, in the line of Abraham; and this was regarded by the faithful as conferring a dignity far more illustrious than all temporal blessings. "Profane Esau" despised this birthright, and "sold it for a mess of pottage;" and some have, therefore, excused, if not justified, Jacob in the method he took to secure its possession.

Jacob obtained his father's blessing, but lost the heart of his brother; and was obliged to become an exile from

home, and from the enjoyment of his mother's care. Behold him, then, a pilgrim on his journey of more than five hundred miles to Padan-aram, pensive and solitary, without so much as a faithful dog to accompany and to cheer him in his wanderings. Now, for the first time, he knows the heart of a stranger: more forlorn than Adam, when expelled from Paradise; than Abraham, when exiled from his kindred and his father's house—he had no gentle mate to sooth his heart under his anxieties and cares.

Removed from his earthly parents, Jacob is nearer to his heavenly Father; and, in "the waste howling wilderness," he is at home with God. Cares perplex his waking thoughts all the day; but bands of angels guard, and instruct, and bless his slumbering moments. Dreams are generally without meaning, or absurd; but Jacob dreams, and his visions of the night are prophetic, worthy of a lasting record. Divine inspiration informs us what he *saw* and what he *heard:* "Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it," Gen. xxviii. 12.

Jacob's circumstances will partly account for the visions of the dreamer. His anxious thoughts during the day, and while placing his stone for his pillow at night, his holy desires for heavenly blessings, his faith in the Divine promises, his ardent prayer for Almighty protection, ascended, as on angels' wings, up to the throne of God. Favour, security, and consolation, descend from the eternal throne, as through the ministration of angels, on Jacob's head. The top of the ladder reached unto heaven, but the LORD is above it on high: it stands upon the earth, but the eye of Jehovah is at its foundation, and its stability is given by the Almighty arm. Cherubim and seraphim fly thus to fulfil his high commands, and a poor, benighted pilgrim is not beneath his notice: for his relief and comfort we have this revelation of the heavenly world.

Divine Providence, thus represented in a night vision to Jacob, he could clearly perceive in his favour, and would fully understand much of the mystery of God, upholding all things, observing all things, and directing all things to his own glory and the good of his servants. And by this revelation to Jacob, recorded by Moses, every Christian is to be instructed, that, however great the distance between heaven and earth, and however inaccessible that bright world may be to flesh and blood, it is but a few steps of the mystic ladder for celestial spirits. Before God omnipresent intervening space is swallowed up and lost; and condescending mercy and sovereign grace keep open, for the ministry of angels, that communication, which the malice of hell and the apostacy of man had well nigh closed for ever.

Jacob's mysterious ladder and the ministering angels, doubtless, represented more than Divine Providence: the whole appears to have had a higher symbolical reference. In the New Testament there are expressions that evidently allude to this vision, indicating some of the great peculiarities of the Christian dispensation. Christ refers to this when opening the mind of Nathaniel to discover his Messiahship. That "Israelite indeed" is thought to have been reading, "under the fig-tree," the narrative of Jacob's dream at Bethel; and the

reference to his most retired devotions led him to exclaim, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel," John i. 48, 49. He assured him, "Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man," ver. 51. Here we learn the evangelical explanation of Jacob's ladder, which unites heaven and earth: the Son of God first descending to assume our nature, that he might perform the work of human redemption; and then, having finished it by his death and resurrection, ascending triumphantly in his glorified humanity, by which sinful men have communion with God. Most of our Christian commentators give this interpretation to the language of our blessed Saviour.

Dr. Adam Clarke says, concerning Jacob's vision, "It was probably a *type* of CHRIST, in whom the Divine and human nature are so conjoined: the LADDER was set up *on the* earth, and the top of it reached to *heaven:* for God was manifested in the flesh; and in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Nothing could be a more expressive emblem of the incarnation and its effects: Jesus Christ is the grand connecting medium between heaven and earth, and between God and man. *By* him God comes down to man; *through* him man ascends to God." Comment. on Gen. xxviii. 12.

Jacob *saw* glorious things in his dream at Bethel; but those which he *heard* were to him more consoling and memorable. He heard a repetition of the covenant of God with his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, ratified in relation to himself; "the blessing of Abraham" repeated and confirmed by the voice of Heaven; the assurance that the land over which he was travelling should be the inheritance of his children; that God would protect and bring him back to his father's house; that his posterity should be numerous as the sand of the sea; and, above all, that "in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed" by the interposition of the Divine Redeemer. Jacob awakes, therefore, and adores the God of heaven, devoting himself for ever to his service. Reflecting on the extraordinary visions of the night, he exclaimed, "Surely the LORD is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And he called the name of that place '*Bethel*'"—THE HOUSE OF GOD, ver. 16—19.

Assured thus of the Almighty protection, especially by the guardianship of angels, and instructed regarding his posterity for future ages, Jacob pursued his journey with lightness of heart. His reception by his uncle Laban, his marrying his two daughters, and the faithful service rendered to his relative during fourteen years for his wives, and the reward which God gave him in cattle and a household during the other six years of his residence in Padan-aram, afford some of the most instructive lessons contained in history to benefit the servants of God; but they do not require notice here, as immediately connected with the ministry of angels. It is necessary only to remark how Jacob was at last directed to return to his own country and to his father Isaac.

God had graciously fulfilled his promises made to Jacob at Bethel, in

affording him protection, and in granting him children and wealth, in spite of the avarice and oppression of Laban. Determined, therefore, in obedience to the Divine command, he informs his wives, Rachel and Leah, "The angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, I am the God of Bethel: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred," xxxi. 11—13. Jacob followed the direction of Heaven, and angelic guards surrounded him by the way. Laban pursued him, as if he had been a robber, with the design of compelling him to return to his service; but the angel of God was his protector and his advocate, admonishing the incensed father-in-law, in a dream by night, at his peril to attempt anything violent by word or deed against his injured nephew and son-in-law, whom he overtook on Mount Gilead. Instead, therefore, of making any attack upon him, they mutually explained, ratifying their friendship by a solemn covenant. "Then Jacob offered sacrifice upon the mount, and called his brethren to eat bread; and they did eat bread, and tarried all night in the mount. And early in the morning Laban rose up, and kissed his sons and his daughters, and blessed them: and Laban departed and returned unto his place," ver. 54, 55.

Jacob, having parted with his father-in-law in peace, set forward on his journey; but he began to anticipate another difficulty in the meeting of his brother Esau, and, possibly, as an enemy. Fear for his own life had driven him, twenty years ago, from the face of Esau; and now that his being is, as it were, multiplied in the persons of so many, dear to him as his own soul, his apprehension increases in proportion. While, however, "Jacob went on his way the angels of God met him," xxxii. 1. Some would have us understand by these, human messengers, certain friendly strangers, directed that way by a gracious Providence to warn him of danger from his brother Esau. But why are we not to take the words literally, when the same inspired Moses declares that God mercifully condescended to visit Jacob's sleep at Bethel with a vision of angels ascending and descending upon the mysterious ladder, to encourage his progress to Heaven? Why should he not bless the waking thoughts of his servant at Gilead with a visit of those ministering spirits now he was in circumstances of imminent danger? Jacob beheld them with intelligent joy, assured that they were celestial visitants, and, calling those dear to him to behold the heavenly vision, as their divine guards, he said, "This is God's host! and he called the name of that place Mahanaim," or *Two hosts*, ver. 2.

Though assured of the Divine protection and care, Jacob, on receiving tidings of his offended brother advancing with four hundred men to effect his destruction, applied himself, first, to God by prayer, pleading his gracious promises; and then to make all those preparations by which he might hope to escape the impending danger from Esau, whom he sought to conciliate by valuable presents. Having completed those arrangements which appeared best in his critical circumstances, he ordered the advance of his great caravan, while he betook himself again to prayer, at midnight; and so earnest was he, that his supplication was continued until the break of day. God heard his prayer, and granted his request. An army of

men came with Esau, but two legions of angels guarded Jacob. But the sacred historian describes this case of the patriarch in a manner which, as Dr. Hunter remarks, "is so very singular and mysterious as to baffle interpretation and defy criticism. His wrestling with a person unknown, in the form of a man, whom he afterwards describes as God, and against whom he prevailed in the contest. Whatever were the real circumstances of this extraordinary scene, it procured Jacob a new and honourable name, which obliterated to his posterity, if not altogether to himself, that less honourable appellation, *Jacob*, the *supplanter*, and which is transformed into *Israel*, that is, A PRINCE OF GOD."

Divine inspiration, by the prophet Hosea, unfolds a part of the mystery, declaring the wonderful stranger to be the angel Jehovah. That Divine Being gave Jacob the name of *Israel*. "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed: he wept and made supplication unto him: we found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us. Even the LORD God of hosts, the LORD is his memorial," Hos. xii. 3—5.

Scarcely is the vision of the Almighty angel at an end, when the interview between Jacob and Esau takes place. Jacob was prepared, for he had settled matters with Heaven. He who by a touch disjointed Jacob's thigh, could by a word only have scattered Esau's armed retainers; but he performs a far more wonderful miracle! By a simple act of his sovereign will, in a moment, he changes the heart of Esau! The brothers meet, not now as offended, incensed, alienated in mind, but as brothers ought to do, in love and unaffected tenderness. Behold, indeed, their contention! but it is a blessed contest of affection—the honest, heart-melting triumph of nature, the noble victory of goodness! "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Jacob proceeded by slow movements towards the land of Canaan; and, after resting about a month at Succoth, he arrived at Shalem in peace and safety, according to the gracious promise of God made to him twenty years before at Bethel. Jacob was *ninety-eight* years of age on his return to Canaan; and having purchased a piece of land for a settled dwelling-place, "he erected there an altar, and called it 'EL-ELOHE-ISRAEL,'" or *God, the God of Israel*, XXXiii. 20.

Jacob's history is given by Moses more at length and in detail than that of any other of the patriarchs; but, for the most part, it is a record of his various trials. He experienced them in all places of his sojourn—in Canaan, in Haran, and, doubtless, in Egypt. It has been said, "As a son, a servant, a husband, a father, in youth, in manhood, in old age, he is unremittingly afflicted." But we should not forget that his remarkable deliverances and mercies were equally numerous, though they cannot here be particularised; nor is it needful, as they are known to every reader of the Scriptures. Perhaps nothing will be more delightfully instructive and encouraging to tried Christians than the record of Jacob's vision of angels on the mystic ladder at Bethel, and which was finely illustrated throughout his whole life. It is truly edifying, also, to contemplate Israel on his dying bed in Egypt recalling the merciful provisions and deliverances as

wrought for him by the "angel who redeemed him from all evil;" predicting the advent of "Shiloh," as the expected Peace-maker between God and men; and anticipating immortal glory with the spirits of his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, in the mansions of the heavenly paradise!

Well does Jacob's ladder suit
To the gospel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place:
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus heaven and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God, to dwell with us, delights.

They who know the Saviour's name
Are for all events prepared:
What can changes do for them?
Hosts of angels are their guard!
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come:
Every spot is holy ground—
God is there, and he's their home!

The Letter Box.

NEW CHAMPION OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

SIR,—In the *Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine* for June is an article headed, "The Principle of an Established Church." There are three reasons for making the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE the medium of a reply to that article. 1. The *Churchman's Penny*, it seems, is raised up on purpose to do battle with the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY. 2. The writer takes the field against Voluntaries on the ground which every "Christian" must respect—he draws his conclusion from Scripture facts. If that conclusion is fairly drawn, the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY should be the boldest in declaring it; if *un*fairly, it should not be afraid to show it. 3. The writer is so thoroughly in earnest, so sincere in his belief, and so anxious that Dissenters should well weigh his facts and argument, that, really, it would not be courteous to pass it over in silence.

Let it be known, then, that "Dissenters have fairly considered the facts there cited from the sacred history;" and that they are by no means disposed "to confine attention exclusively to the New Testament." Let it be known that we do "enjoy a heart-confidence in the Divine word," and feel ourselves as much bound by a *right* application of Old Testament principles as we do by the plainest statements of the New.

FACTS. The facts of the case are these. Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes, made some laws respecting the Jews, Jerusalem, the Temple, and the Temple-service. These laws compelled the semi-Jewish and Gentile inhabitants of Palestine, and, perhaps, of some other provinces, to contribute the things needful for restoring Jerusalem and establishing the worship of God there. "Ezra, the man of God, *filled with the Spirit of God*, spoke thus: 'Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers which hath put such a thing into the king's heart to beautify the house of the Lord which is in Jerusalem.'"

ARGUMENTS. These laws involved the *principle* of compulsory taxation for religious purposes. God *approved* of this principle, indeed put it into the heart.

INFERENCE. That principle, therefore, is "*essentially just and right.*"

CONCLUSION. Therefore our legislators may, ay, must, act upon it.

On the *facts*, *arguments*, and *inference*, no remark need be offered. The *conclusion*, or practical *application*, is the question in point. And the argument for that stands thus:—Because God, under the peculiar circumstances recorded in the book of Ezra, approved

of compulsory taxation for religious purposes, therefore it is quite right and just for any supreme ruler to support a church in the same way. I beg it to be observed, that if this argument is a good one, then the following are equally good, for they are precisely parallel.

Because God once instructed the Israelites to borrow whatever they could of the Egyptians, and go away with it, therefore it is quite right and just that any one should get property in the same way.

Because God instructed the Israelites to drive out, slay, and rob the inhabitants of Canaan, therefore it is quite right and just that the French (for example) should drive out, murder, and rob the Tahitians.

Because God told his people to hold the Gibeonites in perpetual bondage, therefore it is quite right and just that the Americans (for example) should hold their coloured population in the same state.

If either of these enthymemes is correct, all of them are; if any of them is wrong, each is wrong; for they, one and all, rest upon this premise, that whatever God has once approved of in any sovereign or in any people, is just and right in every sovereign and in every people. In other words, whatever he has appointed or commanded to be done at any time or anywhere, everybody has a right to repeat at any time and everywhere.

Were the worthy writer an inspired man; could he come forward as "The man of God, *filled with the Spirit of God*," and speak as Ezra did, and with his authority, blessing God for putting it into the heart of Henry VIII., Charles II., or Victoria the Beloved, to found a national church, and to compel their subjects, under pains and penalties, to support it, then Dissenters would bow to the authority. But of course he makes no such pretensions, so that we are obliged to fall back upon his logic, which is singularly defective; for he fastens upon an exception and makes that the rule; he refers to an expedient once resorted to *under very peculiar circumstances*, and which, moreover, received the express sanction of God, in justification of any ruler, under any circumstance, without Divine sanction, in opposition to the letter and spirit of the New Testament, compelling his subjects to pay tithes, church-rates, &c., for the maintenance of religious worship. It is evident that a thing may be essentially just and right when under the particular direction and expressed sanction of God, which could not be vindicated for a moment apart from such direction and sanction. If all the things which God has allowed to be done and appointed to be done by man were to be pleaded as precedents, justifying the abstract principle they embody, and allowing all people everywhere to act upon that principle, the world would soon be full of anarchy and deluged with blood: and if the principle is to be allowed under certain limitations, then we must have a distinct revelation to determine when and how it should be applied. It must not be left to the *Churchman's Penny*, nor any other *Penny*.

Having shown that the reasoning of the writer referred to in parallel cases, would be preposterous and revolutionary, it follows that his argument is a FALLACY. He draws a general conclusion from a particular premise.

I may, however, express one word of condolence with the writer, who, when he finds that he has mistaken his way, will probably sit down and mournfully ask, "What, then, are our rulers to do with religion?" They are to act towards it as they do towards the revolving seasons and the flowing tide, reap all the advantages they can, but never think of interfering by legislative enactments. Religion is as far beyond their proper sphere of authority as the rolling planets are. If *as kings* or *as rulers* they must discharge their proper duties, let them, with king David, say, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." A king discharges his Christian duty *as a king* when he conscientiously refrains from stepping beyond his kingly province and trenching upon that of Jesus; when, *as a king*, he exhibits every Christian virtue. It is well known that a man attends to duty quite as much when he leaves undone the things he ought not to do as

when he does the things which are commanded him. A soldier's duty, for example, is to shoot or confine every enemy that will not submit. Suppose a Christian soldier were to ask a missionary in India how he must "serve God *as a soldier?*" why, on the principle that every king "is bound to serve God *as a king*," by enacting laws and inflicting penalties on all who will not obey them; this poor soldier must be told to shoot, or stab, or shut up in a dungeon, every Hindoo and Mussulman who will not submit to Jesus. Thus he would be serving God *as a soldier!* In point of fact, God requires no one to serve him *as a king, as a soldier*, or *as a hangman*; but he requires us to serve him *as his creatures*, by discharging, in the fear of the Lord, every *lawful* duty of our station, and resolutely refusing to do everything that is *un*lawful, however gratifying the doing of it may be to the pride of the heart, however customary in years gone by, or fashionable at the present time.

Hoping, dear sir, that Churchmen will give these remarks a candid and searching examination,

I remain, yours, &c.,

P. Q.

*** We had purposed ourselves dealing with the arguments of our Contemporary when he should have finished them, but not till then: many of our correspondents, however, are impatient of delay, and have transmitted us a number of answers, some of which possess sufficient merit to entitle them to publication. Of these the most concise and striking is that which we have here presented. We beheld our contemporary open the argument with much satisfaction, and wished that he might be allowed to pursue his own course to its close without disturbance, well assured that he could not possibly do harm to Dissenters; and that if Churchmen *would only use their understandings*, the result would be advantageous to truth even among them. What is wanted above all things to truth is discussion—clear, candid, full discussion. When Churchmen shall once, in good earnest, begin to examine the New Testament, it will be a sign that the end of their system draws nigh. For our own part, we want nothing but the triumph of truth, and hence, in good faith, we *press Dissenters to read the Establishment articles of the "Churchman's Penny."* Will our contemporary give a like recommendation of the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY? We wait his reply!—ED.

CIRCULATION IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,—Feeling a deep interest in the success and diffusion of your Magazines, may I take the liberty of calling your attention to the necessity of giving them greater publicity in Liverpool, as I am sure by so doing a much wider circulation might be obtained? So far as I am aware, there is only *one* shop in town, (and that in an out-of-the-way neighbourhood,) which is known to the Christian public, where they can be obtained. I meet with the *Churchman's Penny* everywhere. It is placarded in some of the principal streets, and is found lying on almost every bookseller's counter. May I ask if you have any printed placards to distribute in the provincial towns for the purpose of arresting the attention of the great mass of the labouring classes? and, if not, what serious objection exists to such a means of gaining publicity? At all events, I trust you or your publisher will take some step to establish a depôt in some central part of Liverpool, for I can assure you it is greatly needed.

With sincere thanks for all the pleasure and benefit I have derived personally from both your interesting Magazines,

I am, sir, with deep respect, yours,

A LIVERPOOL SUN.-SCH. TEACHER.

Liverpool, Sept. 2, 1846.

*** The writer of this communication

has greatly obliged us, and we hope his example will lead others, in all our chief towns and cities, to make a similar survey of their respective localities. The point to which he calls attention is one of very grave importance, and which should be seriously pondered by our Liverpool friends; for in respect of a remedy, it is clear that we, personally and directly, can do nothing; nor can much be effected by our publisher. There is, however, a Window-bill printed, which may be gratuitously had on application to him. Liverpool itself, however, must somehow supply the deficiency, which otherwise will remain and grow; but if our readers there only will, they are quite able. The Dissenting Booksellers will, we doubt not, perform their part with fidelity and zeal; but there is much beyond their power and beyond their reach, and which can be achieved only by individual effort. To individuals, therefore, we look; nor shall we look in vain. To Young Men generally, to Sabbath-school Teachers in particular, to our earnest readers of both sexes and of every rank, we commit the subject. They have only to take the matter up with spirit and with system, to enable us to fill even Liverpool with the New Testament Doctrine relative to the kingdom of Christ. No town in England more requires this to be done; but the difficulty is great in proportion to the necessity. The Clergy are numerous, zealous, united, and, therefore, powerful; and hence the star of the Establishment is in the ascendant. The bulk of the religious booksellers may, therefore, be presumed to belong to the Church, and, therefore, zealous to further the sale of the *Churchman's Penny Magazine;* those who are not decided, may, as usual, be supposed strongly to lean in that direction, and, therefore, to be ready to concur in the measure. All these are, of course, united in opposition to the CHRISTIAN WITNESS and the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE. Again; we must add to a dominant Episcopacy in Liverpool a strong leaven of Popery and of other systems more or less friendly to the Establishment Principle; so that there is no locality in England against which the great principle of the New Testament has so much to contend. But truth is mighty; and, if her friends are faithful, her empire must advance. If the parties to whom in this note we have appealed will take the matter up with proper spirit, we shall not despair of a circulation in that great Town of 30,000, or even 40,000 a month. Let them only set about it in earnest, and we shall soon have to record a glorious triumph to truth and righteousness, peace and charity. That you may fortify yourselves against the charge of a contentious spirit, please to read the following letter, and the accompanying article, from the vigorous pen of Mr. Binney.—ED.

THOUGHTS ON STRIFE AND PEACE.

To all Lovers of Union.

THE happy peace of thirty years which Europe still enjoys, is the fruit of a murderous conflict shared by all its nations. The choice lay between swords and chains, war and thraldom. The condition of peace was slavery. The condition of liberty was strife. The olive was planted by the hand of the warrior and watered with the blood of man. As it is in politics so is it in religion: frequently peace can be maintained only at the sacrifice of truth. Quietly suffer truth to be trampled in the dust, and you may sleep in peace.

Such was the conduct of God's people when visited by the prophet's condemnation, because "not valiant for the truth on the earth." The false prophets lived in great tranquillity, enjoying alike the favour of kings and people; whereas the true prophets, nearly to a man, lived amid danger and died by violence. Your liability to fall into error on this point is the greater, from the fact that the sin assumes the character of a special virtue—Peace!—Peace!—Peace! The word is so precious, that only the lips of angels are worthy of its utterance. Very fine: but let not reason be lost in rapture. There will be abundance of peace by-and-by; but there must first be war, and such war as the world has not yet seen, but carried on solely by weapons not carnal. Was not the life of our Lord one continual conflict? What was the lot of John the Baptist? How fared it with the apostles and the first preachers of the Word and their immediate followers? What of the Reformers? Did Luther rest on a couch of down? Did Wesley and Whitfield sail on seas of glass? Was ever any great social object carried without controversy? The removal of the Test and Corporation Acts—the Abolition of Slavery—the introduction of the Temperance Reformation—the Abolition of the Corn Laws—who can calculate the amount of controversy connected with these great achievements? What conflicts in the senate, in the newspapers, in conferences and conventions, in the public meeting and the lecture-room, in books and tracts, and in all possible ways! And is it to be supposed that a principle so inseparably connected with the overthrow of error, the establishment of truth, and the working out of human good in things secular, is to find no place in things sacred? Never was cherished a more fatal mistake! And yet this mistake is now, and has always been, to some extent, prevalent. There are not a few good and holy men who are ready to sacrifice great principles for what they call "Peace,"—"Love,"—"Union." To all such we commend the words of the apostle: "First pure, and then peaceable." Whenever it is demanded by the Divine glory and the good of man, let the trumpet be sounded and the lovers of peace go forth to war—to war because they love peace! No peace with State Churches! Let the conflict be carried on with boldness, with vigour, with candour, and with love, and, despite the fears of the weak, and the clamours of the interested, and occasionally, perhaps, contrary appearances, the result will inevitably prove salutary and glorious. Be ye well assured that no class of men among us love peace and union more than those who are foremost in the war against the Church and State system. Nay, their spirit of war is, in reality, only a modified operation of their spirit of love. We know, of our own knowledge, that many of them are among the most generous, most catholic, most noble-minded and philanthropic of mankind.

In further illustration of this momentous point, we beg attention to the following article, extracted from the second of "Two Sermons, preached on the occasion of the Death of the Rev. T. S. Guyer," a publication of extraordinary merit, and well adapted to the times which are passing over us. It will be remembered that the dust of this excellent minister was refused a grave! Englishmen! read these sermons.

Desiring to the uttermost to share in the blessedness of "the peacemakers," and with them to "be called the children of God," we remain, with due esteem,

TRUTH AND CHARITY.

Sept. 11, 1846.

UNION THE RESULT OF CONTROVERSY.

BY THOMAS BINNEY.

In drawing to a close these remarks on the evils to which high and exclusive ecclesiastical pretensions necessarily lead, I should like to be permitted to say two words on the connexion of such things, and of controversies about them, with Christian union and "Evangelical Alliance." Many of you are aware that some meetings have been held, and more are projected, by good men, clergymen and laymen of the

Church of England, of the Churches of Scotland, and of various evangelical denominations, for the purpose of uniting together "all who hold the Head," or as many as will of those who do, in order to present an illustration of the oneness of the true, spiritual Church, in spite of formal and circumstantial differences,—for the mutual interchange of expressions and tokens of Christian affection,—and other objects immediately connected with truth and love. Now, the systems, or churches, to which these men, as individuals, respectively belong, have, some of them, strong matters of controversy yet unsettled, and it is supposed that the "Alliance" may have a tendency to repress testimony for the truth, or the open denunciation of error,—if, indeed, it be not projected for this very purpose, and *meant* to discountenance all controversy and agitation whatsoever! I do not believe this. The confederacy is well and sincerely intended; its projectors are sound-hearted and loving men; their idea is one for the realization of which we ought all to live; but one which, if I understand anything, *never can, and never will, be realized,* IN ALL ITS GREATNESS AND PERFECTION, EXCEPT AS THE RESULT OF CONTROVERSY,—controversy, religious, and religiously conducted. I know something about ecclesiastical agitation. At one time I was a good deal in it; and I can most conscientiously affirm, that the *one great motive which moved me, and I believe many besides, was, the promotion and furtherance of Christian union,—the removal of what we deem obstacles to its coming,*—the exhilarating thought of hastening the day when the different bodies of Christians, still retaining many distinctive differences, might stand forth visibly manifested as one great "Evangelical Alliance." Our object was, to get Christians to rise above subordinate and secondary matters; *to put away, oppose, or modify whatever separated between brethren;* to pant after and pursue, *till all possessed, the full liberty of recognising all as brethren who loved the Master, and of uniting with them anywhere, and, in any manner, in open day and in sacred services, manifesting and enjoying "the communion of saints."* It was thus we thought that we were *serving the cause, alike of truth and love; seeking, as the end of all controversy, the only possible fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer, "that his church might be one."* In writing against Establishments, or against political privileges being granted to any body of Christians, or against the ecclesiastical assumptions of any Church, or against the tyranny of opinion, or the exclusive and narrow spirit, of any sect,—whatsoever it might be with which we warred, we *warred not with men but with things,*—and with things, not merely because we held something different, but because of their coming as *breaks and barriers between us and the men—us and brethren—preventing, sometimes the existence, and always the display and expression, of love.* The aim of those of us who thus felt and fought, was not the destruction or injury of Episcopal Churches, as such; nor the advocacy of the divine right of some other system; nor any dream of ecclesiastical uniformity: but, different churches remaining what they were, it was, *to help them to get rid, and to move them to be willing to get rid, of whatever, in any of them, interfered with catholic communion;* taught them in spirit, or obliged them in practice, to treat others as if they were not brethren; and thus necessarily prevented, in any sense, the visible or possible fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer. We wanted churches and Christians to desire, obtain, and use, the liberty and the right of reciprocal interchange of services, and the privilege of occasional and open fellowship *professedly as differing from each other in secondary matters;* and we wished them to leave to the light of love, and to expect only as the result of that light, greater uniformity of opinion and institute. Some of us, ten or twelve years ago, greatly mistook "the ultimate object of the Evangelical Dissenters" in all their controversies with the Establishment and the Church, *if it was not the realization of Christian union, by the shaking and removal of what we thought prevented it, in the only sense in which it would seem ever to be possible.* To us, therefore, it cannot but be cheering to find, after so long a time, that the one idea which formerly moved

and impelled us, is now moving and impelling others, and that they are seeking to embody and to realize it as far as the present constitution of things will permit. It will be an evil, however, and not a good, *this partial and limited form of the thought*, IF IT LEAD TO SILENCE, ON EITHER SIDE, RESPECTING ANYTHING THAT BEHOVES TO BE ALTERED OR REMOVED, IN ORDER THAT THAT WHICH IS "PERFECT" AND COMPLETE MAY COME. Occurrences like that which has occasioned this discourse this morning, are not to be passed over with such charitable silence as shall become a greater sin against a higher and larger charity, than it can be a virtue in a lower sphere. If love be real, it will lead us mutually to *confess* sin, and mutually to *reprove* it, and sincerely and earnestly to seek the separation from ourselves of whatever separates between, or insults, brethren. Great is the distinction between systems and men; and it may be, that closer contact of men with each other will cast wonderful light on all, and reveal, perhaps, to some, how possible it is for men to have been loved with perfect love, and some parts of their systems opposed with equal strength, from the very circumstance of their impeding the issues, and forbidding the expressions, of that love: and others may find, how conscientious, tender, and affectionate spirits have groaned and bled under the pressure of those very impediments, feeling acutely what they could not remove, and lamenting their isolation and distance from others, through the imperfections of a system, which, for weighty reasons, they durst not repudiate. It becomes all, however, to seek, by personal and denominational improvements, the possibility of the greater union of the faithful. It should be a small matter to us, comparatively, whether a man belong to one church or another, or prefer one system of polity or another; but it should be a great thing for us to wish to possess, and to seek to secure, the power and privilege of giving and receiving the proofs and tokens of our common brotherhood with all Christians. If such views prevailed, we might have Episcopacy, and Presbyterianism, and anything else, but we should not have such lamentable occurrences as I have referred to to-day; if these liberties and privileges were secured, and love and fellowship had their free scope and public manifestation, then, so far as Evangelical Christians and Christianity are concerned, I see not, for my part, that there would be much left for any to fight about. Every step towards this should be hailed and welcomed. Men must cease to curse and to excommunicate each other. We must cease to wish all to conform to *us*. We must learn to live and love as brethren. And thus, departing from the errors of some good men,—it may be from our own,—we must cultivate the charity that unites and comprehends, and put off the pride, selfishness, and assumption, that scatter and repel.

The Fragment Basket.

LUTHER'S FIRMNESS.—About the time the plague broke out in Wittemberg, a great part of the students and teachers left the town: Luther remained. "I don't well know," wrote he to his friend at Erfurt, "if the plague will allow me to finish the Epistle to the Galatians. Prompt and brisk, it makes great ravages, especially among the young. You advise me to flee. Whither shall I flee? I hope the world will not go to wreck though friar Martin fall. If the plague makes progress, I will disperse the friars in all directions; but, for myself, I am stationed here, and obedience permits me not to flee till He who has called me recall me. Not that I do not fear death, (for I am not the apostle Paul—I am only his commentator,) but I hope the Lord will deliver me from fear."—*D'Aubigné*, vol. i., p. 167.

EARLY RISING.—I will here record the observation which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say that the production of this work and most of my other writings is owing; namely, that the difference between rising at five and at seven of the clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.—*Doddridge.*

DR. ADAM CLARKE ON SLAVERY.—"How can any nation pretend to fast or worship God at all, or dare to profess that they believe in the existence of such a Being, while they carry on what is termed the Slave-trade, and traffic in the souls, blood, and bodies of men! Oh ye most flagitious of knaves, and worst of hypocrites, cast off at once the mask of religion, and deepen not your endless perdition by professing the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ while ye continue in this traffic."

*** We commend this passage to the meditation of British apologists of American Slaveholders.—ED.

RESPONSIBILITY OF CONVERTS.—When a Christian missionary had laboured some time at Balasore, a young Brahmin, Jugunnat'ha, embraced the gospel. Soon after the brother of a native magistrate said to him, "Do you believe this from your heart?" Jugunnat'ha said, "Yes." "Well," said the other, "we are watching; you are making an experiment; if you live a holy life, we shall know that this gospel is true. Padree-saheb has been preaching for three or four years; but we have our doubts, and cannot believe; none of the Ooreyas till now have embraced this religion; if you bear good fruit, many will follow your example."

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.—The sum of all Christian philosophy is reduced to this:—To place all our hope in God, who, through grace, without our merits, gives us everything by Jesus Christ: to know that we are ransomed by the death of his Son: to die to worldly lusts, and walk conformably to his doctrine, and his example, not only doing no injury to any, but, on the contrary, doing good to all: to bear trials patiently, in the hope of future recompense: in fine, to claim no credit to ourselves because of our virtues, but give thanks to God for all our faculties and all our works. These are the feelings which ought to pervade the whole man, until they have become a second nature.—*Erasmus, D'Aubigné*, vol. i., p. 88.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE IN CAUSING THE REFORMATION.—Those who look for the friends of reformation only on the steps of thrones, or in cathedrals and academies, and maintain that no such friends exist among the people, are under a serious mistake. God, while preparing the heart of the wise and powerful, was also preparing, in retirement, many simple and humble-minded men, who were one day to become obedient to the Word. The history of the period gives evidence of the fermentation which was then going on among the humbler classes. The popular literature, previous to the Reformation, had a tendency directly opposed to the spirit which was prevalent in the church. In the "Euleuspiegel," a celebrated popular poetical collection of the period, the laugh is incessantly kept up at priests, beasts, and gluttons, who keep full-stocked cellars, fine horses, and well-lined pantries. In the "Renard Reinecke," the household of priests, with their little children, play an important part. Another popular writer thunders with all his might against those ministers of Christ who ride splendid horses, but wont fright the infidels; and John Rosenblest, in one of his carnival games, brings the Grand Turk upon the stage, to preach a seasonable sermon to all the states in Christendom. It was unquestionably in the bowels of the people that the Reformation which was soon to break out was fermenting. Not only from this class were youths seen coming forth, who were afterwards to occupy the first stations in the church, but even individuals, who continued all their lives to labour in the humblest professions, contributed powerfully to the great awakening of Christendom.—*Ibid*, vol. i., p. 100.

Poetry.

STRANGE THINGS.

STRANGE that the wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still;
Above and around to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in strife;
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fetter'd fiend at night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange that the sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye.
At morn, its child is the pride of spring—
At night, a shrivell'd and loathsome thing!
To-day there is hope and life in its breath—
To-morrow it shrinks to a useless death!

Strange doth it seem that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam
To leave it a wreck within sight of home;
To smile as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to the cottage-door;
And gently ripple along the strand
To watch the widow behold him land!

But, stranger than all, that man should die
When his plans are form'd and his hopes are high:
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay.
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age it is labour in vain;
And all that seventy years can show
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife
Who drinks of the poison'd cup of life!

Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the sun is often the bearer of death—
That the ocean wave is not always still—
That life is chequer'd with good and ill:
If we know 't is well that such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see?
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur—but hope and trust.

The Children's Gallery.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

In a small beech grove which grew just behind Mr. Benton's garden there was a fountain of clear, sparkling water, which gushed forth from beneath a rock, and formed a beautiful rivulet, whose waters hastened on their bright way to join a large brook, and so on to the river and the sea. The little fishes found their way into it, and a colony of them lived in the rocky basin into which the water poured from the rock.

Charles and Mary were accustomed to play in the grove in the summer, and they spent many pleasant hours there. At first Charles was afraid of the bears, but his sister soon convinced him of the folly of his fears.

Mary was a year or two older than her brother, and she acted as his guardian and instructor. And it must be said to the credit of the little fellow, that he always paid great regard to what she said. Happily her influence was of the right kind.

When Mary and Charles were weary of walking or running through the grove, they would sit down by the fountain and watch the little fishes swimming about: then they would gaze upon the reflection of the blue sky and bright clouds and green trees in the water,—for the water was so clear that it gave back the images of objects almost as perfectly as a looking-glass.

Sometimes when Charles was asleep, or otherwise engaged, Mary would go to the fountain alone, and sit down on a stone that was overgrown with soft green moss, and enjoy her thoughts in silence.

What did she think about? Does any one say, what matters it what a child is thinking about? I answer, it is a great matter. On the kind of thoughts which are cherished in childhood and youth depend the character of the man and woman. I will give some of Mary's thoughts on one of the occasions above alluded to.

One day she sat on the moss stone and gazed on the fountain. Her course of thought was something like this:—

"The fountain is always clear—it is never muddy. It always has the same clear face. True it is brighter in sunshiny than in cloudy weather, but it is never muddy. Now the Lord made it and placed it here, and it ought to remind me that I ought to keep my temper even and my face bright. I must always be sincere, so that people can see through me. I'll try to be like the fountain. When I am out of sorts and ill-natured, I will think of the fountain, and it will help me to get clear and calm." She dwelt for some time on the pleasant idea of resembling the beautiful fountain, and set in order many resolutions to this effect. Then she thought of her many broken resolutions, and remembered her weakness, and she kneeled down, having first looked round to see if there were any persons in the grove, and prayed for strength to keep her resolutions so far as they were right in the sight of God.

As she resumed her seat she saw that her mother was near her, but her eyes were bent on the ground so that she might not appear to notice Mary's act of devotion. Charles was a little way behind her.

"Now sister, why did you come without me?" said Charles in rather a complaining tone.

"Because you were asleep," said Mary.

"You staid so long alone, that I began to think it was time to look after you," said her mother. "How have you employed yourself all this while?"

"O I have had such a nice time, thinking all alone."

"What have you been thinking about?"

Mary told her what had passed through her mind. The mother was delighted to know that her daughter was thus early disposed to heed the lessons which God designed nature should teach.

At this moment a breeze ruffled the surface of the basin, and again it was perfectly smooth. "Did you notice, dear, how soon the smoothness returned to the ruffled water?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Can you not derive a lesson from it?"

"I don't know"—and after thinking a moment—"yes ma'am. If we can't help being disturbed in our minds by some things, we should become calm again as soon as possible."

"That is a good thought; but you must guard against the idea that the disturbances of passion are as unavoidable as the ruffling of the water by the wind."

"We can't help some things happening any more than we can keep the wind from blowing."

"True; but we can prevent their awakening passion in our bosoms."

"We can't help our feelings at all times, can we?"

"We can in a great measure; and by prayer and painstaking we can acquire that power over our feelings which shall enable us at all times 'to possess our souls in patience.' You have had a great many pleasant hours beside this fountain—have you been thankful for them?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Have you, Charles?"

"Yes, ma'am. One night I and Mary were telling over what we had to be thankful to the good Lord for, and I named the spring."

"That was right, my boy."

"And I have thanked the good Lord for the fishes in the spring."

Charles was disposed to go on and enumerate more of what he thought were his good deeds, but as his mother did not need proof that young folks can be self-righteous as well as old ones, she checked him, and continued her conversation with Mary.

"You have had a great many pleasant thoughts connected with this spot."

"Yes mother; sometimes I sit down here alone, and try to make it seem as though Eliza was sitting here with me as she used to do."

Eliza was an older sister, who had gone to heaven a year before. Her mother made no reply to her remark.

"I often think while I am sitting here of the hymn Eliza used to love so well—

'There is a fountain fill'd with blood;'"

and she repeated the hymn with a propriety and pathos that would lead one to hope that her soul had been cleansed in that fountain.

"Mother, let me sing it?"

Her mother was too much affected by the sad, sweet thought that filled her mind to speak. She shook her head: after a moment's pause, she bent over and kissed Mary, whispering, "Sing it, dear."

Mary, with a clear, sweet voice, sang the hymn, her little brother joining with her, except in a few of the highest notes.

After the hymn was finished, they sat in silence for a little time, and then returned sad, but not sorrowful, to their dwelling.

MEMOIR OF ANNE YOUNG.

ANNE YOUNG, the subject of the following brief notice, was born in February, 1832, at Maddybenny, three miles from Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. From the dawn of reason she evinced a quiet, sober cast of mind, and great sweetness of temper. So remarkably was this exemplified by her, that her parents have said that they never saw Anne in a passion, or discover symptoms of ill-humour on any occasion. Her parents, being Christians in the scriptural sense of the term, gave to their child a strictly religious education. Of her it might be said, as of Timothy, that "from a child she knew the holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation." Besides instructing her at home, they sent her to a sabbath evening adult school, which the writer of this conducts, and also to a daily school which his wife teaches, and where sound scriptural instructions are given to the children. Anne loved both; and the diligence with which she attended to her lessons, as well as the wisdom and propriety of her behaviour in general, were most exemplary. Indeed, she was frequently referred to by her teacher in the daily school as an example for the rest of the children to imitate. There was nothing, however, remarkable in her progress or attainments; on the contrary, we sometimes thought her rather dull in her answers to Scripture questions; but

she was a very modest, diffident, humble child, and very likely possessed more knowledge than we gave her credit for. It was on her sick and dying bed that the religious principles which she had imbibed and the truths she had received began fully to exert their powerful influence on her character, and to show the firm hold they had taken of her heart. Then the good seed which had been sown brought forth abundance of fruit to the glory of God and her own comfort and that of her relatives and friends.

From the time she was seized with the illness, which terminated so fatally, her judgment, in reference to Divine things, became remarkably clear; her mind appeared to expand every day with the knowledge of God's word, and her tongue was loosed to speak the praises of her Saviour. She was more like an aged Christian fully matured in knowledge and grace than like a young disciple.

She was seized with her last illness on the 1st of March, 1846. Being of a delicate constitution, disease soon accomplished its work on her feeble frame. From its first attack dangerous symptoms were apparent, and it was her own conviction that she would not recover. As one proof of this, it may be mentioned, that shortly after she was taken ill her two sisters were speaking of going to town to buy a new dress for the summer. She advised them to wait for a little, saying, "You will soon, perhaps, buy a dress of a different colour from what you would buy now;" meaning, that they would be getting a suit of mourning after her decease.

The second or third day after she was obliged to take to her bed. She was assisted to the kitchen door to see the funeral of a man who had lived as a servant many years in her father's house, and where, it is believed, he learned the way to heaven. Anne remarked on the occasion, "It is hard to say who of us will be carried next to the grave." The event has proved that she was the very next person from that locality who was carried to the tomb.

From the commencement of her sickness her father felt all that tender and deep anxiety, and that affectionate and earnest solicitude, which every Christian parent experiences in regard to his offspring; and he availed himself of the earliest opportunity of ascertaining the foundation of his daughter's hopes for salvation, and the state of her mind in reference to the things of God and eternity. He had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding that her soul was fixed on the Rock of Ages, her hope of heaven built on the foundation laid in Zion, the blood and righteousness of Immanuel. Her views of gospel truth were exceedingly clear, and her faith in God's testimony concerning his Son simple and unwavering. Often did she repeat the following delightful declarations:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "I am a sinner. It was not the righteous, but sinners, he came to save; and therefore he will save me when I trust in him." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Lord, I am weary and heavy laden with sin and with affliction, but I come to thee, and thou wilt give me rest." This was a most prominent feature in her character throughout her illness—simple, unquestioning reliance on God's word. On one occasion, her father, in order to try her, said, "But, Anne, are you sure that when you die you'll be happy?" She looked at him with apparent surprise, and quickly replied, "O yes, father; doesn't the word of God say that Jesus Christ died to save sinners? and that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life? And isn't the word of God true?" Another grace she displayed in her affliction was submission to the will of God. No murmuring nor discontent was manifested by her. No impatient, fretful words escaped her lips, though her afflictions were so great that she was often obliged to cry out under them. Then she would say, "I hope this is not sinful; I cannot help it, my pain is so great; but," she would sometimes add, "it is light compared with what the Lord Jesus suffered for me;" and would quote the lines of a favourite hymn—

"One hour with my God
Would make amends for all;"

and the words of the apostle, 2 Cor. iv. 17, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment," &c. Sometimes, when in great agony, she would also say, "What are my sufferings to the torments of hell?" She scarcely slept any at night during her illness, and several times she was heard to offer up the following prayer: "O Lord Jesus, if it be thy will, grant me a little sleep; and, if not, give me patience."

The last time the writer of this memoir saw Anne was four days before her spirit took its departure from the earthly tabernacle. She was greatly emaciated in body, and suffering much pain; the skin was off both her sides and also her back. When I glanced at her, I concluded at once that it would not be prudent to speak more than a few words; but I could not avoid talking a good deal to her, as it was her own request I would do so. It was customary for her to say to her father and other Christian friends when sitting in her room, if they remained silent for any length of time, "Have you nothing to tell me?" One day that she asked this question, a friend said, "What would you wish us to talk about?" "You know there is just the one thing I love to hear of; tell me something about Jesus." The following is part of the conversation which took place between her and the writer on the occasion referred to:—"Anne, you have been long ill; you have had many wearisome nights." "Yes, 'wearisome nights are appointed me.'" "It will soon be all over; and what a wonderful transition it will be from this bed of suffering to the presence of God in glory." "Yes," she replied; "I would rather die, and go to Christ, than live." And, after a pause, she added, "If it were the Lord's will." "You believe, then, that when you depart from this world, you will be with Christ?" "Yes." "Do you really love the Saviour?" She fixed her eyes on me, and said with emphasis, "Yes, I do—I do love Jesus." "Why do you love him?" "Because he loved me, a poor sinner, and gave himself for me." Some time after, she said, "I wish all the world would come to Christ and be saved;" and quoted the lines:

"I 'll tell to sinners all around
What a dear Saviour I have found."

And, as if to prove that in this matter, above all others, she sympathised with the holy angels and with the Son of God himself, she quoted his own language, Luke xv., "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

It was remarkable to hear with what calmness and composure this child spoke of death. There is something appalling to nature in death—something at which it recoils, and from which it shrinks with instinctive dread; and though all God's people finally triumph over the "king of terrors," yet many of them have suffered much in the anticipation of their conflict with the last enemy—have been in bondage through fear of death. But on this point, as Anne's father remarked, he who goes "about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," was never permitted to open his mouth against her. She had a sister who died in the faith about two years ago. One day she said to her parents, "Well, I don't know whether I shall know N. when I get to heaven; but, perhaps, I shall be so much taken up with the glorious Redeemer that I might not think of her, nor notice her for a long time though she were near me." She charged her parents not to grieve for her as they had done for her deceased sister, and had injured their health, and tried to comfort them by saying, "Sure it is not worth while grieving at the separation, it will be so short; we will soon meet in heaven." She gave minute directions concerning her interment, and desired them to put her corpse in a plain coffin without any trappings, observing that anything was good enough for the vile body. Three days before her death she became insensible, and the 3rd of June, 1846, she quietly breathed her last, being fourteen years and five months old.

Youthful reader, do you ever seriously consider that you, like Anne Young, are subject to the ills of life, and exposed to the shafts of the king of terrors?—

that though you may now be healthy and strong, yet this is no security against the encroachments of disease and the stroke of death? "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment." And if you go to yonder graveyard and examine the graves and read the inscriptions on the tombstones, you will find that persons younger than yourself have been deposited in the narrow house appointed for all living. Or, perhaps, while you read this, it will be recalled to your memory that some of your schoolfellows or playmates, or, it may be, some of your brothers or sisters, have been visited by death, and are now laid in the land of forgetfulness. What is the language of all this to you? "Be ye, therefore, also ready," &c. Are you ready? Have you anything that would effectually solace you in trouble, comfort you in affliction, give you peace and tranquillity in death, and joy in the prospect of meeting with God? The religion of Christ can do all this and much more. Do you possess it? Did you ever spend one hour in private, earnestly examining whether you were a Christian? Whether your sins were pardoned, and Christ formed in you the hope of glory? If you think you are a Christian, let me ask, why do you think so? Is it because you have felt yourself to be a lost, a hell-deserving sinner, and have fled for refuge to the blood of Christ?—persuaded, that as the blood of the Paschal Lamb sprinkled on the door-posts of the children of Israel preserved them from the stroke of the destroying angel on that awful night when all the first-born in Egypt were slain, so the blood of Jesus, applied to the conscience by faith, will secure you from the wrath of God which will fall upon all the finally impenitent and unbelieving. If you say you do believe in the Son of God, has your faith purified your heart, and produced love to him who gave himself for you? Can you say, in the presence of the Searcher of hearts, as Anne Young said, "I do, I do love Jesus, because he loved me, a poor sinner, and gave himself for me?" And do you manifest your love to him by a cheerful and uniform obedience to his commandments? John xiv. 21. The religion of Jesus is a pure religion, his salvation a holy salvation. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men; teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

——

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE:

A LESSON FOR CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

WHILST walking in my garden a few days ago, one bright sunshiny morning, I saw a little fly fluttering around me: it had a small body and large wings, like velvet, all beautifully bespotted with brown and white, purple and crimson, green and gold, far more beautifully than either you or I could have painted them, though we had all the colours in the world. Well, I was struck with its beauty, and resolved to watch it more closely. It flew from flower to flower; now it sipped the dew from the rose, then dropped down on a visit to the modest little daisy; anon it was lost in the cup of a bright-coloured tulip, then revelled amidst the blooms of the honeysuckle. Well, I looked, and looked again, and almost felt inclined to catch it with my hat, as I have seen cruel boys do; but then I thought I should both spoil its beauty and shorten its life, and that would do me no good; so hither and thither it fluttered and darted, and in a minute or two the beautiful butterfly was out of my sight. It was scarcely gone when I heard close behind me a sweet, humming sound, and I knew, before I looked, that the little busy bee was nigh. Now this little industrious insect was always a favourite with me, so I quickly sought and found it, not so

richly dressed as its neighbour, the gaudy butterfly, it is true, but in a good, plain, homely suit of brown, and none the worse for that either. It also flew from flower to flower, but not like the butterfly, just a sip, and then away. Oh, no; the bee, I could see, kept pushing its little trunk down into every part of the flower, and gathering honey every time; nor did it leave one flower until it had apparently exhausted all its nectar, then flew off to another, which it served in the same manner, humming its song of joy all the while. When I saw this, I thought, here is a lesson for me—for you, dear children. Are we butterflies, or are we bees? Do we make a good use of the opportunities we enjoy? Do we gather up the honey of life, and lay up a treasure for eternity? Many boys have opportunities of getting on in the world: are you trifling with such privileges? or do you, like the bee, "improve the shining hour?" You have many useful little books, and one that is above all others; do you daily, hourly, every spare moment, gather wisdom, as honey, from their pages? Your parents are kind, your teachers are kind; do you remember their admonitions, and act according to their advice? Love, honour, and obey them, and when the winter of old age comes upon you, you will bless God that in your youthful days you drank in instruction from their lips, and stored your mind with that which will sweeten your declining years. Your God is also kind, very kind to you. Listen! He says, "My son, give me thy heart." Have you given it? Do you love him, and fear him? The fear of the Lord is pure, enduring for ever; the appointments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. They are sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. Now, the bee gathers its honey in the summer, on its brightest days. These, dear children, are your brightest days; will you not in them seek to lay up treasure for eternity?

The sky darkened, the clouds thickened, the sun was overcast, the big, round drops of the thunder-shower came heavily down to the earth, and the gaily painted butterfly perished miserably; its large and beautiful wings, in which it seemed to delight—its very beauty was the cause of its destruction; but the bee flew off securely to its hive, and there found a home and a shelter, and was able in safety to feast on the store it had laid up against a rainy day. Now, where will you go for comfort when the storms of life beat upon you? Where, O where is your eternal home? Are you like the gaudy fly, living for the present? or, like the bee, for both present and future? In short, are you despising your privileges, neglecting your opportunities, and trifling with your mercies? if so, take care lest the thunder-cloud of God's vengeance overtake you, and hurry you in an instant to eternal ruin, Or, are you profiting by the manifold mercies of God? Are you seeking him whilst he is to be found, calling upon him now that he is near? Do you feel that he who said, "Suffer little children to come to me," has taken you in his arms and blessed you? Are you searching his word as one that searcheth for hidden treasures? Do you feel that the words of Christ's mouth are sweeter to you than honey or the honeycomb? Go on, my dear child, to love him and to prosper:

"Give Him thy heart, thy chief affections give,
And in the world of light thy soul shall live
When earth hath pass'd away."

Isle of Ely, June 15, 1846. J. F. N.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

From the Danish of Oehlenschlager.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative wisdom thou may'st trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee!

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole;
There, with threads of thousand dies,
Life's bewildering web he plies:
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not e'en the feeblest fall.

Cabinet of Things New and Old.

DEATH OF JOHN HUSS, A.D. 1415.

BY EMILE DE BONNECHOSE.

THEN commenced the afflicting ceremony of degradation. The bishops clothed John Huss in sacerdotal habits, and placed the chalice in his hand, as if he were about to celebrate mass. He said, in taking the alb, "Our Lord Jesus Christ was covered with a white robe, by way of insult, when Herod had him conducted before Pilate." Being thus clad, the prelates again exhorted him to retract, for his salvation and his honour; but he declared aloud, turning towards the people, that he should take good care not to scandalize and lead astray believers by a hypocritical abjuration. "How could I," said he, "after having done so, raise my face to Heaven? With what eye could I support the looks of that crowd of men whom I have instructed, should it come to pass, through my fault, that those same things which are now regarded by them as certainties should become matters of doubt—if, by my example, I caused confusion and trouble in so many souls, so many consciences, which I have filled with the pure doctrine of Christ's gospel, and which I have strengthened against the snares of the devil? No, no. It shall never be said that I preferred the safety of this miserable body, now destined to death, to their eternal salvation."

The bishops then made him descend from his seat, and took the chalice out of his hand, saying, "O accursed Judas! who, having abandoned the counsels of peace, have taken part in that of the Jews. We take from you this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ!"

"I hope, by the mercy of God," replied John Huss, "that this very day I shall drink of his cup in his own kingdom; and in one hundred years you shall answer before God and before me."

His habits were then taken off one after the other, and on each of them the bishops pronounced some maledictions. When, last of all, it was necessary to efface the marks of the tonsure, a dispute arose amongst them whether a razor or scissors ought to be employed. "See," said John Huss, turning towards the emperor, "though they are all equally cruel, yet can they not agree on the manner of exercising their cruelty."

They placed on his head a sort of crown, or pyramidal mitre, on which were painted frightful figures of demons, with this inscription, "The Arch-Heretic:" and when he was thus arrayed, the prelates devoted his soul to the devils. John Huss, however, recommended his spirit to God, and said aloud, "I wear with joy this crown of opprobrium for the love of Him who bore a crown of thorns."

The church then gave up all claim to him, declared him a lay-

man, and, as such, delivered him over to the secular power to conduct him to the place of punishment. John Huss, by order of Sigismund, was given up by the elector palatine, vicar of the empire, to the chief magistrate of Constance, who, in his turn, abandoned him to the officers of justice. He walked between four town-sergeants to the place of execution. The princes followed with an escort of eight hundred men, strongly armed, and the concourse of the people was so prodigious that a bridge was very near breaking down under the multitude. In passing by the episcopal palace, Huss beheld a great fire consuming his books, and he smiled at the sight.

The place of punishment was a meadow adjoining the gardens of the city, outside the gate of Gutleben. On arriving there Huss kneeled down and recited some of the penitential psalms. Several of the people, hearing him pray with fervour, said aloud, "We are ignorant of this man's crime; but he offers up to God most excellent prayers."

When he was in front of the pile of wood which was to consume his body, he was recommended to confess his sins. Huss consented, and a priest was brought to him—a man of great learning and high reputation. The priest refused to hear him unless he avowed his errors and retracted. "A heretic," he observed, "could neither give nor receive the sacraments." Huss replied, "I do not feel myself to be guilty of any mortal sin; and now that I am on the point of appearing before God, I will not purchase absolution by perjury."

When he wished to address the crowd in German, the elector palatine opposed it, and ordered him to be forthwith burned. "Lord Jesus!" cried John Huss, "I shall endeavour to endure with humility this frightful death which I am awarded for thy holy gospel: pardon all my enemies." Whilst he was praying thus, with his eyes raised up to heaven, the paper crown fell off; he smiled, but the soldiers replaced it on his head, in order, as they declared, that he might be burned with the devils whom he had obeyed.

Having obtained permission to speak to his keepers, he thanked them for the good treatment he had received at their hands. "My brethren," said he, "learn that I firmly believe in my Saviour: it is in his name that I suffer, and this very day shall I go and reign with him!"

His body was then bound with thongs, with which he was firmly tied to a stake driven deep into the ground. When he was so affixed, some persons objected to his face being turned to the east, saying that this ought not to be, since he was a heretic. He was then untied and bound again to the stake with his face to the west. His head was held close to the wood by a chain smeared with soot, and the view of which inspired him with pious reflections on the ignominy of our Saviour's sufferings. Faggots were then arranged about and under his feet, and around him was piled up a quantity

of wood and straw. When all these preparations were completed, the elector palatine, accompanied by Count d'Oppenheim, marshal of the empire, came up to him, and for the last time recommended him to retract. But he, looking up to heaven, said with a loud voice, "I call God to witness that I have never either taught or written what those false witnesses have laid to my charge; my sermons, my books, my writings, have all been done with the sole view of rescuing souls from the tyranny of sin; and, therefore, most joyfully will I confirm with my blood that truth which I have taught, written, and preached, and which is confirmed by the Divine law and the holy fathers."

The elector and the marshal then withdrew, and fire was set to the pile! "Jesus, Son of the living God," cried John Huss, "have pity on me!" He prayed and sung a hymn in the midst of his torments; but soon after, the wind having risen, his voice was drowned by the roaring of the flames. He was perceived for some time longer moving his head and lips, and as if still praying, and then he gave up the spirit. His habits were burned with him, and the executioners tore in pieces the remains of his body and threw them back into the funeral pile, until the fire had absolutely consumed everything; the ashes were then collected together and thrown into the Rhine.

HISTORY OF R. M'B——.

R. M'B. was born in Scotland. From his infancy he was several times under great awakenings, and at such seasons he would for several weeks be led to pray and read the Scriptures and seriously think of his soul; but having no one to instruct him or give him encouragement, conviction wore off, and he became careless as before. It is awful to think how many early buds of grace have thus been nipped, and how much the church and the world have thus suffered. The young have been uncared for; it has not been supposed possible for minds to be devoutly affected which cannot or do not give utterance to their emotions; and if the principle has not been formally held, at least it has been acted upon, that before we can behold the blessed transforming operations of the Spirit upon the soul, *we* must first impregnate it with a variety of knowledge, and conduct it along a process of training, and bring it under the influence of certain established principles: forgetting all the while that religion is so exceedingly simple, so congruous with mind, and so blessed in its energies, that the youngest child is as competent to its enjoyment as any adult, yea, a far more likely recipient. But to return. R.'s father was a moral man, of irreproachable character, and an elder of the kirk, but destitute of any vital religion: so that at home there was no stimulus to the lad in seeking the salvation of his soul,

no congenial atmosphere in which his early religious feelings could invigorate themselves. In the summer of 1824, his brother, then residing in Malta, died; and this event had such a powerful influence on his mind, that he became more earnest than ever about his soul. In his native town there was then a young man who was very pious, and kept a sabbath-school: to him R. M'B. used to go, and was much with him, receiving with avidity the remarks he made on various subjects of Christian truth and experimental religion. Through him R. was induced to attend the Baptist chapel at those times when the kirk was not open for worship: and as the minister was a very excellent man, he derived exceeding benefit. But here the enmity of the serpent against the seed of the woman was awfully displayed. R. M'B.'s father, though so very upright and righteous to and before men, began to frown upon him for associating with his Baptist friend and for attending the Baptist services. Obstacles were artfully thrown in his way: and thus the early buds of piety were again nipped, and that by even a father's hand. Had that father fostered his son's incipient piety, what sins had never been committed—what agony of soul had been unexperienced what days wasted, worse than wasted, murdered, had been laid up in glory! But it was as it was foretold: "I am come to send fire on the earth. From henceforth the father shall be divided against the son and the son against the father, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." It is probable, that had R.'s father been the encourager instead of the persecutor of his son's soul in its heavenward efforts, it might even then have passed into the enjoyment of salvation. He had had a conviction even from his first thoughts, a conviction deep and irresistible, of the necessity of every one being born again previously to admission into heaven: this had been to him a sort of *first* principle, a central truth, and he had always been as fully persuaded of it as of his own existence: and so thoroughly had this conviction been inwrought into his soul, that he was accustomed to argue it with his companions,—that should they or he die in their present condition, they would certainly perish. He was quite satisfied, even at that early age, that if the Scriptures mean anything, or if religion has any reality or excellence, a great change, one affecting the whole heart, must take place in men; and he was as persuaded that those around him, and whose conduct and spirit were so far from agreeing with what he found in the Scripture as delineating the Christian character and as forming the evidence of conversion, that they could have no real religion in them. He was equally certain that he himself was not a Christian.

His constant and intense desire, therefore, was to undergo this great change, to personally experience the renewing of the Holy Ghost, without which he saw as clearly as in noonday light that all his efforts to please God would be in vain, and all his hopes of heaven delusive. Without being born again he felt in his inmost soul he must remain a sinner all his life, and at last perish eternally.

ingly. Hence he strongly argued with his associates, that they and he were in sin and ready to perish; even while himself living in sin he earnestly contended with all, "that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." It should seem that through ignorance and sin he was at this time acting as if *conversion* were to be waited for as some miraculous operation, towards which no human efforts have the least relevance or adaptation; and perhaps it was in part owing to *this*, as well as to his father's frowns, that the impressions which his brother's death had wrought upon his heart were partly effaced, so that gradually he cooled down into a settled listlessness. Still, however, he had no rest in his spirit; and when he left Scotland to go to Malta, he began in earnest to inquire after God and seek for salvation. After embarking for that island, he felt that as he had now been parted from his old companions and scenes of temptation: as he was then to himself, with no one to prevent him doing what he thought needful for his soul's salvation; then, if ever, he was to seek God; and that if he did not do it then, he never should; and, through grace, he wisely made choice of the good part. He hated sin; he felt he hated it as his enemy, and he set his face against it, earnestly and agonizingly imploring the pardon of his past sins, deliverance from their thraldom, and a new heart. His sister had given him "Boston's Fourfold State," and of this book he became an earnest and anxious reader; and during the whole of the voyage he persevered in giving himself to prayer and in fleeing from the wrath to come. The sabbath after his arrival, not knowing where to attend Divine worship, he was much distressed. His relatives with whom he was residing were quite worldly men, and rallied and derided him as being "blue," and made a mock of all vital godliness, railing especially against the Methodists, as being a set of fools. To R. M'B. all this was very trying; but, through Divine mercy, it only served to make him more anxious than before about salvation, and it drove him to the throne of grace. It also tended to endear to his heart the people whom he heard so shamefully libelled; so that he mentally vowed that he would associate with them, and to profess his attachment to religion by being numbered with these Methodists. But on the sabbath, not knowing where to find the chapel, and being earnestly pressed by his relatives to accompany them in an excursion into the country, he consented and went. But he was unspeakably miserable—wretched beyond endurance; and so this artifice of the enemy only served to render the wickedness of the children of the evil one the more hateful to him, and his own efforts to obtain salvation more determined. Satan thus overreached himself; this profanation of the sabbath to which he had been forced, had the effect of deepening his convictions, strengthening his resolves, and causing him to flee farther and farther from the world and sin. Raillery and persecution, hatred and opposition, thus sometimes prove invaluable blessings; and so convinced is R. M'B. of this in his own case, that

he blesses God for having been exposed to ridicule and difficulty, and compelled to commence his religious history with taking up his cross and forsaking all for Christ. The next sabbath, rising early on purpose, he walked out before breakfast to find the chapel;—he succeeded; and there, at the morning service, he was so happy as to meet with one of his own age, with whom he immediately commenced a friendship which proved of incalculable benefit, and which became most sweet and intimate. They used to rise early and walk abroad, conversing together on things pertaining to the kingdom of God and concerning their peace, their hearts burning within them as they went along. By this friend he was introduced to the missionary, who lent him books suitable to his state of mind, prayed for him, and further instructed him in the way of righteousness. For some weeks he continued praying and longing and weeping, hating sin and avoiding every appearance of evil, but still feeling he must be born again. He most deeply felt, that do what he would and be what he could, he should after all perish, unless born again. His keen and unslumbering conviction, the cry, the groan of his heart was, "I must be born again—I must be born again." Although labouring hard to do all God's commands, he felt he was a sinner, helpless, and sold under sin, the wretched vassal of Satan, and, as such, exposed to God's righteous wrath; his heart groaned out, "O wretched man that I am, who," &c., Rom. vii. 24. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission;" and he saw clearly that unless the blood of the incarnate Saviour were applied to his soul, he could never be happy,—he could not be saved. He saw in the Scriptures, and he learned from living Christians, that there is a peace and a love and a joy in a Christian heart which pass understanding; and as he was a stranger to these emotions, he was convinced he could not be one. But he longed, he panted to be one, and would have gladly died to attain his desire. So intense was his love to divine things, so great his reverence of God, and so fixed his hatred to sin in all its forms and ways, that he wished to die; he hoped the climate would prove fatal to him, as it had done to his brother; he preferred death to living among the ungodly and hearing the profane language which daily filled his ear. Yet with all this dread of sin and hatred to it, he felt certainly persuaded he was no Christian; he had not the love, joy, peace, and faith of a Christian; and he felt that without them he was nothing. But the hour of deliverance drew nigh. On June 1st, (O glorious day!) as he was going up stairs to dinner, he felt he could cast himself upon Christ and rest upon him, and that God, for Christ's sake, had accepted him. He felt this, and therefore was sure—(is not consciousness the strongest of all evidences? "Cogito ergo sum")—and henceforth he could love and rejoice in Christ as his exceeding joy —as his all! He had for some time been desiring Christ and longing to believe; he had been saying in his heart, "Who knows if by this time next week I shall not find peace?" He had been setting

a time at which he hoped to find mercy, and to which he therefore looked forward with unutterable anxiety. Now he felt he *had* Christ. Christ was formed in his heart the hope and pledge of glory, and in him he was enabled constantly to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Now his peace flowed as a river, and his joy was unbounded. Every morning as he awoke Christ was in his earliest thoughts, and every evening Christ was the theme on which his mind lingered, as if begrudging the necessity of any interval of forgetfulness in sleep. Every hour was winged with bliss. His expanded soul was filled with love and praise. Life was to him an intense felicity, because it was Christ that lived in him; and the life he lived was a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved him, and gave himself for him.

A short time after this he wrote home, telling how happy he was, and exhorting his friends to seek the same happiness. Of this letter he took a copy; but afterwards, on the hasty suggestion of the moment, he tore it in pieces, in order that it might not discover to his ungodly relatives on what subject he had written. One of these pieces afterward happened to meet his eye, and on taking it up and reading the name of Jesus on it, he was struck with horror, thinking that he had been ashamed of his Lord, and had denied him before his relatives. The thought of this drove him nearly distracted; he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep. The following night was a night of wretchedness; he feared he should never see the morning; he dreaded lest he should put an end to his life; he wished his razor was not in the room. To have been ashamed of Christ—afraid of his relatives seeing that he had written about Jesus—this was agony. But happily he was not left to himself or to the cruel artifices of the enemy who thus had got an advantage of him. Christ, pitying the distress of his servant, came by his Spirit, and enabled him to seek and find refuge and peace where he had first found it—at the opened fountain-side—and then he went on his way rejoicing.

So far the sketch of a Christian's experience. And now, my dear reader, does aught in your history tally with what has been described? Are you sure you have believed on the Lord Jesus? Has your belief been of a sort that brought perfect peace of conscience, exalted joy in your Lord, and a power to go and do God's will? He of whom you have read wonders—often have I heard him express his exceeding *wonder* that a man cannot trust upon Christ for salvation. So simple is the act of faith, and so necessary is it for a sinner to believe, and so infinitely worthy does he see the Lord Jesus is of being relied upon with unbounded confidence, that to him it is matter of inexpressible wonder and grief that any one, feeling himself a sinner, cannot, does not *at once* and without hesitation, and with all his heart, trust in the same Saviour: and so does *every* real believer. The church of Christ marvels at the world's impenitence and unbelief—it is a mystery of guilt and sin to it. Reader, have

you faith? If so, you will pity and weep over unbelievers; and sometimes you will be lost in surprise, that, since your Saviour is so lovely and so able to save, all mankind do not embrace him.

The object of the above fragment is to convince nominal Christians of "damning unbelief," and, by describing a real conversion and a truly Christian character, to demonstrate how miserable are the pretensions of thousands who wear the name and ape the appearance of religion, but never felt its power. O reader! go to thy closet, and pray God to change thy heart and make thee feel the powers of the world to come; and never deem thyself safe, never assume the Christian name, until you *know* that you have passed from death unto life. "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." Consider what thy Judge saith unto thee. May the Lord give thee understanding in this matter! Amen.

October 9, 1846. HENRY.

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

THAT prayer is one of the urgent duties and rich privileges of every man who would walk with God and go to heaven, is a proposition which needs no proof. Who, then, are the men that most devoutly love the exercise of prayer, and most fully possess the power and spirit of prayer? Your minds have reached the answer more rapidly than my words—*they are the men who pray the most.* In their experience there is a glorious combination of action and reaction. By praying they learn to love the duty; and, loving it, they are led frequently to repeat it. They grow stronger in this exercise; accustomed to it, they learn how to approach the eternal throne with an ardour, simplicity, and confidence peculiarly their own; they plead the promises as though they believed them, and procure Heaven's benedictions upon themselves and their fellow-men. They are free from that vapid and arid stupor so characteristic of the man who seldom prays. Prayers that have floated over congealed sensibility, or have been bleached of all their power in passing the intellectual region, are not the prayers they make. When they pray, the auditor feels that there is a moral contact of the finite and the Infinite. They can maintain the spirit and also the proprieties of prayer without the aid of liturgical suggestions. How is it with you, my brethren, on this subject? Is it well with you? Have you a place and season for secret prayer? Those of you who are heads of families, do you pray in those families? Are you willing to unite with other Christians in social prayer—not simply hearing and silently praying, but yourselves openly and vocally leading at proper times? Say not that you have no talent to perform the duty of prayer. This sentiment would pain you and mortify your pride should it come from the lips of others. If it were true, it would prove a truth more serious and awful than itself—it would prove that you have not sufficient talent to become Christians. It is not true; all that you

need is the powerfully developing influence of exercise and action. This is able to make you princes, prevalent in prayer—a blessing to yourselves and the world.

LEGAL REASONINGS REMOVED.

Say not, I am a sinner, and I must *stay* till I turn from sin before I meddle with a promise; indeed, if you think you can turn from sin before you come to Christ to turn you, you do not know the power of sin, nor the office of Christ as a Saviour to save from sin. Beware of ignorant misinterpretation of Scripture texts concerning turning to the Lord; for example, that text, Isaiah lix. 20, "The Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord." I own, sirs, I have sometimes been kept in bondage by such scriptures as that, while misunderstood; and, perhaps, some may mistake them the same way, saying, "Oh, there is no benefit to be expected from Christ till I turn from my transgressions; and yet I can no more turn aright from sin than I can turn the sun in the firmament that is going west and make it turn back and go east. And what shall I do?" Indeed, sirs, if I were of their opinion that make *gospel repentance* and turning from sin to be *before* faith, I could preach no relief to you in that case; but I know and believe otherwise from God's word; therefore I only desire you to remember to take that text, and such like, in the *gospel sense* of it. "Why," say you, "what is the gospel sense of it?" Indeed, I shall not gloss it to you out of my own head, for then you needed little regard it; but see the gospel gloss that the apostle, or rather the Spirit of God, gives of it. Rom. xi. 26. "There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Why, the meaning of the prophet's words, "He will come to them that turn" is this,—he will come and turn them, and turn away ungodliness from them. O sinner, how like you that gloss? Is there not a door of hope open here? Cannot the Lord Jesus, by virtue of his office, turn you, and according to his promise, which you are called to plead, saying, "Lord, turn me, and I shall be turned?" Why, then, for the Lord's sake, do not think, poor brat of old Adam, by nature without strength, able to do nothing—do not think to take Christ's work out of his hand, but put his own work into his own hand. Expect not salvation from him under the notion of saints, but of sinners. He will not save you upon any other terms, but as you are a sinner, and he a Saviour.—*Ralph Erskine.*

POPERY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

No. VIII.

BY THOMAS TIMPSON.

In our former papers we have referred to many of the errors of Popery, and shown their origin, at various times, to serve the crafty policy of the Romish priesthood. They were, however, only just noticed; and it may be a subject of inquiry, whether those errors are still held by the Papists? It will, therefore, be peculiarly proper to state some of those false principles, and especially to show how pernicious they are to the souls of men, contrary to the interests of society, and opposed to the peace and prosperity of mankind. Our limits will not allow of reference to more than

a few of the principal of those false doctrines; but these will appear in their antichristian character, and clearly indicate that they have arisen from an evil spirit, the predicted "mystery of iniquity," and that they must be highly offensive to God.

1. THE INSTITUTION OF A MINISTERIAL PRIESTHOOD. "No man ever fell into the error of a priesthood," as Dr. Arnold truly states, "by reading the New Testament." But this is the first, and chief, and masterpiece of all the popish errors. This, in a vast, graduated hierarchy, is the monstrous engine of the domination of Antichrist. No office of this kind was ever instituted by our blessed Saviour or his Apostles. The Apostles themselves were not priests; they possessed not anything of a priestly character; they never made the least pretence to it, nor to confer it upon others. They were all special messengers of Christ—missionaries to all nations, preachers to all mankind of the glorious doctrines of reconciliation with God and eternal life, through the mediation and triumphs of their crucified, but risen and exalted Lord and Saviour.

This antichristian invention is the pretended foundation of all the Romish claims, and of all their impositions in spiritual tyranny over the consciences and fortunes of their adherents. By virtue of this master-falsehood, this "fabricated imposture," as Dean Waddington justly calls it, the Romish priest pretends to other acts, involving gross falsehoods, as to grant absolution to the people from their sins; to consecrate bread and wine, so as to be transubstantiated into the very body and blood of Christ; to administer various sacraments, so as to convey saving grace to the living and the dying; and thus he directs, with awfully inviolable secresy, the affairs of families, by means of the "Confessional." Hence, in the antichristian claims of the priests, in a numerous and dreadful hierarchy, with the great archpriest, "His Holiness," at its head, arises all the degradation under priestly domination of the nations of Italy, Austria, Spain, and Portugal.

2. THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY. While the word of God declares "marriage is honourable in all," the Romish priests are bound by an unnatural law not to marry. From this shocking prohibition arises innumerable evils and crimes which cannot be expressed in this place to be made public. In no country and in no age have the Romish priests been those sacred, chaste persons that their vow requires them to be. Besides, the influence of that sacerdotal body is most injurious to society by their wily extortions, in return for granting spiritual favours to the superstitious, in sickness, and in death, in popish countries.

3. AURICULAR CONFESSION WITH ABSOLUTION. This degrading institution of confessing sins to the priest is also a part of the wicked policy of Antichrist, as the means of bringing the people completely under the domination of that usurpation. In the earlier ages, before this system was matured, professors of Christianity, in connection with Rome, were required to confess their sins publicly; but, under the influence of superstition and remorse, disclosures were sometimes made of the most dreadful kind. Crimes of the greatest enormity were acknowledged before the people, leading to many evil consequences; when pope Leo the

Great, about A.D. 450, allowed secret confession to be made to any priest in private; and at the same time public penances were partially, as they were afterwards generally, abandoned, proud penitents refusing to submit to public shame, as prescribed by the priests. Private auricular confession rapidly prevailed: it relieved the sinner's impenitent remorse, gratified the prurient curiosity of the "confessor," and magnified the office of the priest, ministering to his dreaded power. It was decreed in 1216, by pope Innocent III., that every person should go to confess to his own parish priest at least once a-year. Various laws and rules were made regarding confession and penance, and tables of fees for the pardon of gross crimes were published by the priesthood. *Adultery*, *incest*, and *murder*, were included in the list of crimes to be pardoned thus after confession and payment of the fees to the priests!

Confession to a priest, with his pardon, is still the established doctrine and practice of the Romish church, and the abominations arising from it in popish countries are inexpressible: they are so even in the British Isles. On occasion of obtaining large sums of money for grand purposes special appeals have been commonly made to the people, with promises of full pardon, called by the priests "*Plenary Indulgences*." Thus, on completing the cathedral chapel of Cork, Dr. Moylar, the bishop, published, November 2, 1813, the rule of pope Pius to that effect, and he appeals in these terms: "You to whom the Almighty has given of the dew of heaven, and of the fat of the land, redeem your sins with alms, and your iniquities with works of mercy to the poor, and, perhaps, God would forgive your offences. You who profoundly sleep in sin, awake, rouse yourselves from that fatal lethargy into which you have been so long plunged. The ministers of Jesus Christ, invested with his authority, animated with his Spirit, expect you, with a holy impatience, *ready to ease you of that burden of sin under which you have so long laboured. Were your sins as red as scarlet, by the grace of absolution, and application of this plenary indulgence, your souls shall become white as snow!*"

Those who would learn the dreadfully pernicious influence of this system of "*confession*," as practised by the Roman priesthood, should read the recent publication of Michelet, the Catholic professor of history at Paris, called, "*Priests, Women, and Families*."

4. ABSOLUTION, or FORGIVENESS OF SINS. Power to forgive sins is claimed in the fullest sense for every Roman Catholic priest; and this is believed, of course, by the deluded people, as the reason of their going to *confession*. That such is the fact will be manifest from decrees of the Council of Trent, which are the standard laws of the Romish church. That council decreed, in relation to confession of sins and their pardon by the priest, as follows: —"Canon 8. If any one shall say, that confession of all sins, such as the church preserves, is impossible, and a human tradition, to be abolished by the pious; or that all and singular the faithful of Christ of each sex are not bound to observe it, according to the great council of Lateran, once a-year, and, therefore, that the faithful of Christ are not to be persuaded to confess in time of Lent: *let him be accursed.*

"Session xiv. chap. vi. canon 9. If any one shall say that sacramental ab-

solution is not the judicial act of the priest, but a bare ministry of pronouncing and declaring that sins are remitted to him who confesses them, provided only he believes himself to be absolved; or should the priest absolve him, not in earnest, but in jest; or if any one shall say that there is not required the confession of the penitent, so that the priest may be able to absolve him: *let him be accursed.*"

How far all this *cursing* spirit is from the amiable and tender spirit of the apostles and true ministers of Christ need not be argued; its malignity and unscriptural character are clearly manifest: it is worthy, in this respect, of the hateful *Antichrist.*

Absolution, in the church of Rome, is here declared to be "not ministerial," but "judicial"—a "judicial act of the priest, in which sentence is pronounced by him as a judge." And, accordingly, the priesthood further tell us in the Tridentine Catechism, that "in the minister of God, as his legitimate judge, the sincere penitent venerates the power and person of our Lord Jesus Christ; for in the administration of this, as in the other sacraments, the priest represents the character and discharges the functions of Jesus Christ."

Such unscriptural doctrines imposed upon the ignorant or superstitious must be most pernicious and immoral in their influence. But they are the most convenient of anything conceivable to serve the purposes of priestcraft.

5. SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. The Romish hierarchy pretend that in the communion the priest offers up Christ as a sacrifice for the sins of the living and the dead. This is one of their favourite doctrines, as being one of their chief engines of drawing the wealth of their blinded followers, especially in times of sickness and at death, to enrich themselves. This doctrine of the mass was denounced by the Reformers as a "blasphemous and dangerous deceit;" but the Council of Trent decreed, "Canon 1. If any one shall say that in the mass there is not offered to God a true and proper sacrifice, or that the offering is nothing else than Christ is given us to eat: *let him be accursed.*"

Ordinary *masses* are commonly said for the Christian's soul, as ordained by the Romish hierarchy; and they are pretended to fetch him out of purgatory, or at least to ease him there. Whoever has his salvation at heart must never forget this, as he is taught by his priest; and that he must leave a necessary sum of money to be paid by his executors to the curate, to rescue him from the everlasting pains he has merited.

King Henry VII. ordered that *ten thousand* masses should be said for the repose of his soul; and they were said, according to his order, within a month of his decease, in the monastery in London. In Catholic countries this system of priestcraft is carried on to a prodigious extent. "In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, it often happens," as Dr. Hook states, "that the souls of the faithful are the first heirs of the wealth they leave behind them in this world. The dying man sometimes bequeaths *twenty* or *thirty thousand* masses to his soul, charging the pastor in whom he confides most to remit this stock to him in the other world immediately after his departure out of this. There are likewise private masses said for strayed or stolen goods, or cattle; for health, for travellers, for returning God

thanks, &c. All these masses go under the common name of *votive masses.*"

6. TRANSUBSTANTIATION. This is the pretended conversion or change of the substance of the bread and wine in the Lord's supper into "the body and blood, the soul and divinity of Christ," by the consecration of the priest. The Catholic doctors represent it as a standing miracle among their priests, and so impose upon the deluded people, inducing them to worship the consecrated bread, prepared in the form of wafers, as the "host," as if it were what they blasphemously pretend—*the true God!* Their standard belief in this is thus stated in the creed of pope Pius:—

"I profess, likewise, that in the mass is offered to God a true, proper, propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy sacrifice of the eucharist there is *truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ:* and there is made a conversion of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic church calls *transubstantiation.*"

This false and monstrous doctrine being one of the first that was opposed by the Reformers, as a blasphemous outrage upon truth, the Council of Trent decreed:—

"If any one shall say that in the sacrament of the eucharist the substance of the bread and wine remains, together with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny the wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance of the bread into his body, and the whole substance of the wine into his blood, the appearance only of bread and wine remaining, which conversion the Catholic church most properly terms *transubstantiation,*—*he is accursed!*"

7. SACRAMENTS. The word sacrament is not found in the English Scriptures. No word in the Greek Testament corresponds with the modern application of the term: the word is Latin, but it is never used in the vulgate Latin version of the New Testament in reference either to baptism or the Lord's supper. It ought, therefore, to be banished from Christian use, especially as it has been the means of unspeakable evils and serious delusions among professors of Christianity. This term is, however, borrowed from the papists, and is in common use by many Protestants, to denote the New Testament ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The Roman hierarchy have added five more as sacraments, as admirably adapted to subserve their usurpation; and of these the Council of Trent decreed:—

"If any one shall say that the sacraments of the new law were not all instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, or that they are more or fewer than *seven;* namely, baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, penance, extreme unction, orders, and matrimony; or that any of these seven is not truly and properly a sacrament: *let him be accursed!*"

8. PURGATORY. The Roman hierarchy teach that the souls of the faithful Christians pass from their bodies into a dreadful place of suffering by fire, to be purged or purified by a process of punishment before they are received into heaven. The Catholic doctors and their standard writers say, "We also believe that such souls, so detained in purgatory, being the living

members of Christ Jesus, are relieved by the prayers and suffrages of their fellow-members on earth."

We have seen, in referring to the Romish "masses," how this false doctrine has been rendered profitable to the avaricious priesthood. It has, therefore, been carefully guarded by the Council of Trent, who decreed:—

"Since the Catholic church, taught by the Holy Spirit from the sacred writings and ancient tradition of the fathers in sacred councils, and, last of all, in the œcumenical synod, hath taught that there is a purgatory, and that the souls there detained are assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, but more powerfully by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar, the holy synod directs all bishops to take diligent heed that the sound doctrine concerning purgatory, handed down by holy fathers and sacred councils, be believed and held by the faithful in Christ, and be everywhere taught and preached."

Almighty God, the Father of lights and Fountain of wisdom, must be just in permitting the present prevalence of this system of priestcraft, which himself has denominated "THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY," 2 Thess. ii. 7. Neither Paganism nor Mohammedism contains so profound a scheme, adapted, as it is designed, to enrich its teachers and enslave mankind. While we see this system in its vigour, sustained by powerful governments, which are its slaves, it is consolatory to be assured that it cannot exist with the full light of the Holy Scriptures; and that by their brightness, when universally published, it shall be utterly destroyed!

We admit that some of the grand doctrines of Christianity are held by the Romanists, but they are overloaded with the awful corruptions which we have surveyed. Our review does not include all, and it is necessarily brief; but we entreat our young readers to guard against them; to obey the delightful and profitable command of our blessed Master, "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES," that each may be made "wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus." And so, being "sound in the faith," and "valiant for the truth," "strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man," each may be active and useful in the church and in the bringing glory to God, so as to inherit the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour!

The Letter Box.

THE DANGERS OF DISSENT.

To the less-instructed Members of Dissenting Congregations.

FRIENDS,—Let me address a few words to you on an important subject. I will introduce that subject by an anecdote. Not long since a clergyman called at the house of a Dissenter in his parish, and asked him why he did not attend the church? The reply was to this effect: "I hope the Lord, some years since, converted my soul in another place of worship, and there I believe he still visits me with the refreshing dews of heavenly grace. I am united with a small number of persons in Christian fellowship, and feel both pleasure and profit in associating with them." "But," replied the clergyman, "it is your duty to attend the church and to receive her sacrament; and there is very little

hope that you will be saved unless you do so." This is not a solitary instance—many such are occurring, to the no small perplexity of simple-minded Christians; and in them we find a necessity of vindicating Dissent from the charges of schism and sin which are pretty frequently lodged against it.

Moreover, not a few of the evangelical clergy are no less zealously bent on weakening our forces than are their Puseyite and High Church brethren, though in a manner less open and direct. The National Liturgy is by them extolled as the very perfection of all that is sound in doctrine, sublime in sentiment, and useful for the purposes of worship. "The services of *their* Church are so scriptural, full, comprehensive, spiritual, suitable!!" In the Prayer-book there is "nothing ordained against God's word!!" "The National Establishment takes the gospel to the poor!" It is insinuated, that only a national establishment *can!* "A national establishment is needful to turn away wrath from the realm!!" "Without a State Church the whole nation would be infidel—apostate!!" Dissenters "cause divisions," and a host of similar broad, unproved assertions, and an equal number of very unpleasant and uncharitable insinuations, with a sneer at Dissenters' consciences, are the weapons with which apparently sincere and Christian men in the Establishment are publicly striving to defend the state church and to undermine the foundations of Dissenting influence and usefulness.

Here, then, dear friends, I find my apology for writing to you on the subject of your dissent; and my warrant for asking space in the CHRISTIAN'S PENNY for my remarks lies in these two passages of sacred Scripture,—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." "Ye should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

I wish you to know that in the Prayer-book there are many very serious defects, and some dangerous errors; and I wish you to understand wherein they consist, that you may have a reason for your *dissent* AT HAND, and may thus be fortified against the attacks which otherwise might perplex your minds and hurt your feelings. In doing this, I wish to retain perfect good humour and kind feeling towards those whose opinions I controvert and whose errors I attack. I will think of them as sincere Christian men, over-wedded to a system under which they have been brought up, unduly prepossessed in its favour, and unfortunately biased against those forms of Christianity which are unconnected with an Act of Parliament. I will also seek unto the Lord for the light and help of his Spirit. That my own views in every point are nicely and scripturally correct, I have not the vanity to think; but in the broad article of dissent from the English State Church, or, indeed, from any state church, I am fully persuaded that I have the plainest authority of God's word. Hence it becomes a part of my duty to profess it, and, when assailed, especially to publish its vindication.

I suppose no one will deny that in the public prayers of the State Church there is great *beauty*. Church-people are thoroughly in love with them, and know not how sufficiently to express their admiration. But to what *order* or *class* does this *beauty* belong? Those who will take pains to consider the structure of the National Liturgy, and will especially observe, during the time of its performance, the sort of things which come in to give it effect, will at once see that the character of this liturgy is that of a spiritual drama—the rubric being, in fact, the directions for its proper performance. Allow your minds to contemplate it in this light. On the Sunday morning, when people are just rising from their beds, up strikes a bell, *Tang, tang*. After an interval of about an hour comes the merry peal; then, in a short time, two of the bells ring a duet. Half-an-hour before the scene is opened, bomb, bomb, sounds the largest in the steeple. When for a time its solemn and loudest notes have been poured to the breezes, and re-echoed by the neighbourhood, all the other bells chime in with measured pace and truthful harmony. I have often been, especially in more youthful days, half enchanted by the music of

these bells, and should now listen to them with great pleasure, did they not divert my thoughts from the spiritual intentions and engagements of the day. Well, with this music sounding in their ears, the people enter the church and take their seats. They look up, perhaps, to the painted window, or to the tables on which are written the Commandments, the Belief, the Lord's prayer. There, also, is the communion-table, fenced out in a little sacred inclosure by itself. Presently the priest in his white robes paces the aisle, ascends the desk, adjusts his garments, and in a few seconds opens the massive book and reads. Soon after, every part of the church sends forth a solemn, well-measured, slowly-moving cadence, the subdued tone of which delightfully contrasts with the bells that have just ceased their chime. Then proceed the genuflexions, turns to the east, alternate sitting and standing, with occasional kneeling, all intermixed with the well-managed solos of the priest, and the full responses and choruses of the people. To help the effect, now and then there is the confusion of a hundred voices of the people, some in unison, some in octave, some in discord, running on, some faster, some slower, after the single voice of the priest. The whole is so managed as, by the Scripture lessons and the chants, to afford relief and rest, and to bring out to the greatest effect the solos, the responses, the fugues, and the choruses. Then, what device of more dramatic effect could have been hit upon, than for the priest at one part of the service to leave his desk, walk away up the aisle to the far-end of the chancel, and there, from the "altar," to read in solemn tone, ("distance lending enchantment to the sound,") the Ten Commandments, the people answering after each, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

I must confess, that when occasionally I have been at church, had I felt at liberty to yield myself to the full effect of a good performance of the National Liturgy, I should have luxuriated in the pleasure of a high gratification. But remembering that this performance is called the worship of God, and in some cases really is so, I have been alternately pained at what seemed to me profanity, and sadly oppressed with a sense of the ludicrous. That the parties who composed the several parts of the Liturgy and arranged them had no reference to dramatic effect I verily cannot believe; and, judging partly from my own feelings and partly from the observations of devout Churchmen, I as verily believe that the chief "*beauty*" of this over-lauded performance is, in fact, its highly poetic plans, structure, and finish; and this conviction is very much confirmed by the testimony of persons who, before their conversion, used to attend church, help in the performance of its liturgical service, and derive from it a very considerable pleasure. I concede, therefore, to the National Liturgy a considerable degree and a high order of poetic beauty; and no doubt all persons of dramatic taste (and who is utterly devoid of it?) would engage in its performance with pleasure; but more especially those persons who, from instruction and habit, have come to confound the dramatic gratification with the delight of pure worship—for these will yield themselves fully to their impulse. But who will not see that this order of excellence,—suitable enough to the oratorio and the concert, and, within due limits, not unsuitable in acts of direct praise,—is *altogether* out of place in what professes to be a sorrowful and penitent confession of sin, and a humble supplication of mercy?

Bear these things in mind, then, my friends, and you will perceive that much of the charm and power claimed for the Liturgy, instead of being a real excellence in it, is a grievous defect. We Dissenters object to it partly on this ground, and believe that the gospel shows us a more excellent way,—that it is much more to our spiritual improvement to breathe out the language of the heart, in spontaneous phrase and simple form, dispensing altogether with the variety of solo, duo, fugue, alternation, and chorus, retaining only the apostolic response, "*the Amen.*" One word to Churchmen. Dear friends,—these are the candid opinions of an observer. I do not say that no spiritu-

ality of feeling *can* be associated with "the Common Prayer"—far from it. But this I say, that the poetical and dramatic taste is far more likely to be gratified than the heart is to be drawn away to God. I say that you stand in jeopardy, every time you engage in the liturgical service, of mistaking the pleasure of taste for the pleasure of devotion; and that, if you would realize much of the true pleasure of worshipping God, you must have recourse to some other means rather than that which the Book of Common Prayer supplies. One word to clergymen. Dear brethren, in your sermons talk less about the beauty of your forms of prayer, and warn the people more against resting in its poetry. I might even add, try, by all suitable means, to do away with this papist-like-Jewish memorial, and to bring back your public worship to the simplicity of the gospel. I am, &c.,

P. Q.

October 13, 1816.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

MR. EDITOR,—I hate scolding: it never did any good, it never will or can. I wish this were all. It does immense harm. It disfigures beauty and comeliness in the female countenance; and who will not own that a beautiful female countenance, rendered so, not only by a fair skin and symmetry of features, but by the expression of intellect and amiable disposition, is, beyond a doubt, the most lovely object under heaven? I, therefore, mortally hate everything that clouds and deforms it. No wonder, then, that I abhor scolding. It embitters social intercourse; it often destroys all the pleasure of a good repast, and thus counteracts the bounty of Providence, and spreads silence and pain all around the table. I should suppose that Solomon, with his numerous, almost innumerable wives, wrote from sad experience, (for I have no doubt that the vixen sometimes shows her peevish countenance and utters her snarling voice at the tables of royalty: like the spider, she is in kings' palaces,) when he said, "Better is a dinner of herbs and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife." It irritates those against whom it is directed. Many good servants, (and, perhaps, some good husbands, too,) have been spoiled by scolding. Those who will scold, should do it privately; for flesh and blood cannot bear to be taunted, reproached, scolded before others. It may be a question, whether a man will not be happier with a slattern, if she is thoroughly good-tempered, than with a scold, be she ever so active and cleanly and managing. It is wrong—it is sinful in itself: it always indicates weakness of mind, want of self-command, loss of temper. I have no doubt it often unfits for the exercises of devotion; it hinders prayer, if not by causing its omission, yet by preventing its success and its beneficial influence. What a serious drawback does it often prove to the excellences of good ladies, mothers and mistresses of families! How effectually does it prevent them from having that share which they would otherwise enjoy in the affection of their children and servants! Would they but try the effect of rational, kind, dignified reproof, *in privâte*, when anything is wrong, accompanied with instruction, in order to correct faults, how much more efficacious would these prove! how much better would these good ladies be satisfied with themselves! "Kindness is the key of the human heart"—(only let the kindness be wise, dignified, and faithful)—and unless we can find access to the hearts of others, we never can effectually and permanently secure their services, we never can do them much good. One bad effect of this scolding is, that it causes those who indulge in it to attach so much importance to the peccadillos, the little faults and deficiencies of servants and children, that the habitual scolder can scarcely talk of anything else to her friends and visitors, and the members of her own family are sure to be entertained, ever and anon, with a tirade about the faults and awkwardness of servants. I wish those scolders could see themselves, that they would only reflect on what they feel when they are cheerful and good-humoured, and wish to enjoy

themselves, and yet are doomed to look on the countenance and listen to the voice of a scolder. I am afraid they are incurable, else this would cure them. The Lacedemonians are said—(wretched, cruel, barbarous! alas for the vaunted civilization and virtue of Greece!)—to have made their slaves drunk, and then exposed them before their children, in order to inspire the latter with an abhorrence of drunkenness. I should think that the sight and hearing of a scold is sufficient to inspire any one who is not incorrigible with an utter abhorrence of scolding.

Oct. 13, 1846. ANTI-RIXOSUS.

The Fragment Basket.

DANGER FROM WITHIN.—Luther used to say, "I fear more what is within me than what comes from without: the storms and winds without do never move the earth, it is only vapours within that cause earthquakes."

GOD'S PECULIAR NAME.—When the Lord speaketh of himself with regard to his creatures, and especially his people, he saith I *am*; he doth not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their tower, or their strength, but only I am. He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people might write under it what they please that is for their good. As if he should say, Are they weak? I am strength. Are they sick? I am health. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am justice and mercy; I am grace and goodness; I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supremacy, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah—I am whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions—I am whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable to their souls. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great and pleasant, whatsoever is good and needful to make thee happy, that I am. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as one universal good, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, he saying only in general, I am.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

The Children's Gallery.

DANGERS OF YOUTH.

THE late Dr. Griffin, skilled as he was in the instruction and guidance of youth, whose parental heart yearned over young men exposed to the dangers of an ensnaring world, discoursed in the following impressive language concerning "the dangers of youth:"—

1. A general exposedness to temptation; full of passions easily excited, and warm as the current of their youthful blood; led on by an imagination as active as their youthful limbs, and mostly unchecked by experience—forming images which are constantly mistaken for realities—which inflame and mislead the passions and bewilder the judgment; set down as strangers in the midst of a world whose objects and inhabitants present destructive blandishments to their inexperience—whose beauties and amusements, in the absence of the love of God, are fatally adapted to their youthful tastes; how can they escape?—at least, how dreadfully exposed are they!

2. Under all these exposures they are constantly forming habits as uncontrollable and despotic as an eastern sultan, and harder to be dethroned. Through inexperience and incaution, and the impetuosity of their youthful passions, they are liable to become petrified in evil habits, as fixed as the coral reefs of the ocean.

After exposing various other dangers to which young men are liable, he proceeds to utter the following salutary warnings:—

1. Avoid all connections with bad men, and, as far as possible, with men whose influence would tend to warp

you from the truth, or from a correct course of judging or of acting.

2. Vigilantly guard against the beginning of every evil habit, in heart, intellect, or conduct. By watchfulness it is easy to prevent the first irregularity; but who can vanquish an evil habit? "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." You may defend the Thermopylæ by which the enemy would penetrate into your country; but when he has once entered and taken possession of all the strong-holds, who shall dislodge him? Paley says that some things ought to be done if for no other purpose than to preserve good habits. The preservation of these is a matter of incalculable importance; and the first step towards the breaking up of a good habit and the contracting of an evil one, should be guarded against with the most vigilant care.

3. Let your reading be safe. Not many novels, not a perpetual round of angry politics, not a constant poring upon theological errors. On the subject of religion, there are men who read little else than controversial writings, and always on that side which supports their preconceived opinions against the truth. This is a fatal course, and betrays a determined hatred of the light, and a resolute purpose to take shelter in impenetrable darkness. When the errors thus defended are cardinal, there is little chance that the miserable man will ever attain to salvation.

4. Let it be a settled rule to make some advance in knowledge every day, and every day to bring to pass something for the good of mankind. To do both of these is a duty in itself, and the rule would be a powerful guard against the beginning of evil habits.

5. Establish the settled habit of prayer. Without prayer you have no security against one of these dangers. Without Christ you can do nothing. Without assistance from above you never will prevail against one temptation or one bad habit; and without prayer you cannot expect assistance from above. And then your obligations to God for all his mercies—to God in whom you "live, and move, and have your being." To live without prayer—without thinking of him on whom you are so dependent—whose operations fill the world—who sustains heaven and earth and all their motions; to turn him out of the world which he has made, and to fill it with your thousand idols: how ungrateful, how awfully wicked, how desperately hazardous! To think of breaking through and being happy without asking leave of God, when he commands every agent and every operation of nature—how daring, how insane! Yet all this does the man who casts off fear and restrains prayer.

These rules you will find it hard to keep with a fallen nature, and impossible unless you observe another; which leads me to say,

6. That in the outset you must devote your hearts and souls and lives to the service of God. Without doing this you will not pray effectually, and of course will have no security against one of these dangers. Without this you will be the enemies of God: and what security against any evil can an enemy of God have in a world which he governs? What security against the deepest evils in a world which the Son of God, for their redemption, bathed in his blood, and whose blood they are constantly trampling under foot? O my dear friends, you are under the greatest obligations to devote your hearts and souls and lives to the service of God. He is your Creator: he made you what you are, and owns you altogether. He is your Preserver: he sustains you and every fibre of your frame and every faculty of your immortal soul, by his own deliberate purpose and by his own almighty power, continually. All the operations of nature around you, by which the world is filled with beauty and with bounty and with song, are nothing but the constant action of his goodness. No other eye watches over you when you sleep; no other arm bears you about by day; no other breast nourishes you and pillows your aching head. No other being "so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." No other being is so

holy and just, or administers so right and so kind a government. In the service of no other being could you be so happy. No other frown is so terrible to enemies. He sent you into his world for no other purpose than to serve him. He supports you here for no other end. He watches you every moment to see whether you are faithful, or whether you have forgotten your errand into the world. And the time is rapidly approaching when you must give an account. O beloved youth, I expect to meet you at that awful bar, to hear your answers, and to give an account myself, respecting the four years we have been together. Those years are now with the years beyond the flood. The account is sealed up to the judgment of the great day. The seal will never be broken till that tremendous morning.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl, a Sunday-scholar in the north-east of London, had a father who neglected public worship and lived without God in the world. He was taken ill, and confined to his bed. One day during his illness he heard his daughter, who was only six years of age, come into his room accompanied by another of his children still younger. They supposed him to be asleep. The elder child said, "Our father 's asleep, isn't he? Let us kneel down and ask God to change his heart, for we know that he is not fit to die." The father heard them in simple language pray for him. It so affected and impressed his mind that on his recovery he began to attend a place of worship, and he is now a communicant at the chapel where his little girl went to school.

THE BLESSED.

Luke xi. 28.

I SAW young children playing,
And my heart was full of bliss,
For I know not midst the scenes of earth
A lovelier sight than this.

Like rose hearts glow'd each flush'd check
With pleasure's richest hue;
And the warm blood lit the tell-tale brow,
Most eloquently true;
Then my thoughts grew bright with joyfulness,
And sweet words were on my tongue,
"How blessed are the innocent!
How blessed are the young!"
But a voice, (like low flute music,)
My waken'd spirit heard,
"Yea, rather are they bless'd
Who keep God's holy word."

I look'd on life more earnestly,
With all its checker'd lot,
And saw how bitter weeds would spring
Where flowers of love were not
I learn'd to read the heart deeps,
Where mines of feeling glow,
To give a purer light to life,
Or fill it up with wo.
Then softly spake I to myself,
"Ah, childhood's mirth is vain;
But how blessed are the loving
When their love is met again!"
Yet still that deep heart music,
Like a whisper round me stirr'd,
"Yea! rather are they bless'd
Who keep God's holy word."

I saw how men were toiling
All through their little day,
To win from earth the glittering wealth
That often leads astray;
And my heart and eyes grew weary
At this folly of mankind,
For I saw how gold grew dim before
The brightness of the mind;
Then I sang aloud triumphantly
What dazzled fancy taught,
"How blessed are the gifted,
With their dower of burning thought;"
But a shadow fell among the light,
And the music seem'd a sigh,
When the world-adored, the worshipp'd ones,
Were call'd upon—to die;
Then I needed not that spirit-voice
To tell me how I err'd,
For I felt that they alone are blest
Who keep God's holy word.

Tyler & Reed, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY 440603

The Christian's penny magazine, and f
01 the people. v.1-19, 1846-64; new s
17, 1865-81. London, John Snow.
36v. 18cm.

Editor: 1846- John Campbell.
Issued by the Congregational Union
and Wales.

1. Congregational churches--Periodi
Congregational Union of England and W
Campbell, John, 1794-1867, e

440608 CCSC/